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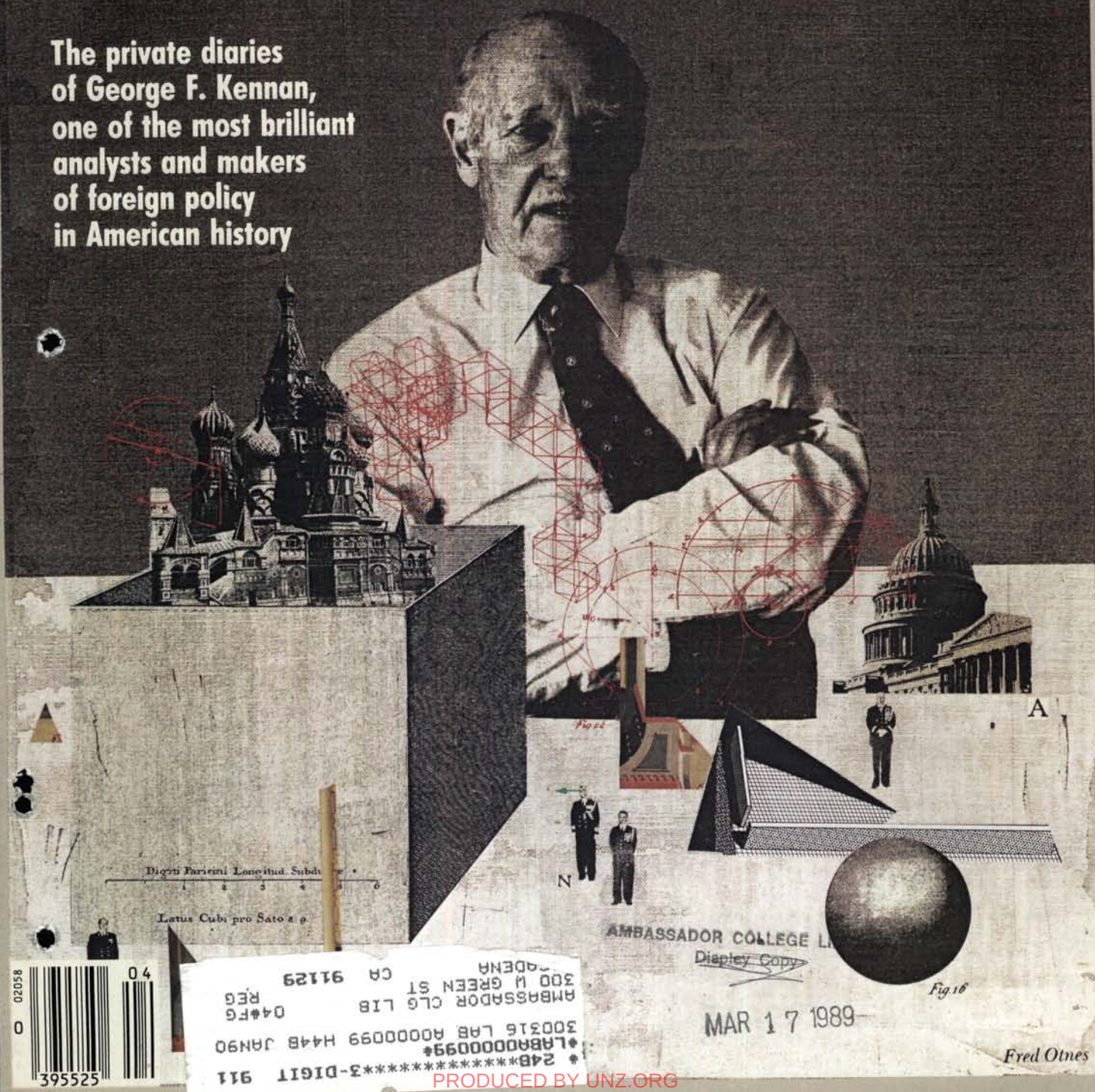
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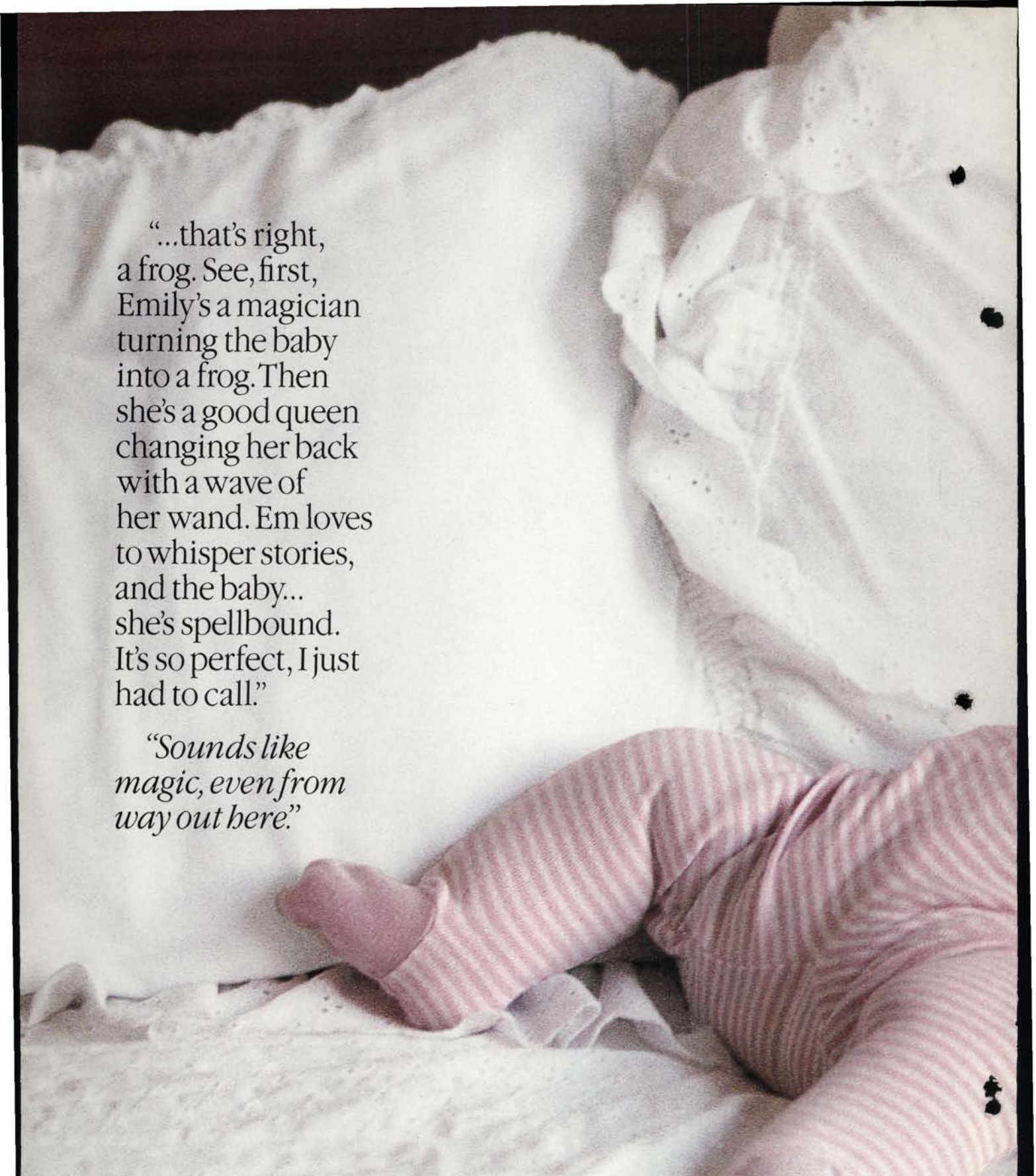
JAMES FALLOWS ON JAPAN'S MILITARY / THOMAS FLANAGAN ON IRELAND

THE LAST WISE MAN

SKETCHES FROM A LIFE

The private diaries
of George F. Kennan,
one of the most brilliant
analysts and makers
of foreign policy
in American history



A photograph of a baby lying in a crib. The baby is wearing pink and white striped pants and is partially covered by a white blanket. The background is a white, textured surface, possibly a wall or a large pillow.

“...that’s right,
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CONTRIBUTORS

GEORGE F. KENNAN ("Sketches From a Life") is a native of Milwaukee. He entered the United States Foreign Service in 1926 and served as a Foreign Service officer for twenty-six years. He was a member of the first American delegation to the USSR, in 1933, and he later served as U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union and to Yugoslavia. In 1950 Kennan became affiliated with the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton, New Jersey, where he is now a professor emeritus in the School of Historical Studies. He is the author of some twenty books, including *American Diplomacy 1900-1950* (1951), which is still in use as a textbook, and two winners of the Pulitzer Prize: *Russia Leaves the War* (1956) and *Memoirs 1925-1950* (1967). Kennan is now at work on the third volume of his series on Franco-Russian relations. Selections from his diaries, *Sketches From a Life*, will be published next month by Pantheon.

FRED OTNES (cover artist), who is well known for his collages, was born in Junction City, Kansas, in 1926. He worked as a graphic artist while serving in the Marine Corps from 1944 to 1947 and subsequently began his free-lance career while attending the Art Institute of Chicago. In 1976 Otnes helped to found the Illustrators Workshop, a series of seminars that involved leading artists around the country. His work has been exhibited in the United States and Japan and has won more than 150 awards. The awards include some fifty presented by the Society of Illustrators, among them the prestigious Hamilton King Award, which Otnes received in 1974. Otnes's work has also been recognized by *Graphic Arts*, *Communication Arts*, and other publications.

GEORGE C. LODGE ("It's Time for an American Perestroika") has been a member of the faculty of the Harvard Business School since 1963. Lodge is the author of numerous books and articles. Most recently he co-edited, with Ezra F. Vogel, *Ideology and National Competitiveness: An Analysis of Nine Countries* (1987). Professor Bruce R. Scott, of the Harvard Business School, contributed to Lodge's article in this issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

FRED STREBEIGH ("Training China's New Elite") teaches writing at Yale University, where he also lectures in the School of Forestry and Environmental Studies. He began working with visiting Chinese scholars at Yale in 1982. Strebeigh's writing and photography have appeared in many publications.

CULLEN MURPHY ("Inquisition") is *The Atlantic's* managing editor.

JAMES FALLOWS ("Japan: Let Them Defend Themselves") is *The Atlantic's* Washington editor. His most recent book, *More Like Us: Making America Great Again*, was published in March.

ROBERT D. KAPLAN ("Afghanistan: Postmortem") is a journalist based in Athens. He is the author of *Surrender or Starve* (1988), an account of the civil war in Ethiopia. Kaplan's latest book, about Afghanistan, will be published next year. His work on Afghanistan is supported by the John M. Olin Foundation and the Institute for Educational Affairs.

LINDA GREGG ("The Last Night in Mithymna") is the author of two volumes of poetry, *Too Bright to See* (1981) and *Alma* (1985).

MARK O'DONNELL ("Marred Bliss") is a writer who lives in New York City. His plays *Fables for Friends* and *That's It, Folks!* have been produced at Playwrights Horizon, in New York City, and his fiction and verse have appeared in *The New York Times*, *The New Yorker*, and *7 Days*.

GUY BILLOUT ("Water Jump") was born in Decize, France, and worked in advertising agencies in Paris before moving to New York to become a free-lance illustrator. His work has received two gold medals and two silver medals from the Society of Illustrators. Billout's drawings appear often in *The Atlantic*.

JULIE SCHUMACHER ("The Private Life of Robert Schumann") lives in St. Paul, Minnesota. Schumacher's fiction has appeared in several volumes of *The Best American Short Stories*, and in *The Quarterly*, *New Letters*, and other magazines as well.

THOMAS FLANAGAN ("Green Revisionism") is a professor of English at the State University of New York, Stony Brook. Flanagan is the author of *The Year of the French* (1979), which received the National Book Critics Circle Award for fiction, and *The Tenants of Time* (1988).

RICHARD SCHICKEL ("Where the Stars Were Born") reviews movies for *Time*. His latest book, *Schickel on Film*, will be published this month.

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS (Brief Reviews) is a staff writer for *The Atlantic*.

PHILIP LANGDON ("In the Wright Tradition") is the author of *Orange Roofs, Golden Arches: The Architecture of American Chain Restaurants* (1986) and *American Houses* (1987). Langdon writes regularly about house design and construction for *The Atlantic*. He is working with the producers of the Public Broadcasting System series *This Old House* on two books: a guide to kitchen projects and a guide to bathroom projects.

BEN SANDMEL ("A Vibrant Legacy") is a drummer and folklore researcher who lives in New Orleans.

DOROTHY OSBORNE (Acrostic No. 45) crafts puzzles at her home in Hershey, Pennsylvania.

EMILY COX and HENRY RATHVON (The Puzzler) create crossword puzzles for several publications. They are the authors of *The Atlantic Monthly Puzzler Book* (1986).

CRAIG M. CARVER (Word Histories) is a lexicographer and the managing editor of the five-volume *Dictionary of American Regional English*, which is published by Harvard University Press. Carver is the author of *American Regional Dialects* (1987).

The April Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere and the staff of the U.S. Naval Observatory; Simmons Market Research; the National Conference of State Legislators; the Council of State Governments; the Sierra Club; and the Popular Culture Association.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WOUNDED HEALERS

Although Thomas Maeder ("Wounded Healers," January *Atlantic*) writes that "therapists are not crazy" and that "for most patients the problems of the wounded healer are irrelevant," his disclaimers are lost in exposition that suggests the opposite.

Maeder's discussion of the factors that influence the career choice and subsequent professional work of psychotherapists may help some therapists to consider, thoughtfully, their life choices and personal agendas, and to evaluate whether those issues are having a constructive influence on their patients, their family and friends, and themselves. However, the article does not distinguish among the various therapists and the types of patients each treats. For example, Maeder does not recognize that today's average psychiatrist considers himself or herself to be a physician, with specialized training to evaluate and diagnose patients with mental illnesses and to plan appropriate treatment, which may or may not include psychotherapy.

Maeder provides a number of sweeping descriptions of psychotherapists but does not document their source. For example, he asserts that psychotherapy "inevitably attracts people with God complexes" but provides no evidence that this characteristic is unique to the field or more prevalent than in other professions, such as politics and business.

He declares that "psychotherapists, as it happens, tend to have very few friends." Again, no documentation. Finally, he writes that "therapists" are often not careful to prevent therapy from becoming the end-all of a patient's life rather than a temporary means toward achieving a happier life. How does he know that? "I have heard such stories again and again," he writes.

Maeder never defines what he means by "wounded," nor does he distinguish "wounded" from normal stresses and losses, which from time to time can overwhelm any of us.

We all have inner motivations for the careers and professions we choose. The musician loves music. Psychiatrists are intrigued by science, behavior, and matters of the mind, in addition to their in-

trospection. Psychiatrists want to help patients overcome mental disorders, using their own compassion and humanity as an active therapeutic ingredient, in addition to their specialized knowledge and skill. These characteristics are desirable and necessary for an effective psychotherapist. They are not signs that the therapist is "wounded" or more troubled than anyone else.

MELVIN SABSHIN, M.D.
American Psychiatric Association
Washington, D.C.

Thomas Maeder explored in detail the reasons for emotional instability among psychiatrists and ministers. An article in the *American Journal of Psychiatry* had earlier described (in 1946) psychiatric makeups of candidates for the clergy, and included several warnings signs or personal characteristics for the guidance of selection committees.

Psychiatrists and clergy share difficulties in their extensive dealings with intangibles and their use of doctrines or approach dogma. There is little science in either. In each there is much verbalization, far more than one finds in surgeons or dermatologists. Given the peculiarities of psychiatric theory and of religious theological theory, it is a wonder that there are so many excellent psychiatrists and capable pastors.

JOHN B. DE HOFF, M.D., M.P.H.
Baltimore, M.D.

Thomas Maeder says, "The field of psychotherapy inevitably attracts people with God complexes" and "psychotherapists . . . tend to have very few friends." With respect to psychiatrists in particular, the reader would do well to consult the work of Carig and Pitts (1968), Kelly (1973), and Dewan *et al.* (1988), which, as a whole, shows psychiatrists to be relatively well adjusted and well regarded by their physician colleagues. Moreover, although some data show that medical students entering psychiatry have more "neurotic" traits than do controls, other studies show that those entering psychiatry tend to be less authoritarian and more open-minded—quite the opposite of what Maeder's thesis would predict (Melzer *et al.*, 1972).

Quite aside from such academic debate, Maeder misses the central point of

psychotherapy: it really helps people (see *The Benefits of Psychotherapy*, by Smith, Glass, and Miller, 1980). Whatever the internal workings of psychotherapists, their craft helps thousands of people to achieve better lives. I hope Thomas Maeder's article will neither discourage young people from seeking careers as therapists nor dissuade those in need of therapy from seeking help.

RONALD PIES, M.D.
Tufts University School of Medicine
Boston, Mass.

Being aware of one's struggles and working to overcome them can be quite painful. However, being unaware of these struggles and going through life without fulfilling one's potential is not truly being alive. The therapists in my practice are admirable in their devotion to fulfilling their own potential and being of the most service possible to their clients. All people have wounds—it is part of the human experience. To face these wounds and tolerate the healing process in order to improve oneself and to better help others shows commitment and courage.

I would tell the therapy consumer to beware of the supposedly *unwounded* therapist. Such a person has not come down from his or her pedestal to join the human race and may be lacking in the compassion necessary to heal anyone.

FARRELL R. SILVERBERG
Psychologist
Philadelphia, Pa.

In psychotherapy, as in theology, the efficacy of the message should not be confused with the messenger. Injured therapists, as if there could be any other kind, assist in healing just as sinners proclaim Christ.

The Western world has shifted its attention to healers cut from "psychological" cloth. It is what Phillip Rieff has called the "triumph of the therapeutic." The result has been a search not for answers but for *the* answer. Therefore, the therapists and pastors suffer under the mighty projections of the pilgrims who journey to them.

A "wounded healer" can be one who shares in the common ambiguities and vicissitudes of life. This person is like other persons, save for the training and thought he or she has endured. I think it does not matter if one is crazy as much as it does what one does with the craziness.

JAMES L. PHILPOTT, Th.M.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Thomas Maeder replies:

I never claimed that *all* psychotherapists are seriously disturbed and crippled in their ability to help other people, nor that *all* who enter the helping professions do so for selfish or perverse reasons. Fortunately for humanity, there is a great deal of generosity and kindness in the world, and many helpers are wholly or largely motivated by a sincere desire to help and to serve. At the same time, however, it is a sad truth that some people pursue the right goals for the wrong reasons, or come to enjoy the pleasure of authority without accepting the burden of responsibility, and that while appearing benevolent and altruistic, they can do tremendous harm.

The fact that many psychotherapists choose their profession because of personal problems and their own psychic wounds is, as I stated in the article, not necessarily a disadvantage and can be a very definite asset. Those who have confronted and resolved their own inner torment will probably be far better and more compassionate therapists as a result. That is the entire point of the image of the wounded healer. Such people have triumphed in a difficult venture and deserve our admiration and respect. The focus of my article, however, was on the minority of therapists who have not successfully dealt with their problems, who cannot heal others because they have shied away from trying to heal themselves, who use their professional knowledge, position, and techniques as a crutch or even a weapon, and whose unresolved personal difficulties prevent them from attending to the ultimate purpose of therapy, which is to help the patient recover and leave. These people pose problems for themselves and for their patients which ought to be recognized, not minimized, ignored, or categorically denied.

As I stated several times in "Wounded Healers," the published professional literature on the emotional health and problems of therapists is inconclusive and contradictory. Given the complexity and subtlety of the issues, this is fully understandable. In addition, many of the studies are purely anecdotal, and a surprising number of the statistical surveys examine very small samples and use no control groups. I am not responsible for the quality or conclusions of this research, most of which was conducted by psychiatrists and psychologists themselves. After surveying this mass of material, however, one cannot avoid con-



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cluding that certain problems do exist, though no one can say, on the basis of the available information, precisely what their frequency and magnitude might be. To respond that therapists are no worse off than anyone else simply is not good enough. Therapists' personalities are of crucial importance in their job, and they must set more rigorous standards for themselves.

Precise references for the various studies I cited were not presented in "Wounded Healers" because *The Atlantic* is not a professional journal. The article was adapted from Chapter 4 of my book *Children of Psychiatrists*, just published by Harper & Row, which includes complete references and an extensive bibliography.

I am disturbed by the concern expressed in several letters that "Wounded Healers" may steer people who need therapy away from it. I doubt that I have quite so much influence and find it unfortunate that therapists should perceive their profession as so vulnerable. Personally, though, I have a higher opinion of people's intelligence and judgment. Full and candid discussion seems to me

preferable to blind faith in psychotherapy and an unquestioning belief that every therapist is always acting wisely and in the patient's best interest.

SHOUTING FIRE

I agree with Alan Dershowitz ("Shouting 'Fire!'," January *Atlantic*) that Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's comments concerning shouting "Fire!" in a crowded theater have been widely misinterpreted. But I am afraid that he has merely added his name to the list of those misinterpreting Holmes's comments.

Holmes used the "Fire!" example merely to establish that not all speech is protected under the First Amendment, and thus freed himself to judge whether the "speech" in the case at hand was of the protected or unprotected variety on its own merits.

MARK W. HOLMES
Round Lake, Ill.

In his provocative essay on free speech Alan M. Dershowitz takes Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes to task for asserting

the "Fire!" analogy in the *Schenck* case. Dershowitz does not note that, as an ardent legal realist, Holmes was less concerned about the niceties of logic than about the exigencies of circumstances. Fervently pushing his agenda of unfettered free speech, Dershowitz has found anti-Brahmin, anti-WASP iconoclasm a convenient vehicle: by condemning both Holmes and the Reverend Jerry Falwell (whose use of the "Fire!" analogy he labels "silly"), the author attempts to tar both the source and the users of the analogy.

Dershowitz has in effect sought to censor those he labels "proponents of censorship" by assembling a collection of fairly recent examples of the analogy's alleged misuse. Apparently, if one does not share the author's interpretation of the First Amendment's free-speech clause—an interpretation wholly at odds with the clear intent of the framers of the Bill of Rights—then one is wrongheaded, clearly fascist, or hopelessly stupid.

Dershowitz also fails to note that his Harvard Law colleague Paul Freund published in *The American Scholar* (Autumn, 1975) an article titled "The Great

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Disorder of Speech," in which Freund discussed with his usual erudition the concept of clear and present danger and observed,

The celebrated example [of nonprivileged speech] is falsely crying "Fire!" in a crowded theater—an example, it has always seemed to me, that is singularly unhelpful. For the cry of "Fire!" is a peculiar kind of speech, not the sort that gives rise to the troublesome problems in this field. The cry is not the ordinary communication of information, or argument, or exhortation, or entertainment. It is in the nature of a preset signal to action, which could have been conveyed by lanterns in a belfry. . . .

Perhaps Dershowitz never read Freund's article or discussed the matter with him or anyone who picked up the idea from him or his writing. Indeed, Freund did not claim in his article that the idea was original with him. But one wonders about a qualitatively distinct issue of free speech not mentioned in the Dershowitz article: attribution.

DENNIS MURPHY
Savannah, Ga.

Justice Holmes's example was a simple but effective and apt illustration of the First Amendment's protection of *political* speech. Over the years since the Bill of Rights was adopted, the Court has recognized many exceptions to the general rule of free speech: obscenity, pornography, incitement ("Fire!"), words that are in fact acts, commercial speech, perhaps religious speech, defamation (libel and slander), sedition, treason, properly "classified" information, trade secrets, and so forth.

Because it intended to undermine the military draft in time of war, the Schenk pamphlet was doubtless quite reasonably felt to be a serious threat to national security. To say that the pamphlet was merely a call to thought seems to ignore the common-sense reality of seventy years ago, so far as we can know it now.

JOHN A. MCVICKAR
Attorney at Law
Stowe, Vt.

Alan M. Dershowitz replies:

I was not aware of Paul Freund's excellent essay in *The American Scholar*, but I have now read it, and it makes a rather

different—and persuasive—point about the difficulties of the "clear and present danger" test. The thrust of my article concerns the variety of mechanisms underlying distinct types of speech. I am certainly not, as Dennis Murphy suggests, trying "to censor" those who disagree with me. Rather, I am trying to answer them and to invite them to reject the false notion that all speech operates on similar mechanisms of communication and that the shouting "Fire!" limitation is broadly applicable.

Mr. McVickar seems to have missed my point. I was not arguing an absolutist position against any censorship of speech. Indeed, I clearly stated, in the penultimate paragraph of my article, that the government has arguably legitimate bases for suppressing speech which bear no relationship to shouting "Fire!" and that one may also argue against protecting certain forms of public obscenity and defamatory statements.

My argument is against overuse of a flawed analogy to try to justify censorship that might not be justifiable on other grounds.

So before you go, dig out some of your old records and practice up.

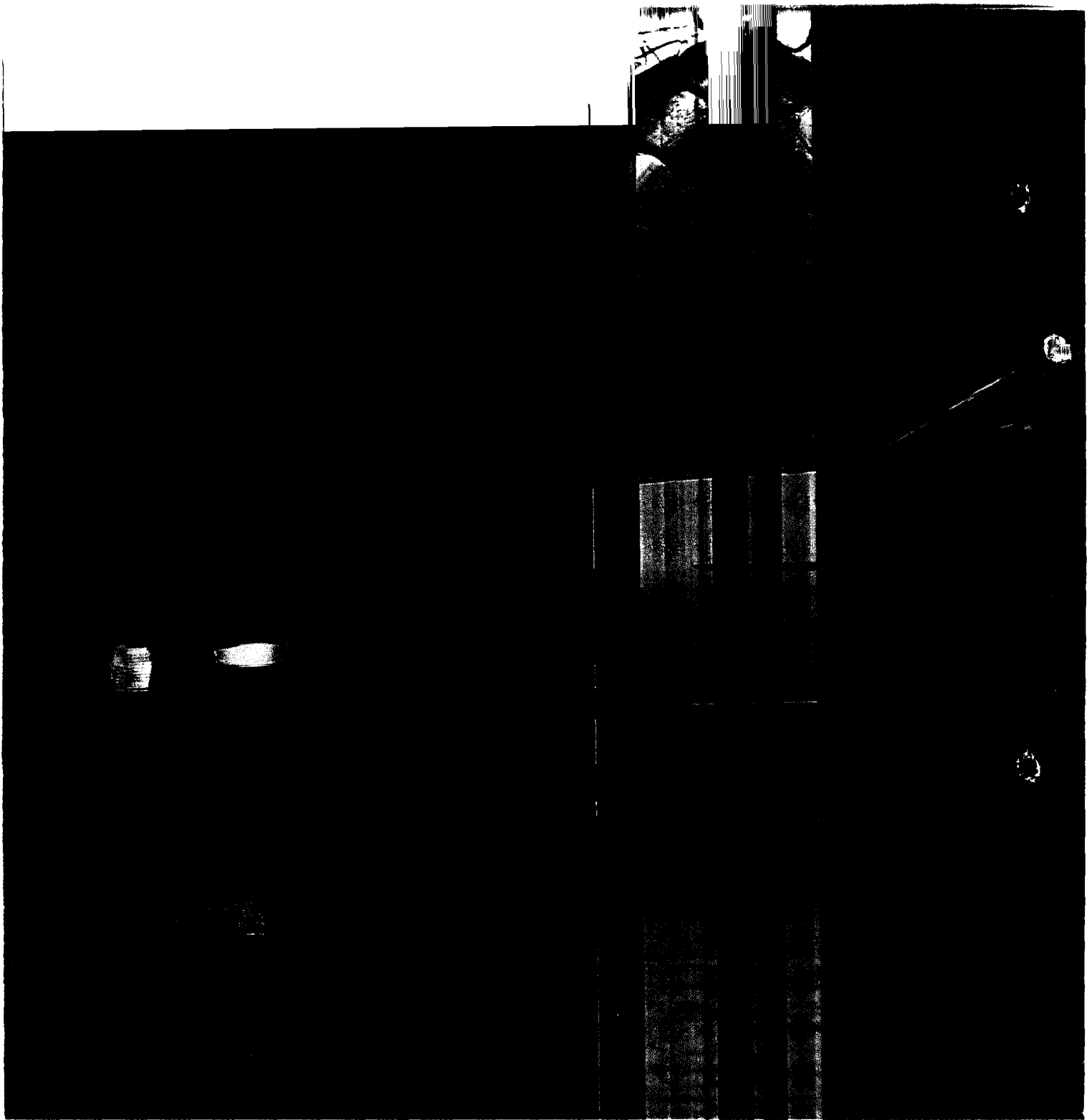
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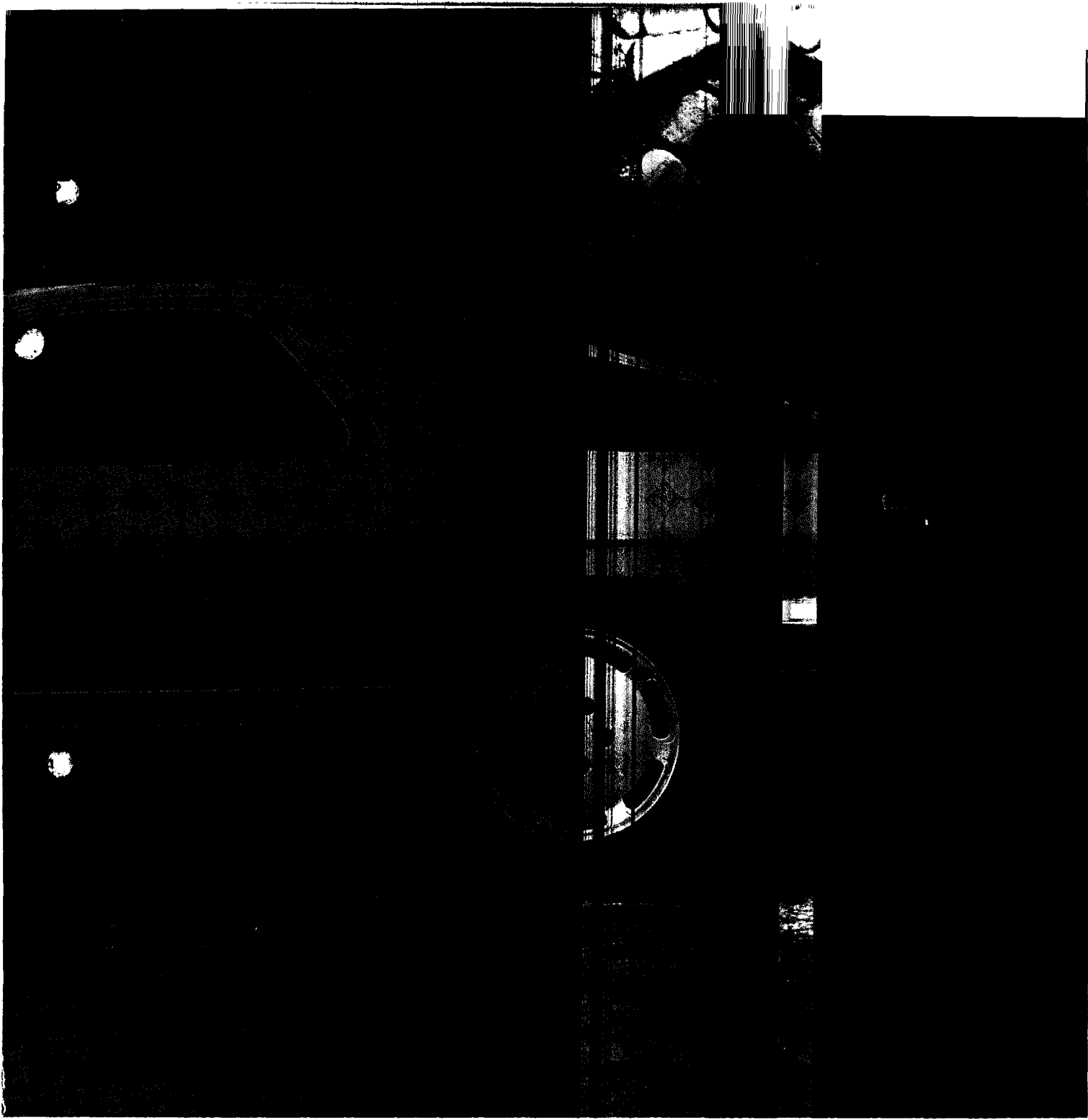
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FOOD

The peak shipping season for fresh strawberries begins mid-month. Americans are a strawberry-loving people: they buy fresh or frozen strawberries more frequently (though not necessarily in greater quantity) than any other fruit except bananas and apples. Market surveys show that people who dislike strawberries earn uncharitably high "negatives." Consumers who were recently interviewed by the California Strawberry Advisory Board characterized people who dislike strawberries as "picky or finicky," "grumpy," or "crazy, dull, or foolish," and generally agreed that "something has to be wrong" with such people.

Q & A

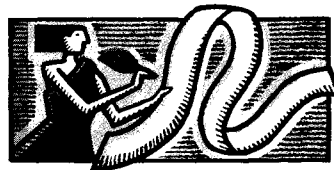
Are all car keys really different, or do many car owners in fact own identical keys?

Some keys are unique; others may have a surprisingly large number of duplicates. All ignition keys for the 1988 Ford Escort, for example, derive from a single kind of blank, on which five cuts of five different depths can be made, for a total of 3,125 possible combinations. Thus each of the more than 380,000 Americans whose purchases made the Escort the best-selling car in America in 1988 can expect that his or her car key will start more than a hundred other Escorts of that vintage. Because of careful geographical distribution, automobile manufacturers say, the odds of finding a match in the parking lot are exceedingly slim. But why not give it a try?



GOVERNMENT

April is "reconciliation month," when states and their citizens settle tax accounts; many states are anticipating an unusual shortfall this year. New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, among other states, face unexpected budget deficits in coming years. Puzzled officials trace part of the problem to the 1986 Tax Reform Act, which increased the tax rate on capital gains; they speculate that this prompted a surge in selling at the end of 1986, while the lower tax rate was still in effect. The resulting increase in state income that year was not at the time identified as coming from the capital-gains source, nor was it expected to diminish. States counted on this income in preparing their budgets for the following year and some, such as New York, changed their tax schedules to reflect the increase. Many states now look forward to an increase in "sin" taxes, excise taxes, and fees, and to cutbacks in state services as well. April 3, the Senate and House of Representatives reconvene after spring break.



ARTS & LETTERS

April 5-8, practitioners of what may be academe's least taxing and, let's face it, most entertaining specialty will gather in St. Louis for the annual meeting of the Popular Culture Association and the American Culture Association. This year Vietnam is a leading topic among the more than 1,300 papers to be presented, with feminist and black-culture themes predictable runners-up. Provocative standouts: "Shirt-speak: The T-Shirt as a Vehicle of Personal Positioning"; "Towards a Gastrointestinal History of American Civil War Veterans"; and "Cultural Statements in Taiwan Betel Nut Packaging."



ENVIRONMENT

The spring migration of the Porcupine caribou herd is in full swing. Starting from their vast wintering grounds in the taiga of eastern Alaska and Canada's Yukon Territory, some 150,000 to 200,000 caribou will make their slow (researchers have found that during migration these animals spend only about 10 percent of their time walking, and more than 60 percent grazing) but inexorable way to their summer calving grounds, a relatively small area on Alaska's Arctic Ocean coast. Although this coastal plain is part of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, the oil industry and its allies in the federal government want Congress to open it for oil exploration and development. Is oil drilling good for caribou? In 1986 a preliminary draft of a report from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service estimated that development could diminish the Porcupine herd by as much as 40 percent; however, the final draft, released to Congress by the Department of the Interior, contends that such a decline is unlikely. As a congressman, the new Secretary of the Interior, Manuel Lujan, Jr., was a supporter of oil exploration in the refuge.

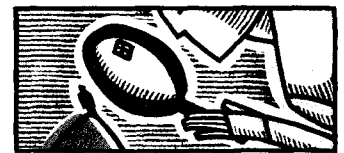
THE SKIES

April 2, 2:00 A.M. Daylight Saving Time begins; localities that observe Daylight Saving Time will set their clocks ahead one hour. 5, New Moon. 20, Full Moon, also known this month as the Sprouting Grass Moon. 22, 23, the Lyrid meteor showers will be visible in the hours after midnight.



EXPIRING PATENT

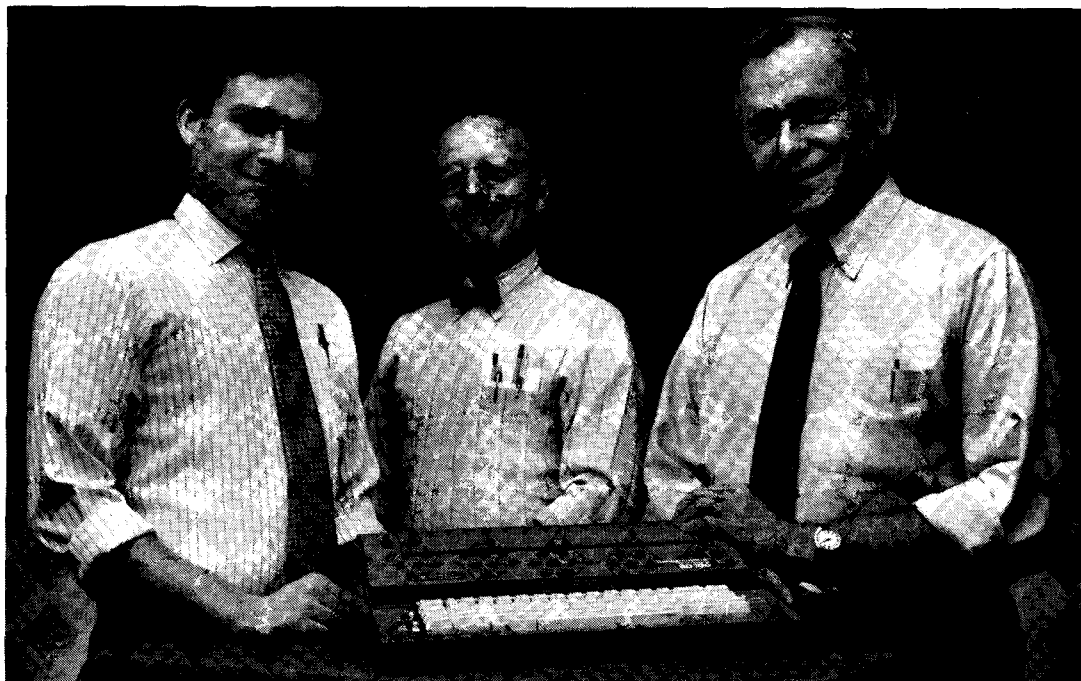
No. 3,656,187. An artificial hand with a violin-bow adapter: "An artificial hand with a cuff-like sleeve adapted to be attached to the stub of the forearm and having a forwardly extending strut and artificial hand and with the strut extending into the palm of the artificial hand. On the end of the strut and pivotable in the palm of the artificial hand is a clamp holder to which the violin bow is releaseably attached."



50 YEARS AGO

Virginia Woolf, writing in the April, 1939, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* on "The Art of Biography": "The biographer must go ahead of the rest of us, like the miner's canary, testing the atmosphere, detecting falsity, unreality, and the presence of obsolete conventions. His sense of truth must be alive and on tiptoe. Then again, since we live in an age when a thousand cameras are pointed, by newspapers, letters, and diaries, at every character from every angle, he must be prepared to admit contradictory versions of the same face. Biography will enlarge its scope by hanging up looking glasses at odd corners. And yet from all this diversity it will bring out, not a riot of confusion, but a richer unity. And again, since so much is known that used to be unknown, the question now inevitably asks itself, whether the lives of great men only should be recorded. Is not anyone who has lived a life, and left a record of that life, worthy of biography—the failures as well as the successes, the humble as well as the illustrious? And what is greatness? And what smallness? He must revise our standards of merit and set up new heroes for our administration."

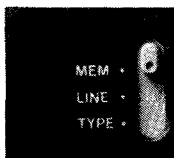
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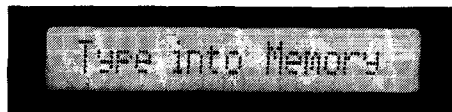
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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES INQUISITION

A DECADE AGO the French historian Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie published a remarkable book called *Montaillou*, in which he brought back to life a peasant village in the Pyrenees as it had existed during the first decades of the fourteenth century. What made the book possible was the existence, in the Vatican Library, of the Inquisition records of Jacques Fournier, the bishop of Pamiers, who had betaken himself to Montaillou in 1318 to investigate the persistence there of the Albigensian heresy. Fournier, a fastidious man, deposed dozens of people. "In the process of revealing their position on official Catholicism," Ladurie wrote, "the peasants examined by Fournier's Inquisition . . . have given an extraordinarily detailed and vivid picture of their everyday life." The picture is complete down to the kitchen utensils and the hams hanging from the rafters. We learn what people customarily wore to bed in Montaillou, and the etiquette of giving a party, and

who employed a wet-nurse. All the petty feuds and curious bonds among families and friends are laid bare. With little more than Fournier's records to work from, Ladurie was able to describe a medieval community in just the way that modern social anthropologists now routinely describe living ones.

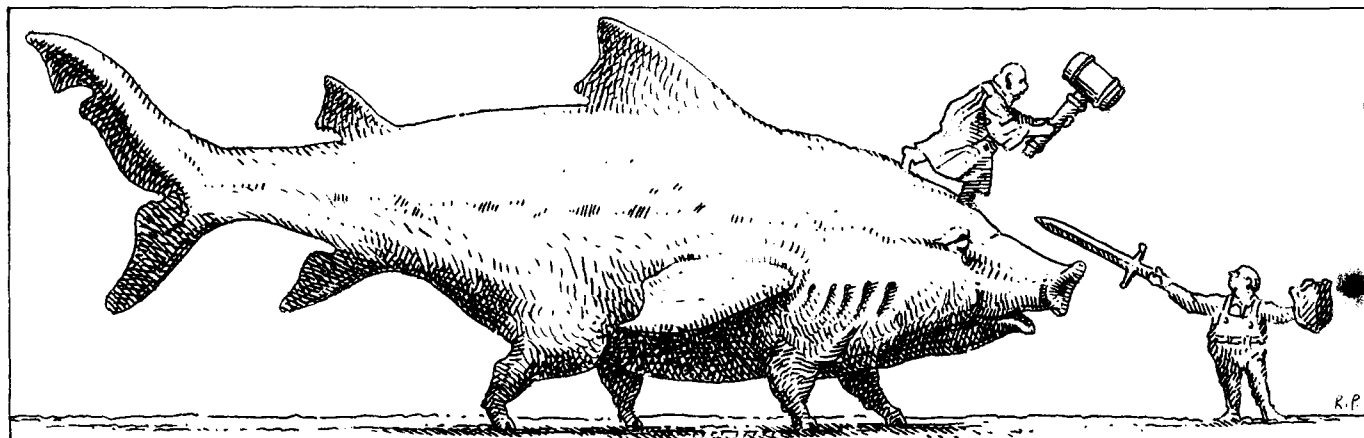
Jacques Fournier, who became Pope Benedict XII, died in 1342. But his work is carried on, in a way, by the lawyers and judges of an arm of the federal government called the United States Tax Court. For a fee of \$60 any American who has received a "statutory notice of deficiency" from the Internal Revenue Service can go to tax court and mount an appeal. Mostly the cases are settled before trial or quickly resolved in an informal sort of court. But not a few cases, some of which have the potential to set precedents, get a full-blown hearing. Lawyers can be brought in, the petitioner provides an account of his predicament and how he got into it, the IRS counters with its own interpretation, and in the fullness of time a decision is handed down.

The decisions that are citable or precedential are published every month in a series called *United States Tax Court Reports*, and one morning recently, after a

friend alerted me to their existence, I went to the library and settled down with the latest volume it had. By the time the librarians whispered me out into the night, I had read my way back to the early 1970s.

WHAT IMPRESSED me most upon looking into the *Tax Court Reports* is the indomitability of the human spirit. To be sure, many of the cases in these volumes involve faceless conglomerates arguing over such things as depletion allowances and investment tax credits, but the cases that really stand out involve private citizens who have decided to stand up for what they believe to be their rights, and who in most cases haven't got a prayer.

I'm thinking of petitioners like Harvey Waldman, a businessman in Marina del Ray, California, who pled guilty to conspiracy to commit grand theft and, in lieu of a one-to-ten-year prison sentence, was ordered to pay restitution to his victims, the cost of which he decided to deduct on his next tax return as a "legal or professional fee." The IRS disallowed the deduction on the grounds that a "fine or similar penalty" was never deductible, and Waldman appealed to tax

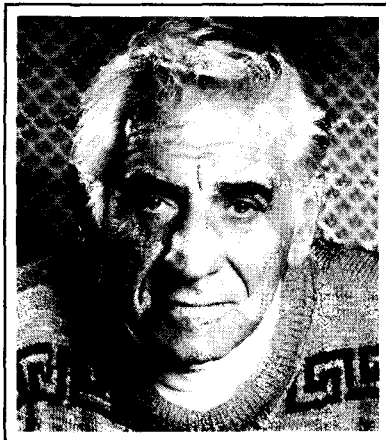


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court, arguing that restitution was something altogether different. Judge Mary Ann Cohen, who heard the case, ruled, in effect, that the petitioner must be kidding.

Or consider the matter of Arnold H. and Carole L. Feldman, petitioners. The Feldmans lived in Philadelphia, where Arnold was a rabbi. Arnold invited all 725 families in Congregation Shaare Shamayim ("Gates of Heaven") to the bar mitzvah of his son, David, and then deducted as a business expense the cost of the reception. The Feldmans argued that while the bar mitzvah of a lawyer's son might be a purely social event, the bar mitzvah of a rabbi's son "is an integral part of [the rabbi's] professional activities." It was further noted that during the reception certain people had been approached and persuaded to contribute money for thirty new stained-glass windows in the synagogue's sanctuary. The tax court would have no part of it. "We do not propose," Judge Herbert L. Chabot wrote, "to set down a general rule in the instant opinion that one can never convert a basic life-cycle family celebration into a business expense. We content ourselves with concluding that petitioners did not succeed in effecting such a conversion in the instant case." Judge Chabot noted that just because John C. Coolidge had sworn in his son as President didn't mean he could have deducted the cost of a subsequent reception.

And here is Biltmore Blackman, petitioner, a resident variously of Maryland, South Carolina, and Massachusetts. Blackman set fire to his wife's clothing (she wasn't in it) after a quarrel one Labor Day weekend, and though he "took pots of water to douse the fire," the fire spread and consumed a house that Blackman owned in Baltimore. Blackman claimed a deduction on his next tax return of \$97,853 for a casualty loss that his insurance company, State Farm, had refused to reimburse. The IRS disallowed the deduction and Blackman appealed. The tax court's curt dismissal of the case must have seemed unreasonably harsh to a man who had just been through a divorce. "We refuse," Judge Charles R. Simpson wrote in his opinion, "to encourage couples to settle their disputes with fire."

THE TAX COURT judges do have their peevish. They dislike "tax-motivated transactions" that "lack economic substance"—tax shelters, in other

words; such phrases as "mining exploration" and "farm losses" and "commodity straddles" are certain to invite scrutiny. The justices are scornful of anyone who claims "reliance on erroneous advice of preparer" as a reason to be excused from tax penalties. They turn deaf ears to those who, in pursuit of constructive engagement with the IRS, have been poorly served by the United States Postal Service. They are understandably impatient with petitioners who have "instituted proceedings for the purpose of delay."

And they are profoundly skeptical of any claims to exemption involving religions, such as the Universal Life Church, the Church of Ethereal Joy, and the Ecclesiastical Order of the Ism of Am, that are perhaps not fully in the spiritual mainstream. Lewis Kessler, who lived in Ypsilanti, Michigan, and worshiped the sun god, found this out after the IRS disallowed a deduction of \$1,380 for the cost of one of Kessler's "annual journeys to the region located between the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn (hereinafter sometimes referred to as the tropics) for the purpose of religious worship and prayer." In this case, the pilgrimage had been to Puerto Rico. It is frequently overcast in Ypsilanti, and Kessler argued in tax court that denial of the deduction impeded his free exercise of religion. Judge Chabot, while conceding good-naturedly that "we do not question the sincerity of Lewis' beliefs," ruled against him. "Petitioners are free to practice their religion," Chabot wrote; however, "they will not be subsidized."

I don't know how tax-court judges are selected, but by and large they seem to be a sensible, articulate, well-meaning lot. Oh, there are times when the judges wax censorious, and now and again they give someone what clearly seems to be a raw deal. In lots of cases, however, they side with the petitioner. William W. Mattes, Jr., a balding resident of Bel Air, Maryland, was allowed to deduct the cost of surgical hair implants. Donald Givens, a police officer in Los Angeles, was allowed to exclude from his gross income the accumulated sick pay he received following injuries incurred in the line of duty. William H. Horton, of Flint, Michigan, a peripatetic hockey player employed by many different minor- and major-league teams, was allowed to take deductions for related travel expenses and for a subscription to *Hockey News*. Christine Byrne, a clerk in the billing depart-

ment of a New Jersey company engaged in the sale of steel, was told that she did the right thing in not reporting some of the compensation she received from her employer after a complicated lawsuit stemming from a sex-discrimination investigation. When the issues are not entirely clear-cut, as in the matter of David Cass, an economist at the University of Pennsylvania, the tax court can be truly solomonic. Justice Julian I. Jacobs ruled, on the one hand, that Cass, whose specialty was "formulating and analyzing mathematical models of various aspects of economic behavior," was entitled to deduct the cost of the groceries he used while away from home on a fellowship at Caltech; and he ruled, on the other, that Cass's method of determining which proportion of the groceries was consumed by him and which by his wife, two children, and dog—he came up with a formula based on proportionate body weights—was ridiculous. "Any parent having a teenage child," Judge Jacobs wrote, "can attest to the fact that a teenager eats as much as, or more than, the parent regardless of weight." He ordered Cass to simply deduct a sum equal to one fourth of the family's total grocery expenses, discounted by five percent "to account for dog food."

THE UNITED STATES tax court publishes about a dozen decisions a month. With a full set of these documents, and them alone, historians millennia hence could probably put a big chunk of America back together, with its quirks of mind and taste and law exquisitely rendered. As I left the library, it occurred to me to give a small assist to some unborn Ladurie by making sure that our own inquisition records survive. For all I know, the Vatican Library already gets the *United States Tax Court Reports*, but in case it doesn't, I intend to arrange for it to receive all the volumes for 1989. Perhaps others will be willing to pick up the tab for 1990 and beyond. There might even be some slight tax advantage in doing so. The work of the Vatican does seem generally to conform to that of a church, and the cost of a donation to this enterprise is surely to be considered a legitimate deduction. I, at any rate, will be declaring it as one, and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue decides to behave shamefully about the matter, my response will be immediate and unequivocal:

See you in court.

—Cullen Murphy



JAPAN

LET THEM DEFEND THEMSELVES

Unlike nearly everyone in Japan and the rest of Asia, Americans want Japan to spend more on its military, thinking that will equalize economic competition. It won't

AMERICA'S BIGGEST delusion about Japan is that the "free ride" on defense that we give Japan is the key to the two countries' problems. If we can only make the Japanese pay for their own protection, many Americans feel, our economic difficulties will work themselves out.

Last fall, before he was nominated as Secretary of Defense, John Tower told a Japanese interviewer what he later said during his confirmation hearings: that Japan should change its Constitution if that's what it would take to start spending more on defense. In its past session the U.S. Congress passed a resolution demanding that Japan spend three percent of its gross national product on defense, as opposed to the roughly one percent it spends now (and to the seven percent the United States spends). "Our European partners spend about three percent," an aide to Representative

Duncan Hunter, of California, who sponsored the resolution, said early this year. "It's entirely reasonable to expect Japan to do the same." Last year Representative Patricia Schroeder, of Colorado, recommended a "defense protection fee" on all Japanese imports, to make the connection between our protection and their prosperity as bluntly explicit as it can be: for each car the Japanese bring into America, they would have to cover some of the cost of the American ships and planes that guard Japan. Otherwise, why should the United States, with its huge deficits, keep paying to protect a country whose surpluses pile up by the day?

Behind these proposals, and the broader public grumbling about Japan's "free ride," is the idea that America's economy has been hobbled by defense spending, so in all fairness Japan's should be hobbled too. Or, to put it more pleasantly, that Japan should take up some of America's burden, so that the two economies can compete on a fairer and more equal basis. However it may be phrased, the essential idea is that Japan has been imposing on our good will for just about long enough. Who won the war, anyway? If the Japanese don't back off from their aggressive trading practices, we will have to teach them a lesson by withdrawing some of the military protection we magnanimously provide.

I think this concept has things exactly the wrong way around. The military relationship between Japan and America, "free ride" and all, is much better for each party than any alternative I've heard suggested so far. The division of labor is complicated and obviously unequal—even if Japan is paying more and more of the cost of defending its own home territory, it has nothing like America's worldwide military costs. Still, it sounds easier to correct the imbalance, by "making" Japan pay its way, than it turns out to be when you look at the details. We can do ourselves a favor if we concentrate on our real disagreements with Japan, about trade policy, and forget about the "free ride."

Before getting into the details, let's step back to consider how much damage the defense imbalance does, and how the United States got itself in this bind. Of course the difference between the Japanese and American defense budgets is enormous, and is a significant economic problem for the United States. Some Japanese officials have recently

been trying to convince people that the imbalance is not as large as it seems. After all, they point out, Japan is now overtaking Britain and has the third-largest military budget in the world, which sounds about right for a country with the world's second-largest economy. "Third-largest," however, is completely misleading, because it reflects little more than the enormous increase in the value of the yen. In 1985 Japan's defense budget was the eighth largest in the world, comparable to those of such questionable powers as Italy and Poland. Since then the budget as measured in yen has gone up steadily but modestly, in pace with the Japanese economy as a whole—from about 3.1 trillion yen in 1985 to about 3.7 trillion in 1988. As measured in dollars, however, the budget zoomed upward by more than 200 percent in those same three years. Because international budget comparisons are still made in dollars, it's the exchange rate, rather than a real defense buildup, that has propelled Japan toward the top of the charts. Even at these inflated dollar-yen rates, Japan's defense spending is about one tenth of America's, roughly \$30 billion a year versus roughly \$300 billion. If we use NATO's system of measuring defense budgets, which includes (as Japan's does not) military pensions and other costs in the total, Japan's spending comes to about 1.7 percent of its GNP. This is still much less than that of any major Western country. In terms of the burden the country imposes on itself, Japan has at most the twentieth-largest military budget in the world.

U.S. industry is handicapped in a further way, relative to Japan's. When American military interests have collided with the interests of American companies, U.S. policy has favored the military. It is more convenient for American commanders, for example, if allied nations all use similar equipment. Therefore the Pentagon has willingly licensed advanced weapons technology to NATO countries, Korea, and Japan, so that they can build compatible equipment for themselves. The F-15s that are the backbone of Japan's air force are manufactured in Japan, under license from McDonnell Douglas. This approach, of course, erodes America's technical lead and in many cases has spawned direct competition in the arms business.

Japan's bias has been just the opposite of America's. Its military commanders

would be much better off if Japan imported its weapons, rather than building them domestically in small, costly production runs. But, unlike the United States, Japan can put commercial interests over military ones, so it spends 90 percent of its procurement money at home. Last year Japan faced a black-and-white choice between military efficiency and promotion of its own industry, when it selected a new fighter plane for its air force. Every factor except industrial promotion pointed toward one decision: buying the F-16 fighter plane from the United States. The F-16 was available immediately, it was battle-tested, and it was comparatively cheap. This is one case in which every normal market standard favored the U.S.-made product.

And yet Japan attempted for as long as possible to design and build an entirely new airplane, all its own, as an entry to one of the few industries in which it is still behind. The U.S. government was indignant about these plans. Japan eventually threw us a sop, by agreeing to accept the blueprints and technical specifications for the F-16, and, after modifying the wings and radar and certain other parts, to build the new "FSX" planes in Japan, with some American subcontracting. Japan's military will suffer from this deal. The planes won't be ready until the middle of the next decade, and they will cost about twice as much as F-16s. But Japanese industry will, for the first time, have the experience of putting together a modern plane from drawing-board to final assembly.

THE FSX DEAL IS, as *The New York Times* said in an uncharacteristically sharp-tongued editorial, "one-sided and unfair." But does it, or any other part of the military-spending imbalance, mean that the United States can eliminate its burden by changing its military relationship with Japan? Unfortunately, it does not. In principle, Japan could solve the "free ride" problem in either of two ways. It could spend much more on its own defense, or it could pay more of America's costs—essentially hiring the United States for Pacific defense. The United States will have a very hard time persuading Japan to do either.

The first approach—putting pressure on Japan to expand its own military—would be wildly unpopular in Japan and everywhere else in Asia. Japan and its neighbors remember the Second World War in different ways, but the memory

leaves all of them hostile to the idea of a strongly re-armed Japan.

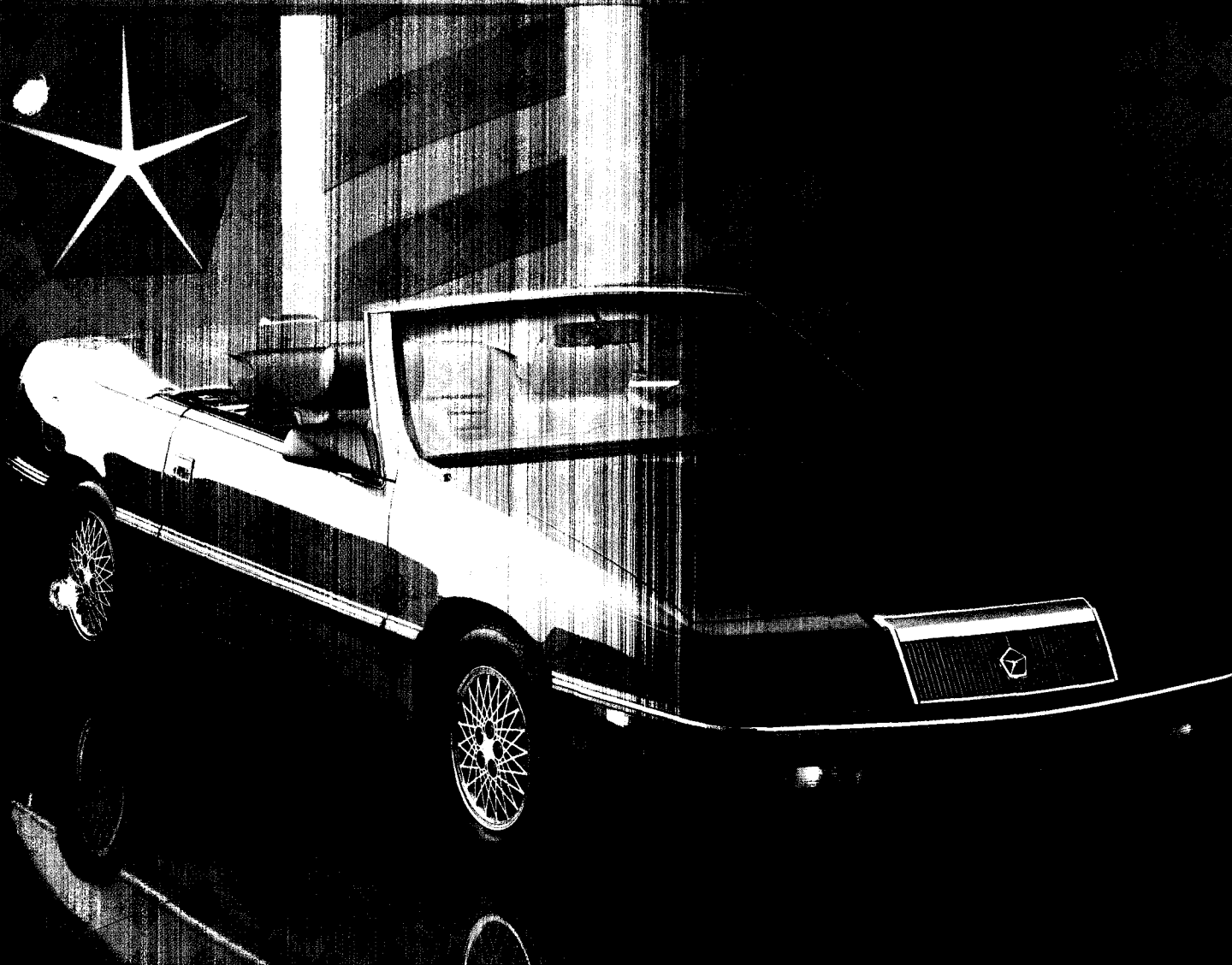
It is hard for most Americans to imagine how deep is the fear of Japanese rearmament that spreads across the rest of Asia—and that persists in Japan as well. Someone who had never opened a history book might look at today's Japan and conclude that the fear was completely absurd. This is about as civilian-looking and nonmilitarized a society as you will find. True, many parts of Japanese life do seem regimented and quasi-military. But these are the civilian parts: the industries, where workers do calisthenics beneath snapping company flags, with martial music booming through the air; the schools, where boys wear shorts all through the winter to show that they are tough. The fierceness and esprit in the military itself cannot compare. There are some 250,000 soldiers in the *jieitai* (literally, "self-defense force," rather than "army"), but they're practically invisible. Soldiers refuse to wear their uniforms in public; they commute in civilian clothes and change once they get to work. In any case, the uniforms seem bus-conductor-like and deliberately nonmartial, especially by comparison with the severe Prussian-style outfits worn by high school students.

Japan's equivalent of the Pentagon is situated near the Roppongi stop on Tokyo's subway, in a chic tourist and nightclub district. If you ride the Washington, D.C., Metro to the Pentagon stop, you will see uniformed soldiers by the hundreds; I have never seen a uniform in the Roppongi crowds. The Defense Agency proudly releases polls showing that Japanese people have a favorable impression of the military. But according to these same polls, 77 percent of the Japanese public think that the military's most valuable function has been to clean up after typhoons and provide other forms of disaster relief.

In today's Japan of Sony and Toyota, joining the military is a very unfashionable career move and the *jieitai* has a harder and harder time attracting recruits. It is about 30,000 soldiers below the level authorized by Japanese policy, and there are relatively few people in the reserves.

The army would be in terrible trouble if it were not for the southern island Kyushu, which contains only about an eighth of Japan's people but seems (judging by the soldiers I've met) to produce most of its recruits. In Kyushu, which has a long history of famous war-

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mute yet generous
gifts we could not
possibly stay in
business.*

AT LANDS' END, for the most part, the character and quality of the clothing we offer are the legacy of the deft and caring hand. The smooth, even seam does not occur by accident. Nor does divine right assure the curl of a collar, the drape of a jacket, the glove-like fit of a shoe. The judgment and skill of individual human beings determines the quality of apparel.

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rior clans, I have heard families say that they wanted their sons to grow up to be soldiers or sailors, but not anywhere else. Three years ago I interviewed cadets at the National Defense Academy, in Yokosuka, where future officers are trained. I asked them why they had chosen careers in the military. The ones who weren't from Kyushu often gave answers like "failed my exams for Todai" (the hallowed University of Tokyo) and "wanted a free education."

There is an air of unseriousness about Japan's military undertakings, which is especially noticeable by comparison with the deadly earnestness of everything else. Soldiers are officially just another kind of government employee: there is no court-martial system, no penalty for refusing to join the military after getting a free education at the academy, no system of emergency laws empowering the military to do what it must for national security. At the Japanese air-force base in Okinawa an officer was giving me a lecture about the supersensitive "hot scramble hangars," where F-4 fighters wait to intercept the Soviet planes that fly close to Japanese air space every two or three days. Just as he finished warning me not to get too close or take any pictures, an All Nippon Airways jumbo jet taxied by, full of vacationers gawking out the windows at the hangars. At Okinawa, as at the other major Japanese air-force base—Chitose, on the northern island of Hokkaido—the air force has to share runway space with, and be bossed around by, the civilian airlines. Political "debates" about defense usually begin and end with statistics. "Discussions in the Diet are always and only about the 'one percent limit,'" says Motoo Shiina, one of the rare politicians known as an expert on defense. "You can talk about one percent for an hour, pro or con, but you shouldn't talk about anything else."

THERE ARE MANY explanations for Japan's nonchalance about the military. The most obvious is Article IX of its postwar Constitution, drafted in English by General Douglas MacArthur's occupation experts and translated into stilted Japanese. Contrary to general belief in the United States, this "Peace Constitution" does not set a ceiling on Japanese defense spending. The "limit" of one percent was in fact merely a policy guideline adopted "for the time being" by the Cabinet of Prime Minister Takeo Miki in 1976. Eleven years later,

under Yasuhiro Nakasone, Japan broke the limit when its spending reached 1.004 percent of GNP. The change was more significant than the tiny violation might suggest. For one thing, Nakasone's government presented a Midterm Defense Program, which outlined the new equipment the military would buy from 1986 to 1990. Such plans had existed before, but this was the first one backed up by real money. The government committed 18 trillion yen (about \$150 billion at current rates) to be spent on the military over five years, at a time when most domestic spending was being reduced. This should be enough to buy all the weapons listed in the plan, and enough to keep defense spending slightly above one percent of GNP. Also, this move was an attempt to move Japanese defense discussions away from the one-percent obsession, so that budgets could be based on what the military actually needed. In principle, the government now sets budgets without worrying about the limit, but in practice, anything above one percent creates intense political resistance in Japan.

Rather than limiting defense spending, Article IX of the Constitution prohibits it altogether—or so it seems, if the original English version is taken at face value. "Land, sea, and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained," it says, because Japan "forever renounce[s]" resorting to armed force as a sovereign right. Japan has worked its way toward its current sizable military force through a series of judicial and political "reinterpretations" of the Constitution. The crucial legal concept has been the idea that no nation can renounce the right to defend itself against attack, much as no individual is allowed to sell himself into slavery. Until 1950 MacArthur's policy discouraged Japan from developing an armed force of any sort. But as American soldiers were called away to Korea, MacArthur ordered Japan to establish a National Police Reserve, comprising some 75,000 men, which later evolved into the Ground Self-Defense Force.

Some Japanese intellectuals contend that the half-serious, bastard nature of the *jieitai* is spiritually bad for the country. Shuichi Kato, a renowned leftist literary critic, was staunchly against the Vietnam War and is always alert for signs of renascent militarism in Japan. But when I first met him, in 1986, he said, "And yet you cannot deny that Americans were risking their lives in Vietnam

for something they believed. Japan is not asked to do that now." Hideaki Kase, from the opposite end of Japan's political spectrum, says essentially the same thing. Kase, best known for his veneration of Japan's imperial family, says, "We have been playing a very profitable game of posing as unconscientious objectors. We base our defense policy not on preparation against a hostile threat from the Russians but on the need to placate the Americans." In contrast, Masataka Kosaka, a professor at Kyoto University, who is known as one of Japan's few "defense intellectuals," says that Japan's military has a spiritual advantage over those of most other countries. In the age of nuclear weapons, he says, fewer and fewer armies from major countries will actually fight, and yet somehow they must maintain morale. Japan's army has lived with this predicament for more than thirty years, he says, and it will set the model for armies of the twenty-first century.

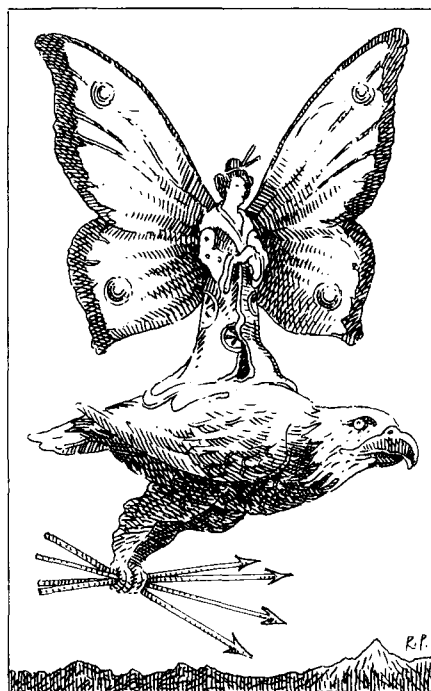
Whether the hazy legality of the *jieitai* is good or bad for Japan, it indicates Japan's lack of interest in expanding its military. Public-opinion polls in Japan show overwhelming resistance to increases in defense spending. (In a recent poll 80 percent of respondents favored keeping spending at or below the current level of one percent.) Moreover, Japan's peculiar way of remembering the Second World War intensifies the resistance to re-arming. Japan is not exactly guilt-ridden about its role in the war—the Peace Memorial Museum, in Hiroshima, for instance, begins its historical narrative with the American firebombing of Tokyo in the spring of 1945, with no mention of any preceding unpleasantness. But Japan seems unanimously and permanently convinced that the war led to catastrophe for the country. Moreover, the prevalent view in Japan is that the war was caused by a clique of semi-crazed militarists, who seized control of the country and forced everyone else into what was clearly a suicidal undertaking. This attitude is tremendously irritating to Chinese or Koreans who are looking for signs of personal contrition from the Japanese, but it actually makes for a very durable kind of anti-militarism—one based on self-interest. "The war created lasting suspicion of the military, but not because we made other people suffer," Shuichi Kato says. "The memory of the war is that *we* suffered so much." Most mature Japanese can remember the utter ruin of the postwar

years; they blame General Tojo and his cronies for it, and they don't want the military to have another chance.

In the rest of Asia there is more of an edge to memories of Japan's wartime role. As I've listened to officials—in China, especially—warn about the danger of a militarized Japan, I've suspected that their fears were partly put on for effect. Japan's war record is one of its few vulnerabilities, and these warnings are a way to get America's attention. Still, I've heard the warnings in every neighboring country (except Burma, where the Japanese are generally viewed as liberators who kicked out the British), and for the most part the apprehension seems sincere. Throughout Asia the least popular American trend is the apparent enthusiasm for big Japanese defense spending. Lee Kuan Yew, the Prime Minister of Singapore, has warned for years about the dangers of Japanese re-armament, although recently he has started saying that a bigger Japanese military is inevitable and that the crucial thing is for it to keep working as a junior partner to the Americans. "As long as our military seems firmly under the guidance of the Americans, the rest of Asia will not worry too much," says Masashi Nishihara, a professor of international relations at the National Defense Academy. "If we ever went off independently, everyone would be afraid."

In short, deeply felt emotions in Japan and throughout the rest of Asia put a low ceiling on Japan's potential military spending. Long before the defense budget increased enough to hobble the Japanese economy, it would have provoked some political reaction from China and South Korea, and probably the Soviet Union as well. (Exactly what kind of reaction is impossible to say, but it certainly couldn't leave northeast Asia as free of major conflict as it has been since the Korean War.) But there is a further limit on Japan's spending: it is hard to see what Japan could spend a lot of extra money for.

THE QUESTION OF "enough" is hard for any country considering its national defense to resolve, but it is particularly baffling for Japan's military. In theory, Japan could cut its military budget to zero and still feel more or less secure, relying on the U.S. nuclear deterrent and on the knowledge that no one has dared invade the home islands of Japan since the time of Kublai Khan. Or Japan could equally well decide that its



national-security interests extend to every ship that brings in raw materials or carries out exports; in that case, Japan would need to build the world's biggest navy to "defend" itself completely.

In practice, Japan has defined "enough" by taking on, one after another, jobs that America has handed it during the past two decades. Its military now has three main missions: to be ready to defend the northern island of Hokkaido against a Russian assault; to be able to seal up the crucial straits of Soya, Tsugaru, and Tsushima, through which the Soviet navy must pass to get from Vladivostok to the open sea, and in general to erect air and sea defenses that will keep the Soviet military bottled up in Siberia in time of war; and to patrol the commercial shipping lanes leading southward from Japan toward the Philippines and the Straits of Malacca. In principle, this means that Japan is now completely responsible for defending itself with conventional weapons against a conventional attack. The U.S. military's part of the bargain is to provide a nuclear deterrent and, through the destroyers and aircraft carriers of the Seventh Fleet, to do the kind of long-range "power projection" that no Asians want the Japanese to undertake.

Japan's assignments are somewhat vague and open-ended. For instance, the responsibility for defending sea lanes, since 1981 mainly against Soviet submarines, has included a thousand-mile stretch. But exactly how the Japa-

nese will divide this labor with the United States, and how much sea power they will deploy, is unclear. What is clear is that Japan is well on its way to having a big enough army to do its jobs, even at its current "free ride" budget levels. Under the current Midterm Defense Program, Japan is supposed to increase its force of F-15 fighters to 200, and modernize its 100 F-4s. It will replace its older Nike anti-aircraft missiles with Patriot missiles, increase the number of its P-3C anti-submarine aircraft from 50 to 100, and build 10 new destroyer-type surface ships. Even during the Reagan-era military buildup the U.S. inventory of most major weapons shrank, because the cost of weapons rose faster than the budget. For the next few years Japan will be the only major military power in the world that is buying new weapons and at the same time expanding the size of its force. Japanese military officials often say that their forces are small and humble, but most other defense authorities I've interviewed here say that Japan has no urgent need for new hardware which implementing the Midterm Defense Program won't meet.

Japan's military still has some glaring weaknesses. According to U.S. observers, it has never laid in adequate supplies of ammunition, fuel, or spare parts. "They better hope the first volley holds off the Russians," an American military officer says. "They've barely got one reload of missiles." Also, the three branches of the Japanese military are even more uncoordinated and prone to backbiting than the branches of America's are. When a Japan Air Lines jumbo jet crashed in the mountains outside Tokyo in 1985, the rescuers reached the site twelve hours late, in part because the air force, the army, various police forces, and other government agencies were trying to decide who should do what in the rescue effort. The survivors reported that several other people were alive after the crash but died during the night, while the branches of the *jieitai* spun their wheels. "This delay cost several lives," says Masataka Kosaka, of Kyoto University. "In wartime such behavior would be catastrophic."

Despite such problems, many serious military analysts conclude that Japan is smoothly moving toward "enough." Shunji Taoka, a veteran defense writer for Japan's most prestigious newspaper, the *Asahi Shimbun*, has prepared a dense analysis showing that the Soviet Union

lacks the troop carriers and transport planes to overwhelm Japanese defenses during a surprise attack on Hokkaido. Moreover, he says, the Soviet Far Eastern fleet is sure to weaken over the next decade, because its ships are aging faster than they are being replaced. "Japan exercises the responsibility for its own non-nuclear defense," Michael Armacost told me shortly before he was nominated to succeed Mike Mansfield as the U.S. ambassador to Japan. "Japan already possesses substantially more destroyers than we deploy in the Seventh Fleet; it has a larger force of surveillance aircraft than we maintain in the Pacific; it has nearly as many fighter aircraft defending its territory as we have defending the continental United States. This is a significant force and provides solid protection."

Japan can undoubtedly go much further toward having "enough." One executive of an American defense contractor, based in Tokyo, says that he has a vision of "porcupine Japan," bristling with cruise missiles and electronic air-defense systems that protect it against attack without threatening any of its neighbors. Japan can also, and will, increase its foreign-aid payments, which is a subject for another time. But—to get back to the main point—nothing in Japan's internal politics, its relations with its neighbors, or its military plans will make it spend enough money to weaken its economy as that of the United States is now weakened.

THAT LEAVES THE other possibility—forcing Japan to shoulder some of America's military costs. Americans imagine that they have tremendous leverage against Japan on this point: Pay up or we'll leave you exposed. This, however, would be an undignified position for America to take. Worse, it wouldn't work.

As long as the United States remains a military power in the Pacific, it needs Japan's cooperation at least as much as Japan needs U.S. protection. I mean cooperation not in some abstract sense but as a practical matter of where the United States can station its troops and dock its ships. In West Germany and South Korea, American troops are stationed largely near the front, to guarantee that they'd be involved if fighting began. But there is not a single United States soldier in Hokkaido, the most likely invasion site in Japan (to the extent that any site is likely). Of the 55,000 U.S. soldiers

and sailors in Japan, two thirds are based in Okinawa, a thousand miles southwest of Tokyo, where they are mainly a swing force to be used in Korea or elsewhere in Asia. The other major concentrations include a U.S. Air Force base in Misawa, in northern Japan, the closest of all American bases to the imposing Soviet military centers on Sakhalin Island; the naval base at Yokosuka, a crucial dry-dock and refitting site for the U.S. Seventh Fleet; Army facilities at Zama and a naval air installation at Atsugi, both near Tokyo; and a Marine air base at Iwakuni, near Hiroshima. "We are not being honest . . . when we talk as though American overseas military deployments have been essentially altruistic—not for ourselves but for our allies," Martin Weinstein, of the Center for Strategic and International Studies, in Washington, D.C., said in congressional testimony last fall. The real problem for America is not that it has to keep bases in Japan but that it might lose them, according to Dennis J. Doolin, a former Pentagon official who specialized in U.S.-Japanese relations. "We are . . . in a logistically ideal strategic posture in Northeast Asia," Doolin has written, "and we had better learn to appreciate this fact and stop complaining. . . . Japan's contribution is enormous, unique, irreplaceable, and invaluable."

Moreover, Japan already bears more of the cost of the American troops stationed on its territory than does any other allied country. Its program of "host-country support" covers about 40 percent of the roughly \$6 billion cost of keeping American soldiers there, and the Japanese-paid proportion is increasing every year. (Japan says that under its Constitution and its Status of Forces Agreement with the United States it can't pay the salaries of American soldiers or direct military operating costs, like those for fuel and supplies. It is gradually taking over most other costs.) The presence of foreign troops creates inevitable irritations: think how Americans would feel if, instead of "buying up America" in some theoretical way, the Japanese had soldiers in Chicago and aircraft carriers cruising through the Golden Gate. The Japanese government goes out of its way to deflect resentment of the United States. For instance, when some trees in a diminutive forest were cut down last year to make way for new U.S. military housing, creating a huge controversy, the Defense Agency made clear that Japan's

government, not America's, had authorized the project. Just about everything Japan can do for the American military in Japan it is already doing or getting ready to do.

The one big exception to Japan's generally cooperative approach is—surprise—its weapons-buying policy. Each time Japan insists on industrial-strategy projects like the FSX, it feeds all the worst suspicions about its sense of balance and fair play. But these disputes should be thought of the way the Japanese think of them—as trade disputes, not military ones. Japan could ease trade frictions, while getting twice as many weapons for its money, if it bought planes and missiles directly from the United States, rather than building them at home. But this will be one of the last areas Japan opens to imports. Japanese officials are quite candid about their determination to develop their own aircraft industry and in general to use military contracts for industrial development. They are less candid about exports of military equipment, which now occur on a small scale and could increase, because the main barrier to them is not Japan's Constitution but its fear of international reaction. Last summer the Tokyo office of Warburg Securities released an influential report on Japan's nascent arms industries, including strong "buy" recommendations for major defense contractors such as Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, Japan Aircraft Manufacturing, and Fuji Heavy Industries.

Where does this leave America? With little bargaining power to use over Japan in military matters—and little reason to use it. Japan is happier for having the United States as the big military power in the Pacific, so is the rest of Asia, and so is the United States. Every strategic and military trend in the area is favorable to American interests. There are no wars under way outside Indochina; most countries are becoming richer, freer, and more democratic. The only "threat" most Asian countries pose to the United States is through economic competition. Much of what is right in Asia is right because of the U.S. military presence, which has helped Japan to flourish peacefully and has kept everyone else from worrying about Japan. It would be shortsighted to upset this arrangement just to solve some trade problems. Trade problems are better dealt with on their own.

—James Fallows

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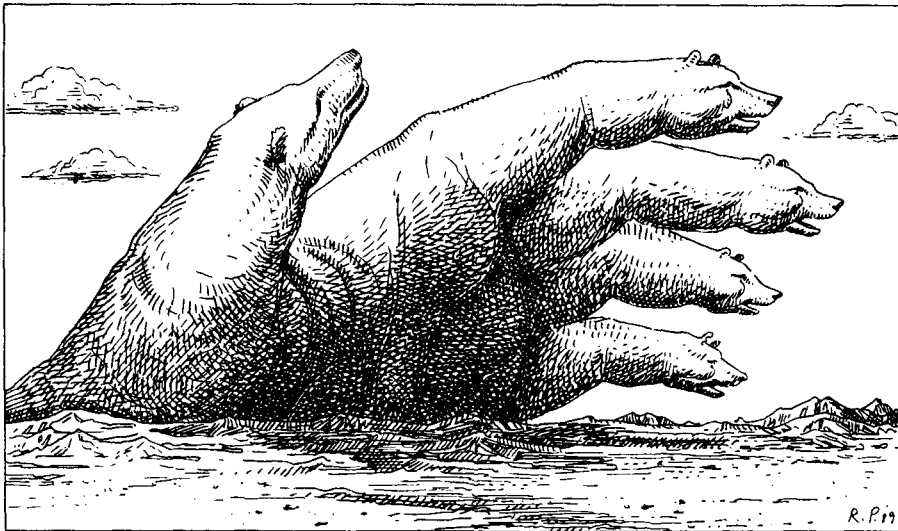
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AFGHANISTAN

POSTMORTEM

*The Russians may have
been dealt a setback, but the lessons
of the Afghan conflict afford
little cause for cheer*

THE SCENERY EVOKED the past, near and distant. As I rode the paved highway into the southern Afghan city of Qandahar, the rusted carcasses of Soviet tanks lined the way for over a mile. The wreckage of more tanks, and of armored personnel carriers and transport trucks, was strewn for quite some distance out along the dust-packed, gravelly waste on both sides of the road. The scene conjured up visions of the Afrika Korps and the Six-Day War. At the same time, the Afghan *mujahideen*, with their turbans, bandoliers, and Lee-Enfield rifles, called to mind a very different conflict: the nineteenth-century British-Afghan wars. And Qandahar itself, when I glimpsed it from atop a cliff, brought me face-to-face with antiquity. Stuck in the Central Asian outback, Qandahar probably carries the only Greek place-name to have survived in Afghanistan. The name is widely thought to derive from *Iskandar*, the Arabic form of Alexander; Alexander the Great led his army through here in 329 B.C. By late 1988, after years of Soviet aerial bombardment, Qandahar had been reduced to a rubble of collapsed stone walls and archways. It looked similar to any number of ancient Hellenistic sites in the Near East.

The significance of what has happened in Afghanistan remains largely concealed by an overlay of the exotic

and by the richness of ready-made historical associations. The relatively few journalists reporting from the scene have mainly looked backward. The Soviet invasion was explained as the continuation of a Kiplingesque Great Game for the control of India. Soviet troops, when they were not likened to the Americans in Vietnam, were likened to the nineteenth-century British, who had also tried unsuccessfully to subdue the Afghans. Such comparisons gave Americans a contextual framework. But they obscured a reality that diplomats and military analysts have begun to perceive with horrifying clarity: Afghanistan may evoke the military past, but its importance is as a preview of the battleground of the future.

ACCORDING TO MOST military experts, a comparison between the war in Afghanistan and the Vietnam War is most useful as a point of departure. The "Vietnam" phase of the Afghan war ended in mid-1980, six months after the December 24, 1979, Soviet invasion. When it became clear that the Afghan *mujahideen* were not going to be easily crushed, the Soviets stretched the definition of counterinsurgency to a degree that the Americans in Vietnam were barely able to conceive of. Whereas American air strikes over North Vietnam were tightly controlled, the Soviets engaged in indiscriminate carpet-bombing of urban areas and populated farmland. (No major city in Vietnam was damaged to the extent that Qandahar has been.) Whereas the American military tended to use helicopters to attack specific targets or to insert troops, the Soviets used their flying battleships to demolish whole villages. And whereas the Ameri-

cans carefully mapped their minefields, and deployed mines mainly on the perimeters of their bases and positions, the Soviets kept few maps and sowed literally millions of mines throughout the entire Afghan countryside. "By the standards of Vietnam, Afghanistan was much more savage," says David Isby, a Washington-based military analyst and the author of several technical books about Soviet weaponry and the war in Afghanistan. "Civilian massacres like the one at My Lai were the norm rather than the aberration. Rather than being condemned, they were routinely tolerated, and sometimes encouraged."

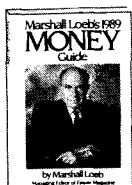
Isby calls the kind of war the Soviets fought "cheap and nasty," and others have characterized it similarly. Weapons like mines and mortars were unleashed on such a scale as to obliterate much of the population upon which the guerrillas depended, severely restricting the need for actual battle. Estimates of the number of unexploded Soviet mines now in Afghanistan range up to 30 million. (In Qandahar my driver kept to well-rutted tracks; walking even a few feet off the road is considered hazardous.) The Soviets lost between 12,000 and 50,000 men in Afghanistan, significantly fewer than the 58,000 Americans killed in Vietnam. Yet the number of Afghan civilians who were killed during the war—estimated at more than a million—is more than the number of civilians killed in Vietnam, a country that had two and a half times as many people as Afghanistan. The Soviets achieved the effect of a nuclear strike without actually having to deliver one. Still, from the Soviet perspective, it was a limited war. "They could have done even more damage than they did," says Zalmay Khalilzad, an expert on Afghanistan who worked for the State Department before taking his current job, at the Rand Corporation. The Soviet strategy, he says, was "almost—not quite—genocidal."

History offers few examples of comparable nationwide slaughter. Yet not only did the Afghans not surrender; they refused to compromise or negotiate. It would be incomprehensible for a modern industrialized society to pay such an awful price for freedom. Thomas E. Gouttierre, the director of the world's only center for Afghan studies, at the University of Nebraska at Omaha, says that because the Afghans lack the material wealth that people in the West are terrified of losing, they were psychologically able to go on fighting and suffering.

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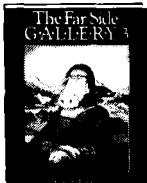
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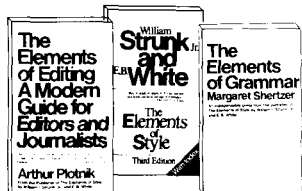
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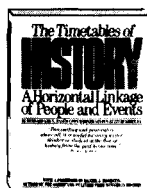
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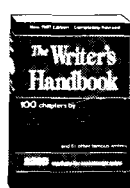
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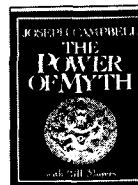
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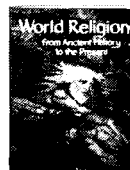
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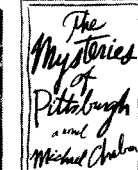
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Afghanistan is one of the least-developed countries in the world, riven by high mountains, and lacking even the minimal cosmopolitan influences that might have been provided by all-weather roads and a national media, and so the Afghans had only their local tribal and religious values to fall back on. Those "inward-oriented" village values, as Zalmay Khalilzad describes them, had endured for many centuries and remained completely undiluted by the rationalism that pervades not only the West but also the more technologically developed cultures of the Third World. "The great cry in the West and elsewhere is 'Be reasonable,'" David Isby says. "The Afghans were never prepared to be reasonable to invaders." Khalilzad points out that the very underdevelopment of the Afghan economy made it difficult to destroy: "Subsistence agriculture allowed for survival without help from outside."

The Afghans were able to withstand a twentieth-century military onslaught by relying on nineteenth-century values and methods. In his book *The Face of Battle* the British military historian John Keegan observes, "Impersonality, coercion, deliberate cruelty, all deployed on a rising scale, make the fitness of modern man to sustain the stress of battle increasingly doubtful." There is an awful lesson here: even in conventional, non-nuclear warfare the future is so horrible that only the past may be capable of defeating it.

Total war, of which the war in Afghanistan may be the best example, is without identifiable battles, because battles imply limits. The Soviet air force carpet-bombed the Panjshir Valley, northeast of Kabul, for months at a time in the mid-1980s. There was little ebb and flow to the slaughter; mines killed or maimed about thirty people a day throughout the decade. The most that can be said is that in some years—1985 in particular—there were slightly more casualties than in other years. "Militarily nothing stood out," Isby says. "It was not dramatic. There was little for the media to focus on."

FROM THE STANDPOINT of a war correspondent, Afghanistan might as well have been a nuclear war: its totality made it too dangerous to cover, and there was little conventional fighting to see. A typical Afghan war story would be about a correspondent's visit to a village a few days or weeks after it had been incinerated by helicopter gunships. Be-

yond that, reporters focused on the political and diplomatic sideshows in Pakistan or elsewhere, and on the atmosphere in the city of Kabul in the last days of the Soviet occupation. Television, which demands proximity to an event as it happens—and an easy commute to satellite facilities—could do little with Afghanistan. To get from the war to the nearest transmitting station typically required at least several days, if not weeks, of hard travel by foot. Michael Malinowski, a U.S. diplomat who monitored the war from both the Communist-held capital of Kabul and the guerrilla rear base in Pakistan, recalls that what always struck him about the war was "how particularly difficult it was for television to report it."

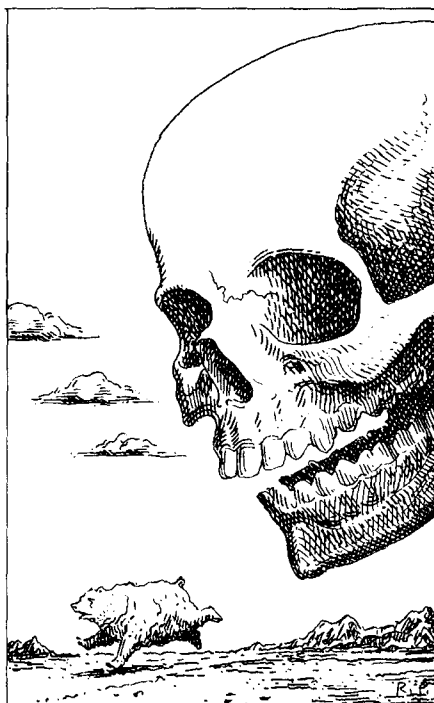
The experience in Afghanistan fuels a suspicion that modern communications technology, though bringing some parts of the world closer to us, has put other parts curiously out of reach. Had the Soviets invaded Afghanistan a generation ago, when television was in its infancy and proximity to a transmitting station was less important, the war might have attracted relatively more attention. The absence of journalists, especially American ones, in Afghanistan for most of these past nine years also suggests that, owing to the worldwide profusion of satellites, computer modems, and hotels with modern phone and telex systems, war reporting is an increasingly domesticated activity. The hot spots of choice today are places like the West Bank, the Persian Gulf, and South Africa, where the violence is circumscribed and the life-support mechanism of luxury hotels is only a few minutes away. (One reason why the shifting fortunes of Iran and Iraq on the Basra front received so much ink and airplay is surely the existence of a Sheraton Hotel in Basra.) Wars will continue to take place, but if Afghanistan is an accurate indication, true war reporting is a slowly vanishing profession. The warfare that is most often videotaped and written about now is urban violence in societies that have attained a level of development sufficient to allow large groups of journalists to operate comfortably.

Afghanistan is an unsettling lesson in how news, particularly foreign news, has become increasingly divorced from current history—and not only for the reasons just cited. The media's fondness for local (domestic) scandal and controversy often means that a foreign event, no matter how important, attracts little con-

tinuing attention until it sparks an attendant conflict back home. The war in Afghanistan was the first time that the Red Army went into combat since the Second World War. Liberals and conservatives were united behind President Reagan in support of the *mujahideen*. And thus, by the media's definition, there seemed to be no story.

In fact there was a story, and one to which the U.S. government should have been forced to respond. Although a few articles were written about it, the subject failed to make much of an impression until the eve of the Soviet withdrawal. There were, of course, several different resistance groups fighting the Soviets in Afghanistan. The American and Pakistani intelligence establishments, it turns out, gave relatively little support to the ones that mattered most. The Pakistanis, with American acquiescence, gave a virtual blank check for arms and supplies to a radical fundamentalist *mujahideen* faction, Gulbuddin Hekmatyar's Hizb-i-Islami (Party of Islam), even though it lacked grass-roots support inside Afghanistan. Other *mujahideen* parties that were less radical and had more men in the field got far less aid. Yet it was these groups that produced the war's most celebrated commanders, did most of the fighting, and emerged with the most popular support. Despite a decade of largesse from Pakistan and the United States, Hekmatyar's party would probably have crumbled—as the contrast did in Nicaragua—had the flow of aid suddenly been cut off. Afghanistan demonstrates conclusively the futility of trying to create insurgent armies from outside. Articles by Jonathan Randal, of *The Washington Post*, and Edward Girardet, of *The Christian Science Monitor*, probed the issue in depth. These reports from Pakistan last summer helped to inflame a debate between the State Department (which, according to one authoritative source, wanted a more equitable distribution of arms among the various *mujahideen* groups) and the Central Intelligence Agency (which, sensitive to Pakistani military concerns, was hesitant to reduce aid to Hekmatyar).

ANOTHER OVERLOOKED lesson of the war is that the Soviets, despite the much-touted liberalization of their society under Mikhail Gorbachev, continue to rely on—and reliably be influenced by—the threat or use of force. Gorbachev's attitude toward the war in Afghanistan was commonly misconstrued. The conventional wisdom was that



faced with economic turmoil at home, Gorbachev regarded the Afghanistan invasion as a costly mistake by his predecessors and wanted nothing more than to extricate his country from the conflict. And yet, a painstakingly researched report commissioned by Swedish relief officials in Pakistan estimated that, during Gorbachev's first year in power—1985—more than half the country's peasants had their villages bombed. More than a quarter had their irrigation systems destroyed and their livestock killed by Communist soldiers. Under Gorbachev the war of terror against Pakistan escalated. In 1987, according to the State Department, fully a third of all the dead and half of all the wounded in terrorist incidents worldwide died or were wounded in Pakistan. The State Department blamed the Soviet-trained and Soviet-directed Afghan secret service, WAD, for most of the 127 terrorist attacks in Pakistan that year. Also under Gorbachev the frequency of Soviet and Afghan government violations of Pakistani air space increased dramatically. All of this is quite aside from the suspicious crash in Pakistan last summer of the Lockheed C-130 transport plane carrying Pakistan's President, Zia ul-Haq, and the U.S. ambassador to Pakistan, Arnold Raphel—the blame for which some would ascribe to Moscow.

Gorbachev, when he assumed office, did not represent a more enlightened Soviet attitude toward Afghanistan. His first impulse was to determine whether

the war could still be won by brute force. Only after the introduction, in 1986, of American Stinger anti-aircraft missiles—and, partly as a result, the deterioration of the Soviet military position in Afghanistan—did Gorbachev demonstrate a change of heart. "The discomfiture of the Soviet military caused by the success of the *mujahideen* had a clear effect on Gorbachev," Michael Malinowski says. David Isby says, "The basic assessment of the experts is not that the Soviets have changed their goals but that in this particular case they were compelled to reassess the utility of military force in achieving those goals."

Although the Soviet Union is widely perceived as having suffered a blow in Afghanistan—and it did—the Soviet army and air force have been tempered by the war into tougher, more efficient fighting organizations than they were before. "Because of the war, the Soviets now fight better at night and are better trained for fighting in the mountains," observes Abdul Haq, a leading *mujahideen* commander in the Kabul region, whose underground network inside the capital was responsible for the 1983 kidnapping of a senior Soviet intelligence officer. "In their staff schools a meritocracy is beginning to replace the former system of personal connections. The enemy soldiers I encounter are much better than the ones I fought at the beginning of the war. The Russian military needed Afghanistan to get it back into shape. A lot of the problems they've had since the end of the Second World War have finally been resolved."

EVEN BEFORE THE Soviets completed their withdrawal, Afghanistan was being forgotten. Though the horror of the war was always conceded, the reality of it remained abstract, registering only at the fringes of consciousness. The hideous details of the war's prosecution were never adequately factored into the ongoing appraisal of Soviet intentions. The war in Afghanistan—in addition to being difficult to report—happened too far away, to an alien people with few ethnic compatriots in America. While the Soviets killed upwards of a million civilians in Afghanistan, they did it in such a boring, mechanical, impersonal way as to deflect sustained attention. In the end what "worked" in Afghanistan was not reason or negotiation or the advent of *perestroika* but the Afghans' willingness to die.

—Robert D. Kaplan

MARRED BLISS

BY MARK O'DONNELL

The front porch of JANE's family home. JANE arranges roses in a vase. DINK sits on the glider, reading the paper or just enjoying the evening. A typical midwestern scene. JANE is a pretty, prissy, inhibited young woman, wearing starched, modest clothes. DINK is a regular lug who's been talked into marriage but is willing to turn himself over to it.

JANE. Darkling?

DINK (*looking up from his paper*). What is it, dulling?

JANE. I thought we'd have ruses for the centerpieces. For us, and for all the guest tables. Ruses are traditional.

DINK. Ruses it is. (*He continues reading.*)

JANE (*after a restless pause*). Oh, honey, just sink!

DINK. What do you want me to sink about?

JANE. In less than forty-eight horrors, you and I will be moan and woof! (*Grins.*) Isn't it amassing?

DINK. It is amassing! (*He lowers his paper thoughtfully.*) So much has harpooned in just a few thief years!

JANE. It steams like only yesterday that you were the noise next door.

DINK. And you were that feckless-faced cod sitting up in the old ache tree!

JANE. And now we're engaged! I can hardly wait till we're marred!

DINK. Oh, hiney! (*He rises and makes to enfold her in his arms.*)

JANE. Now, now! I'm sure the tame will pass quickly till our hiney-moon! (*She eases out of his grasp.*) I'll go get you some of that nice saltpeter taffy that Smother brought back from A Frantic City.

(*JEERY, a sexy, slouching sailor, appears at one corner of the stage.*)

JEERY. Hello? . . . Any him at home? (*He carries a tiny bouquet.*)

JANE. Oh, my gash! It's Jeery, my old toffriend!

DINK. Jeery! That bump! What's he brewing here?

JANE. Oh, dueling! Try to control your tamper! I'm sure he means no charm! Don't do anything you might regress!

(*JEERY approaches.*)

JEERY. Hollow!—Revised to see me?

JANE. Hollow, Jeery.

DINK. Hollow.

(*Pause.*)

JEERY. I'm completely beware that I'm out of police here. But (*looks to JANE*)—for old climb's sake, Jane, I brought you this little bunch of foul airs. A token of my excess steam. Lots of lack to you. And much lack to you, too, Dink.

JANE (*unsure*). Wail . . . (*She decides to accept the flowers.*) Spank you, Jeery.

DINK. Spank you very much.

JEERY. My shaft is at rancor in the har-

JEERY. Well, concatenations!

DINK. Rank you very much. (*Tense pause.*) . . . Jeery, it's getting awfully lout! You don't want to miss the trance!

(*From the other entrance comes ALAS, a provocatively dressed woman with elaborate hair and a loose manner.*)

ALAS. Hell's own? Hell's own?

JANE (*aside*). Oh, no! Is that who I slink it is? Why won't she let us align?

(*ALAS advances.*)

ALAS. Hell's own, every burden! Hell's own, Dink! . . .

DINK (*uncomfortable but heated*). Hell's own, Alas! . . . Fantasy seething you here!

JANE (*tartly*). I thought you'd be at the Social Tub trance, Alas. Aren't you on the degradation committee?

ALAS (*offering a glass-wrapped bottle*). I may stoop by there later. I sinfully wanted to winch you both all the beast. Let icons be icons. Here's a battle of damn

pain for you. I hype you enjoy it.

JANE (*suspicious*). How sweat of you. (*She takes the bottle and puts it aside.*) You know Jeery, don't you, Alas?

ALAS. Yes, we mated years ago. How's the Nervy, Jeery?

JEERY. Great! I was born to be a soiler.

(*There is another awkward silence as they regard her.*)

DINK (*to ALAS*). Um—would you like to hit with us, Alas? Jane, you don't grind if Alas hits with us, do you?

JANE. Well, the glider's getting awfully clouded!

ALAS. I'll just loin against the railing! (*She poses against the pillar seductively.*)

DINK. No, here, have my seed! (*He stands.*)

JANE. Dallying! (*She pulls him back into his seat.*) I think she'd rather remain stunning!

DINK (*getting agitated*). Jeery, you could awful her your seat! Don't they teach you manners in the harmed surfaces? (*JEERY bristles.*)



bor, and they gave me whore leave. I heard you were engorged, and I just wanted to slop by and pave my regrets.

JANE (*uncomfortably*). Well, blank you!

DINK. Blank you very much.

JANE (*uneasy with this standoff*). I think you two have already messed, haven't you?

JEERY. Oh, we've thrown each other for years!

DINK. We went to the same cruel . . . till Jeery dripped out to join the Nervy.

JANE. Of course, I remainder all that now! (*She is eager to lessen the awkwardness.*) Um—do you haunt to sit down?

JEERY. Well, only for a menace. (*They all sit down on the glider.*) I'm hooded over to Pain Street. There's a big trance at the Social Tub. I'll probably go and chick it out.

(*There is an awkward silence as they sit on the crowded glider.*) Wail, wail, wail . . . So when do you two tie the net?

JANE. The day after temerity!

JEERY. That soon?

DINK (*curtly*). We've been enraged for over a year.

JANE (*to avoid a scene*). Look, qualm down! Maybe we should admit this is an awkward saturation! I have complete faith in you, Dink, but I think it's in power taste for your old street-part to come around so soon before our wedding!

ALAS (*offended*). I can't bereave this! There's no reason to be subspecies, Jane!

JANE (*affronted*). No?

ALAS. This is a good-wall visit, that's all! You're just high-stung!

DINK (*chiming in his objections*). And what about Jeery here! I don't luck having him luring at you!

JEERY (*contemptuously*). Oh, relapse, Dink! Afraid she'll realize her must-ache before the sorrow-money? (*to ALAS:*) He's in debt, it's a mortgage of convenience!

JANE (*frightened by this sudden passion*). Toys, please! Clam yourself! (*Earnestly, to DINK:*) Dink, don't drought yourself this way! Where's the strong, stabled man I'm taking to the halter? You know I lug you, I'll always lug you. (*She puts her arms around him maternally.*) I want ours to be a beautiful cremation-trip. But it has to be based on truss. (*She hugs him even more suffocatingly, and not erotically.*) I want to be able to truss you.

DINK (*too independently to suit JANE*). All I did was offer Alas my seed. You act like I rammed off with her!

JANE (*feeling dressed down before company*). Well, maybe you'd rather ram off with her! She's been trying to reduce you since she got here!

ALAS (*angry*). Don't spike like that to me! I bitter go.

JANE (*her insecurity making her hysterical*). Stew where you are! You're the claws of this! You slot!

ALAS (*sneering at JANE*). What a little squirrel! I have nothing but potty for you!

(The women suddenly slap each other; the men must intervene.)

JEERY (*restraining ALAS*). The whole tissue is ridiculous! Fighting over a man who's in doubt up to his ears!

DINK. At least I'm not diddled with funereal disease, you bellow-jellied bull-bottomed sin of the beach!

JEERY. You sod-damned cowbird!

(The men fight; now the women must intervene.)

ALAS. Stop it! Stop it!

(There is a momentary silence, as they all recover from their wounds.)

JANE. Why are we having such trouble trying to communicate?

DINK (*taking the lead*). Look. Alas . . . I heave nothing but harpy memories of our time together. I depreciate your good wincings, but Jane and I are to be marred, and that's that. (*He looks to JANE to match his definitive renunciation.*)

JANE (*taking JEERY's hand briefly*). And . . . Jeery . . . I leave you very much. You know that. But that's all winter under the fridge. (*She turns to ALAS.*) Alas, I'm sorry I lost my torpor.

ALAS (*with dignity*). I understand. And I axe-up your apology. Anyway, I'm getting marred myself. To Henry Silverstone.

JANE (*impressed*). The banker! But he's rather old for you, isn't he?

ALAS. Luckily, he's in very good wealth. (*A car horn honks from offstage.*) There's my chauffeured limbo now. I'd better get gilding. Conglomerations, and gall the best! . . . Goad bye!

DINK (*feeling bested*). Bile!

JANE (*feeling outdone*). Bile!

(ALAS exits. JEERY now feels superfluous.)

JEERY. Her own limbo! . . . Well, I guess I should leave you two lifeboats alone!

JANE. Thanks for the foul airs, Jeery! Enjoy the trance!

JEERY. Maybe I'll meet my future broad!

DINK (*as if to a buddy*). That's the right platitude!

JEERY. So long! Have a lot of skids!

DINK. Bile!

JANE. Bile! (*JEERY goes.*) He's a good spore, isn't he?

DINK (*reluctantly*). I gas so.

JANE (*hugging him consolingly*). But you're the uphill of my eye!

DINK. Oh, hiney! (*He holds and tries to kiss her, but she resists him.*) Oh, come on! Ploys? Pretty ploys?

(She relents and gives him a peck and then quickly raises ALAS's gift bottle between them.)

JANE. Oh, look! A vintage battle of damn pain! Let's celibate! (*She pops it open and pours some of it into two empty lemonade glasses on the porch table. She raises her glass.*) Here, let's test each other! (*They toast.*) To ice!

DINK. To ass!

(They drink.)

JANE. Oh, galling! Our life together is going to be blitz!

(Blackout.)

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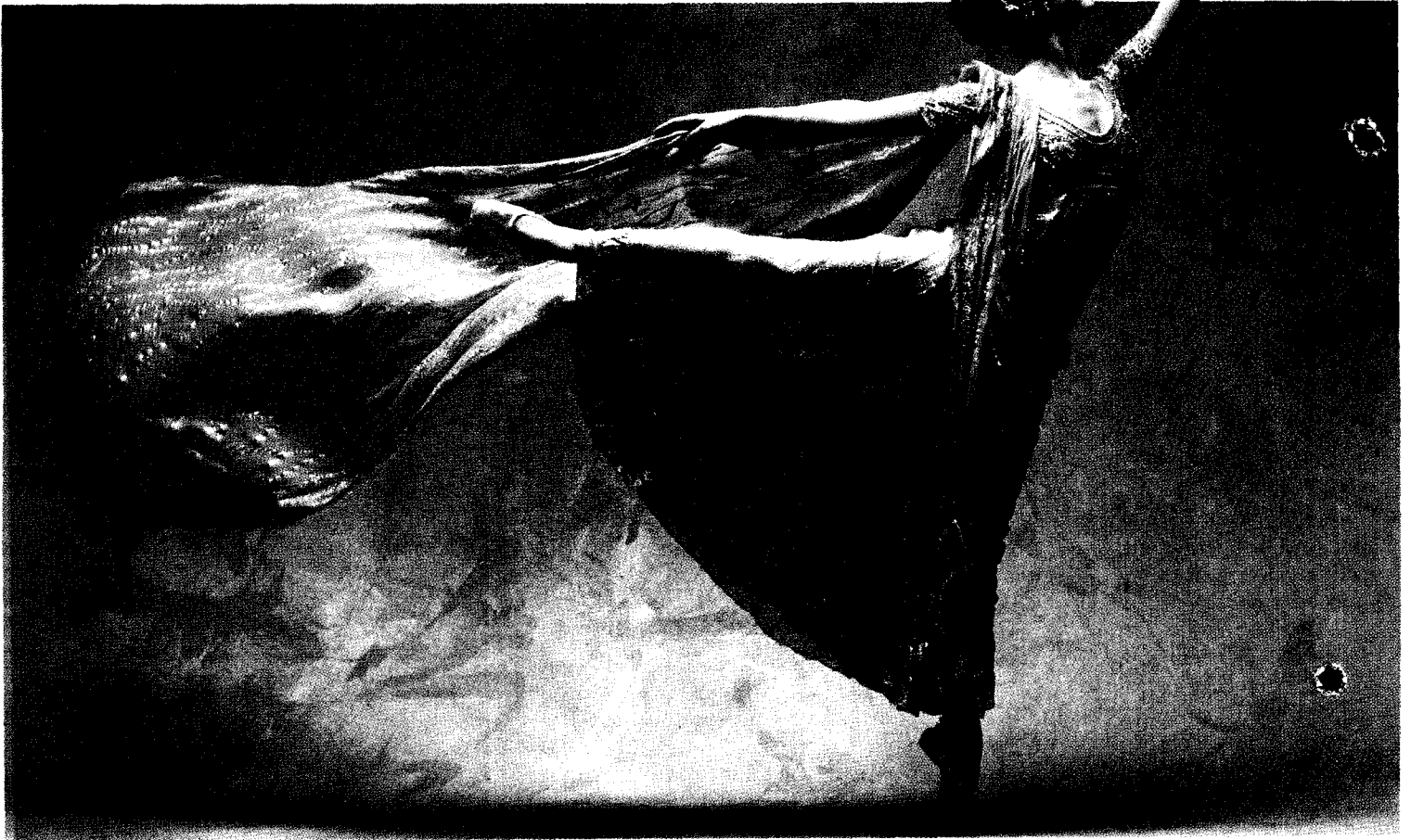
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AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE: (Top Left) Cynthia Harvey in LA BAYADERE. Photo by Gregory Heisler. (Right) Amy Rose in GÂTE PARISIENNE. Photo by Martha Swope. (Bottom) Ross Stretton, Martine van Hamel, Kevin McKenzie in ÉTUDES. Photo by Martha Swope



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While Japan plants its flag on the twenty-first century, an ideological fixation on the relations that should obtain between government and business prevents us from taking the steps necessary to ensure our future prosperity

IT'S TIME FOR AN AMERICAN PERESTROIKA

BY GEORGE C. LODGE

PRESIDENT GEORGE BUSH HAS NAMED AN ADMINISTRATION that for the most part has been greeted as "pragmatic," a welcome change from the "ideologues" of the Reagan years.

When we contemplate what needs to be done in America, however, there is no escaping ideology. The choice is which one and how it is to be implemented. The pretense of pragmatism—that you can act without ideological consequences—obscures the choice and invites perilous inattention in adopting a new course.

Take, for example, maintaining national competitiveness in such high-tech industries of the future as semiconductors, supercomputers, high-definition TV, biotechnology, and telecommunications. All have confronted or are about to confront devastating competition not only from Japan but also from Europe. As Paul McCracken, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers in the Nixon Administration, has recently written:

If trends of the 1980s for the Big Seven of the industrial world continue through the 1990s, Japan's per-capita output will exceed that of the U.S. by nearly 40%. Real incomes in France and West Germany will also be well above those here. Italy and Britain would still be lower than the U.S., but closing the gap. If there is no improvement in our own performance, the malady under discussion in the 1990s will be the American Disease.

Unless we quickly learn the causes of our lagging performance, we are doomed to become a second-class economy. Learning means understanding that most of the problems of our high-tech industries derive from America's traditional ideology of individualism, from the very hymns that we as a nation love to sing.

According to this ideology, the legitimacy of business derives from the notion of property rights, and the authority of its managers derives from its owners, the shareholders. The managers' primary pur-

pose is the satisfaction of those shareholders. To this end managers compete to satisfy consumer demand in a marketplace rigorously kept open by antitrust laws. Government, a necessary evil, is a referee blowing its whistle now and then, but never a coach and certainly not a player. Bigness in government and in business is inherently suspect, as is cooperation between the two.

Time was when this conception worked. It was pragmatically as well as ideologically satisfying. Owners were few in number; they could readily be consulted by management about whether they sought long-term market share or short-term returns. Labor was plentiful and, by the standards obtaining in the rest of the world, well-educated. American corporations, nourished by a populous and affluent market at home, dominated international trade.

During the past two decades intense global competition has demolished this ideological paradigm, leaving America to grope for a new one. The idea of property rights is meaningless when owners—shareholders—do not in fact own. In these circumstances, while it is accurate to say that legal authority remains with the stockholders, the enabling authority of the company manager flows not from the top down but from the bottom up—from the companies' employees, who must have a degree of job security and a role in corporate governance if they are to be committed and motivated. Successful corporations (and trade unions) realize this. But the old ideology delays transition.

Government policies are crucial to corporate success—and failure. For two decades they have kept America's rates of savings and investment the lowest in the industrial world, encouraging a buy-now-pay-later society through consumer-oriented tax policies—that, for example, have allowed taxpayers until recently to write off most of the interest on large consumer loans, something few (if any) other major industrial countries permit. They have perpetuated a fragmented

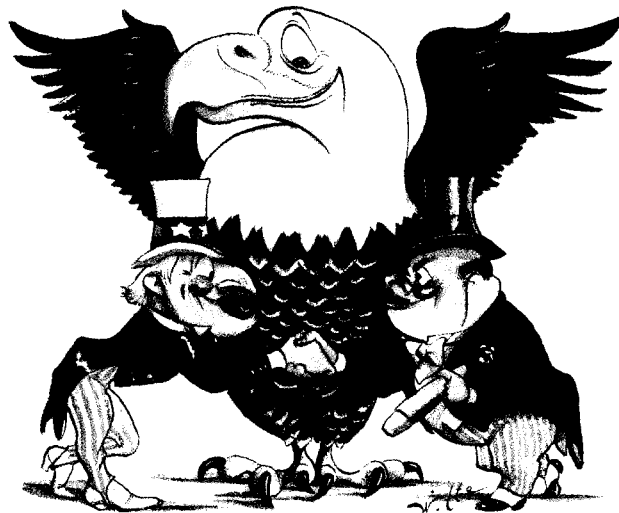


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL C. WITTE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and adversarial relationship between industry and government, while our competitors have enjoyed coherence and cooperation. They have allowed the deterioration of our educational system and the erosion of our skill base.

The American semiconductor industry fifteen years ago dominated the world. Today it is fighting for its life. There is a choice: going abroad to join the competitors for short-term gain, or staying home and changing. Many argue that pursuing the first course is a matter of necessity: Motorola joins Toshiba, Texas Instruments goes with Hitachi—and high-definition TV, supercomputers, and other elements of the microelectronic “food chain” go abroad. To some extent this is essential, but, fortunately, the industry took an initiative in the mid-1980s to offset this trend. Fourteen semiconductor companies joined to form Sematech, a partnership with government to recover America’s position on the leading edge of semiconductor-manufacturing technology. Half a billion dollars was pledged by government, to be matched by industry; today Sematech is under way in Austin, Texas. Many doubt, however, that it is enough. Without an invigoration of the electronics industry that uses chips and of the suppliers of equipment and materials to the chip-makers, Sematech’s mission will fail.

Sematech came into existence, in contradiction to traditional ideology, only after the individualistic, fragmented semiconductor industry reluctantly realized that the old paradigm was broken. Industry leaders argued that the national interest required government funding. What was that interest? Under the legislation passed by Congress, the Defense Department became Sematech’s government sponsor. The national interest was thus presumably military in nature. In fact, however, the national interest lies in recovering competitiveness in commercial markets. Here we run into an ideological problem. Both government and industry have stubbornly refused to acknowledge that it is a proper role for government to think strategically about the fate of American industries. Industrial policy is ideologically anathema. Nevertheless, such policies are being forced upon us: in microelectronics, probably in biotechnology, new materials, and telecommunications, and maybe in banking. Our refusal to face the ideological implications of ad hoc pragmatic accommodations like Sematech blinds us to the requirements for success.

ONLY GOVERNMENT HAS THE AUTHORITY TO EXEMPT industry from the strictures of the antitrust laws and to allow the collaboration among companies required for competitiveness. And yet only business has the competence to do the work. So there must be a linkage of government authority and business competence.

Government must provide the authority and business the competence to decide for the long run what we want our economy to look like—to define the national interest reliably. A possible instrument for forging that definition is at hand: it is the Competitiveness Policy Council provided for in the Omnibus Trade and Competitiveness Act of

1988, to be composed of representatives of government, business, labor, and academia. The council could articulate and clarify the new ideology that is upon us, and provide a fresh basis of legitimacy for cooperative ventures such as Sematech.

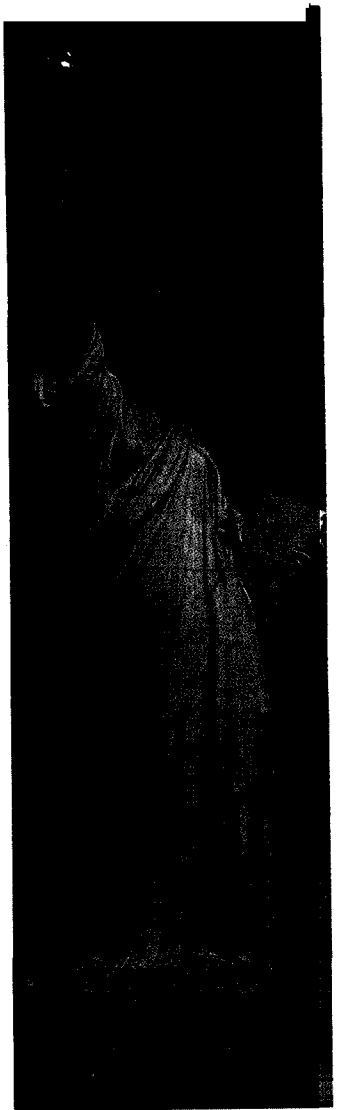
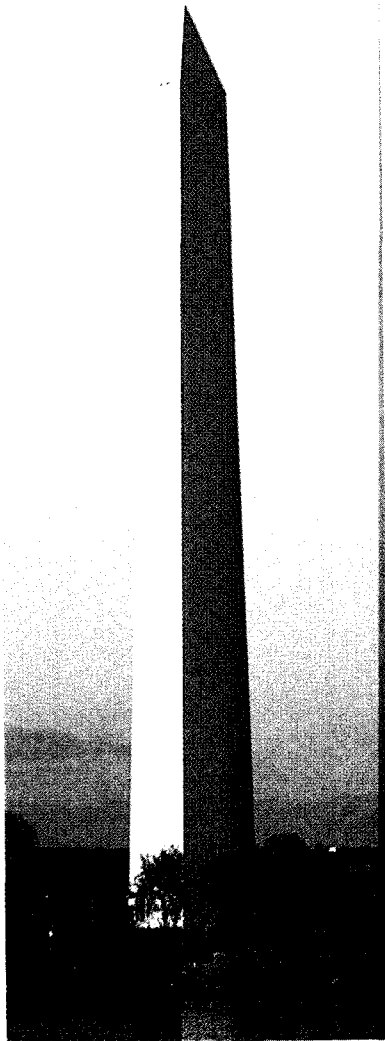
The firms involved in Sematech, and also government, have realized pragmatically that the traditional model of arm’s-length competition in a marketplace kept open by the antitrust laws serves the interests of neither the nation nor—in the long run—the shareholders. A new model is being formed, one in which rival firms compete but also cooperate with one another and with government to build the nation’s economic base. Today competitive forces require an industry-government partnership. The ideology implicit in this new model is objectionable to many, but unless its implications are understood, the partnership, for all its practical value, will be found illegitimate and fail. Critical questions must be faced: When government and business join together to serve community needs, who is the senior partner? What are the terms of the partnership? Is it covert or overt? Who decides its objectives, and by what process? These are issues the Competitiveness Policy Council should address.

In this new ideology neither government and business nor managers and managed are adversaries. They are engaged in a common endeavor for the common good. This outlook ultimately provides competitive advantage.

There are many dangers in such a communitarian approach, not least among them inadvertence and carelessness (though ideological consciousness of what we are doing, as opposed to mere pragmatic experimentation, would help us avoid these dangers). Government-business cooperation without clear lines of authority, appropriate definitions, and realistic expectations could result in wasteful support of companies that should be allowed to fade away. It could lead to excessive nationalism at a time when international interdependence is a fact of life. The new emphasis on consensus could threaten the rights of workers.

Still, the reality of global competition has forced us to recognize that while each of us may have rights, we also have duties. Although rights are politically easy to define, duties are more controversial. All states provide welfare, but only thirty accompany it with a duty to work—workfare. All states provide medical aid. Should they impose a duty not to smoke? All states have public education. Is there a duty to satisfy minimum standards before receiving a high school diploma?

The United States, like the Soviet Union, must confront its ideology. We are moving pragmatically and experimentally away from our traditional ideology of individualism, not because we want to but because we have no choice. Yet we resist articulating the ideology that justifies the steps we are taking, as if preferring consistency to discovery, blindness to self-recognition. It’s time for our beliefs to catch up with our practices, so that we can give our experience an enduring reflection in thought. □



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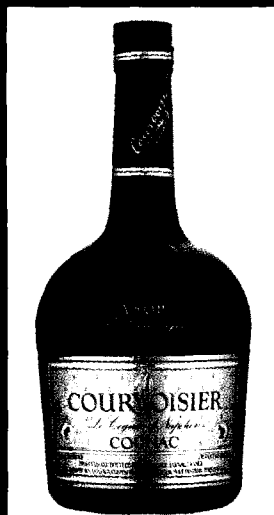


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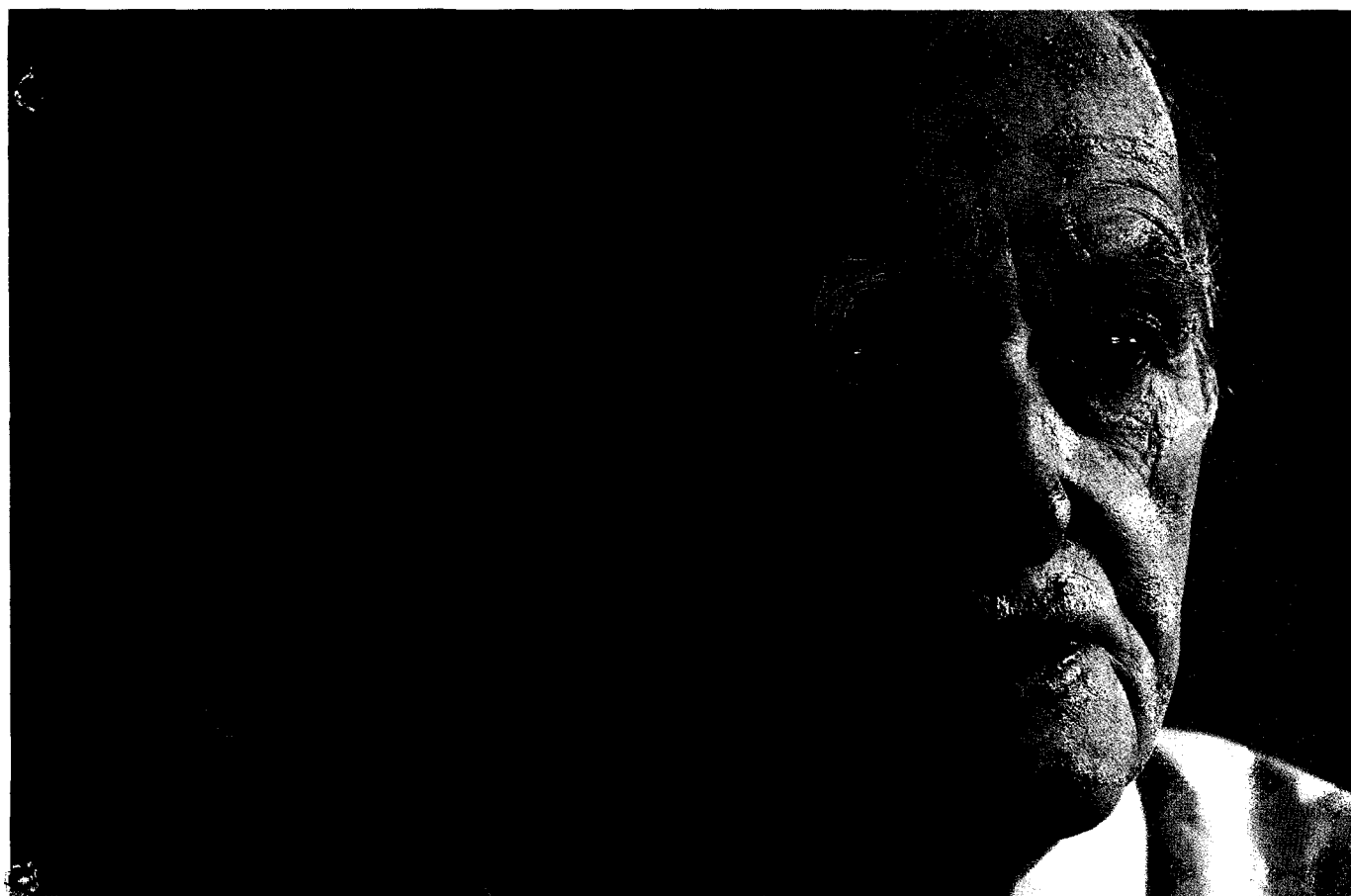
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An introduction to the diaries of George F. Kennan

THE LAST WISE MAN

WE DERIVE THE TITLE OF THIS MONTH'S COVER ARTICLE from Walter Isaacson and Evan Thomas's book, *The Wise Men: Six Friends and the World They Made*, about Robert Lovett, John J. McCloy, Averell Harriman, Charles Bohlen, Dean Acheson, and George F. Kennan, whom it calls the "architects of the American century." Two of these men are still living, and one of them, Kennan, is still highly visible in public life—especially, in recent years, in his passionate opposition to the nuclear-arms race.

Diplomat, scholar, writer of rare literary gifts, Kennan is one of the most remarkable Americans of this century. A book to be published this month—*George Kennan and the Art of Foreign Policy*, by Anders Stephanson—describes him as perhaps the greatest analyst and maker of foreign policy since John Quincy Adams. Kennan is our foremost expert on the Soviet Union. His books, including *American Diplomacy 1900–1950*, *Realities of American*

Foreign Policy, and *Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin*, are works of cold, brilliant clarity, in contrast to the murky generality and romantic rhetoric so prevalent in America's public discourse on foreign policy. His two-volume autobiography, *Memoirs*—which is by turns surprising, enlightening, touching, and witty—is one of the essential American literary and historical documents. Kennan's books have won the Freedom House Award, the National Book Award, the Bancroft Prize, the Francis Parkman Prize, and the Pulitzer Prize.

Kennan has been both a witness to and a participant in history. He was in Russia during Stalin's purges. He was in Prague when the Germans took over Czechoslovakia. He was in Berlin when Hitler declared war on the United States. He was in Moscow again, as deputy to Averell Harriman from 1944 to 1946, during the difficult negotiations with the Soviets regarding the shape of the postwar world.

At the close of the Second World War, when our erstwhile allies in the Kremlin turned increasingly hostile and uncooperative, it was Kennan who, in outlining his views to Harriman, Charles Bohlen, Dean Acheson, and President Harry Truman, defined the American response that became known as containment. In the early postwar years, when the nation's leaders realized that bold action was necessary to save the economies of Western Europe, Kennan, as the head of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, played a major role in drafting the Marshall Plan—one of America's most spectacular diplomatic successes. He served as ambassador to the Soviet Union in the Truman Administration and as ambassador to Yugoslavia in the Kennedy Administration.

Through most of his time in public life, Kennan has

been known as farsighted—almost as a seer. During the early forties, when many Americans, including our President, had warm feelings toward the Soviets, Kennan repeatedly warned his superiors in the government that this outlook was based on wishful thinking and on a total misunderstanding of Russian politics, Russian intentions, and Russian history. Soon after the nation finally heeded his warnings, he began to warn against seeing containment solely in military terms, and against extending it beyond the prudent task of protecting American vital interests into a grandiose promise to police the world.

During the Korean War he asserted that there was a danger of Soviet or Chinese intervention if we crossed the 38th parallel into North Korea, and of course the Chinese intervened and sent the Americans reeling in retreat. He predicted splits in the Soviet bloc, and his predictions were fulfilled by Yugoslavia and China. He was clairvoyant regarding Vietnam. As early as 1950, when Vietnam was a French problem, he warned in a memo to Dean Acheson against "getting ourselves into the position of guaranteeing the French in an undertaking which neither they nor we, nor both of us together, can win." Called to testify in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's televised hearings on Vietnam in February of 1966, he told the committee that Vietnam was not vital to American interests and that we should withdraw as soon as possible.

America has never known quite what to make of this prophet, especially because he cannot be placed securely on either the right or the left of the political spectrum in the making of foreign policy. The left's desire to save the world by good works and the right's desire to save it by military adventure are, in Kennan's view, just two versions



Clockwise from the left: George F. Kennan around 1925, the year he graduated from Princeton University; at a conference in Switzerland in 1959 (J. Robert Oppenheimer is at the far left); with members of the diplomatic community in Moscow, 1937; and in the early 1960s, with Adlai Stevenson, greeting Josip Broz Tito of Yugoslavia

of an ill-informed, ahistorical, and doomed romanticism. Saying the world is beyond America's capacities, and is likely to harm both us and those we are trying to save, he says. Weariness and exasperation mark his descriptions of American policymaking. "One stands stupefied at the frivolity and irresponsibility reflected in this response" "We would do well . . . to avoid histrionics and over-reaction." One should avoid "the abundant pitfalls of attempting to strike noble poses with relation to a situation one did not create, cannot remove, and understands very poorly." "I had been struck by the contrast between the lucid and realistic thinking of early American statesmen of the Federalist period and the cloudy bombast of their successors of later decades." And so on.

Kennan's autobiography explains momentous events and brings to life a dazzling array of great men. In contrast, the portion of his diaries that he has chosen to publish deals, for the most part, with places. These diary entries show that their author is as skilled at evoking Leningrad and Berlin as he was at portraying, in the *Memoirs*, J. Robert Oppenheimer and Dwight Eisenhower. Here we see him in motion rather than behind a desk, and his thoughts turn less frequently to statesmen than to poets and novelists. But he is the same man we remember from the *Memoirs*: impossibly learned yet commonsensical, stern in his judgments yet gentle, drawn to the spotlight yet private and shy, a shaper of this century who increasingly feels himself a visitor from another—a man, unfortunately, whose like we may never see again.

A selection from Kennan's diaries will be published next month by Pantheon. What follows here is a selection from that selection.



SKETCHES FROM A LIFE

BY GEORGE F. KENNAN

Preface

THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THESE PIECES WERE NOT written with any particular thought to publication. This assertion, of course, does not deserve too sweeping an interpretation. Every diarist has moments, I am sure, of a vague hope that what he has just written, particularly if he himself is pleased with it, will someday fall under at least a few eyes other than his own. I cannot claim to have been totally immune to this very human impulse. But my recollection is that most of the pieces reproduced below were conceived in the mind of the man who wrote them primarily as reminders to himself of the particular experiences they described, lest he forget them, lest they cease to take their part in the richness of remembered experience and rot away, neglected and unused, in the attic of memory. But some entries, too, were conceived by him as benchmarks of intellectual and emotional growth by which he hoped to be able to measure in later years his progress, his false starts, his retrogressions.

The pieces were written, for the most part, only when traveling. For this there was good reason. At home the performance of daily professional and personal duties normally left no time for this sort of thing; beyond which, this sort of writing required, as suggested above, the novelty and freshness of first impression. You would not write this way about things you saw or experienced every day. Familiarity deprives such scenes, as it does people, of their mystery and their magic.

So the sketches were, measured against the ordinary substance of life, a digression of sorts—a private luxury. And they were a digression not just from daily life in general but also from other, and far more demanding, forms of writing. During the years from which these excerpts were drawn, their author produced some eighteen books; diplomatic reports and dispatches in great number; and lectures, articles, and speeches running into the hundreds. Anton Chekhov, a doctor, said somewhere that medicine was his wife, literature his mistress. The situation of the writer of these pieces was analogous, except that the mistress was far less beautiful than Chekhov's and had to content herself with much smaller pickings. The pieces brought forward here constitute, in other words, only a fringe—a fringe reflecting impulses of another kind—on a far greater body of professional writing.

The reader will note that these efforts were widely and

irregularly scattered over the decades they embrace. There were long lapses when I produced next to nothing. For this, too, there were reasons. One of those reasons, coming in at the outset of the 1930s, was marriage and parenthood. When impressions were shared, at the moment, with someone else, there was less incentive to commit them to paper. And travel with small children, instructive as it was in other ways, permitted only the most hurried and distracted glances at the passing scene. More important still, large portions of the 1930s and 1940s were spent either in Stalin's purge-plagued, terrorized Moscow or in Hitler's Berlin. In both places official service was strenuous, rigorous, and absorbing. Opportunities for travel were few. Urgent involvement with the problems of the day was the enemy of relaxed reflection. And in those politically hostile environments security considerations created a disinclination to commit to paper anything more than was necessary.

The considerate reader will note, finally, that these sketches were spread out chronologically over a very long stretch of time. During that period the environment to which they were addressed changed greatly—more, one would suppose, than life had ever changed in a similar span of time. The world with which the last of the sketches dealt was separated from the earlier one by a whole series of momentous and in part mind-shattering events: the two great tyrannies of Stalin and Hitler; the Second World War; the gathering of the shadows of nuclear apocalypse and environmental disaster.

But if, then, the external scene was a different one in 1988 from that to which the first observations were addressed, so were the eyes with which it was observed. The young Foreign Service officer, full of uncertainty about himself and wonderment about everything else, was not the same man as the retired professor of 1988, aware that his own contribution to the life around him had been, for better or for worse, substantially completed, but still profoundly concerned for the imminent fate of his own country and of the European civilization of which he had long considered himself a part. The glimpses of external reality presented in this book must therefore be seen as the interaction between two moving objects: the scene observed and the pair of eyes that observed it.

The documents reproduced here must, I fear, be seen in this dynamic perspective—as a progression in the development of both the viewed and the viewer—if they are to have any significant meaning. But it is the hope of the man who now looks back on them (rather than that of the man who wrote them) that they will, if viewed in this way, add their bit to the understanding of this troubled century, and help others to find their bearing at the pass to which the events of these dramatic years have brought us.

Upon completion of two years of Russian studies in Berlin, in the summer of 1931, I went to Norway in September and married my present wife, Annelise Soerensen. We then served for two years at Riga, where our first child, Grace, was born.

In December of 1933 I accompanied to Moscow our first ambassador to the Soviet Union, William C. Bullitt, when he went there to present his credentials. I was then assigned to Moscow as second secretary of the new embassy and served there most of the time until mid-1937.

From the time of the outbreak of the war, in 1939, until Pearl Harbor, in December of 1941, I served as administrative officer of the American embassy at Berlin.

The German armies that had swept over the Low Countries and northern France in May and June of 1940 had overrun the American embassies in the capitals of those countries, cutting for a time all normal communications with the outside world. For some days neither Washington nor the Berlin embassy was able to establish telegraphic or telephonic communication with those missions or to find out what had happened to them and their personnel. But the German military authorities agreed to permit an officer of the Berlin embassy to proceed to the cities in question, by whatever transportation he could find, and to establish contact with the remaining American personnel. I was designated to perform this duty. Here, excerpts from my personal accounts, written at the time, of the visits to The Hague and to Paris. The reader should bear in mind that in both those places military operations had just barely ended. The German forces were still in strict military occupation of the areas they had overrun. There was scarcely any communication with the outside world.

JUNE 14, 1940

LEFT BERLIN SHORTLY BEFORE ONE O'CLOCK ON THE newly revived express train to The Hague. Prisoners, probably Polish, were working in the fields between Berlin and Hanover. The sun beat hard on the flat, treeless fields, and the armed guards kept the prisoners lined up in neat, Germanic rows.

Beyond Hanover we began to encounter long trains of boxcars with fresh prisoners of war, presumably from this western front. The only openings for light and air were little apertures cut high up, near the ends of the cars, and through these one could see the crowded heads, the pale faces, and the bewildered eyes that stared, full of boredom and homesickness, out over the cold severity of the north German plain.

At the border two trainloads of SS, complete with motor vehicles, anti-aircraft guns, and field kitchens on flat cars, were waiting on a siding. Here, in contrast to the prisoners' cars, the sliding doors of the boxcars were thrown open; the soldiers, crowding the doorways, all looking very much alike, stared at our luxurious train, and devoured the newspapers and magazines that some of the passengers tossed to them.

There was little damage visible in Holland, at least in the district through which we passed. Now and then there was a burnt-out farmhouse or a gutted warehouse along the tracks. But everything had already been thoroughly cleaned up with true Dutch neatness, and the bridge across the IJssel, blown up by the retreating Dutch, had already been repaired sufficiently by the Germans to permit our heavy train to crawl over it.

By the time we reached Deventer, it was dark, and the blinds had to be pulled in the cars to observe the laws of the blackout. I sat through the rest of the evening listening to a conversation between a smug Nazi businessman and a successful Dutch fifth-columnist. I had to grip the cushion, in our first-class compartment, to keep from butting in and attempting to blast some of the complacency and hypocrisy out of the conversation. The German, cold and pompous, merely re-echoed the *Völkischer Beobachter* editorials and was scarcely worth annoying. But the Dutchman, who had a keen, subtle intelligence and a fine command of language, put my reserve to a hard test. Professing understanding for National Socialist ideals, he told the German of Dutch tradition and of the bourgeois conservatism of the Netherlands and pointed out regretfully how hard it would be to train Dutch youth, who had only a small country to fall back on and no great conquests to look forward to, to be National Socialists.

JUNE 15, 1940
THE HAGUE

RAIN—A MISTY ENGLISH RAIN, SMELLING OF SPONGY meadows and of the nearby sea—sifted down through the great lime trees onto the cobblestone streets of The Hague.

In the afternoon I went for a long walk. The housefronts of the town, prim and well proportioned, breathed Puritanism and a solid, unostentatious prosperity. The sense of formality was so overpowering that I could only envisage generations of guests arriving for tea and being scrutinized with chilly suspicion by the servants. This was obviously a country where no grown-up who did not walk the primrose path could lay claim to warmth or forgiveness or tenderness. But civilization it was indeed.

I walked out to Scheveningen, getting thoroughly drenched in the process. A half a gale was blowing from the northwest. The great breakers were fighting their way in onto the sands in a melee of foam. The rain-swept boardwalk was deserted; and out at sea, in those mine-infested waters, no vessels moved.

The electric-railway station was dark and empty. I was not sure at first that the trains were running. In the guard-room a few German soldiers sat drinking beer, and an ugly waitress chucked one of them under the chin. On the train back to The Hague my only fellow passengers were four little Dutch schoolchildren, who chattered cheerfully, impervious to the gray day, the rain-streaked windows, the deserted places, and all the ruin.

The train deposited us at a big station somewhere in the eastern part of the city. It took me nearly an hour to find the legation again. The search led through miles of sober streets, across bridges, along quiet canals, through shady little squares. I watched the sturdy, impassive, stubborn people trundling their bicycles and pushing their barges. Their fidelity to habit and tradition was so strong that it seemed as though nothing could ever change them.

JUNE 16, 1940
THE HAGUE

I TOOK ANOTHER LONG WALK THIS MORNING, ONLY TO hear a German military band playing on a square to a sizable audience of placid, politely applauding Dutchmen, and to see a place, only a block or two from the legation, where bombs had wiped out most of the inside of a city block.

In the afternoon E. drove me around in his car. First we went over to a small nearby town, to see our consul at Rotterdam, whose office and home had been destroyed in the bombing and who had taken temporary quarters in that place. We found him at home, and had drinks with him. The room was opened completely on one side, toward the garden. There the rain drizzled onto the rich grass and a little weed-covered canal, and everything was very Dutch and sad and peaceful. Across the canal a stream of people passed on bicycles, and a beautiful copper beech shimmered in the rain.

From there we drove to Rotterdam. We came into town along a normal city street, with shops open, trams running, crowds of busy people on the sidewalks. Suddenly, with a little transition as though someone had performed the operation with a gigantic knife, the houses stopped and there began a wide, open field of tumbled bricks and rubbish. Here and there a wall or even the gutted framework of a house remained, but in most places there was only a gray plain of devastation. I saw a shop doing business and people living in a house on one side of which there was a perfectly normal city scene and on the other side of which, beginning right at the side of the house, there stretched nothing but a desert of bleached, smoking debris as far as the eye could see. . . .

JUNE 17, 1940

GOT UP EARLY IN THE MORNING TO TAKE A SIX o'clock train back to Berlin. The five-hour trip across occupied Holland, in the dead hours of Sunday morning, was very dull indeed. It was still raining; the towns were empty; one had a feeling of the world's being forsaken by everyone but the cows. I read the German paper, pondered gloomily the propaganda patter about the "senseless resistance" of the Dutch, and reflected that if there were anything in this war that had made any sense to me at all, it was the resistance that had produced the ruins of Rotterdam.

JULY 2, 1940
BRUSSELS-PARIS

THIS MORNING, SINCE OFFERS OF FREE RIDES WERE still not forthcoming from the Germans, B. offered me one of his cars, together with the requisite quantity of gasoline; and at exactly 2:00 P.M. I set out from his country place, near Waterloo, in a little Chevrolet bound for Paris. I had with me one of the American ambulance drivers, who was trying to get down to Paris to recover his clothes. Warned that the intervening country had

been reduced by the fighting to a state of desolation that made it as uncharitable to travelers as a desert, we were armed with a bottle of drinking water and some chocolate, to keep us alive in case we broke down on the way.

The devastation, especially south of the old Belgian frontier, was indeed formidable. All the towns were damaged, and certain large ones, particularly Valenciennes and Cambrai, were completely gutted, deserted, and uninhabitable. Here the road led through streets where the house façades were standing on both sides, but back of the façades, visible through the gaping, paneless windows, there was wreckage and ashes and debris. In spots the odor of decomposing corpses still stole out to the streets to tell its grim message to the outside world. These communities seemed to have been entirely vacated, probably at the insistence of the military authorities, by any inhabitants who had escaped destruction in the bombardment. They were shut off and guarded by German sentries, probably to prevent pillaging; and it affected me strangely to see these inscrutable, weather-beaten German sentries, standing guard there over their own handiwork of destruction. As though it mattered now who stood before these shattered homes and these stinking corpses! As though this tangled litter of half-destroyed human belongings had any more value when life and hope had already been destroyed!

Refugees were laboriously making their way back northward, in search of their homes. Most were traveling on the great two-wheeled horse-drawn cart of the French peasant, which could accommodate a whole family and many of its belongings. Some were on bicycles. Some pushed baby buggies with a few parcels of belongings on them. Their faces were unforgettable, stripped of all pretension, of all falseness, of all vanity, of all self-consciousness, seared with fatigue and fear and suffering.

I saw a young girl bouncing along on top of one of the carts. Her dress was torn and soiled. She had probably not had her clothes off, or been able to wash, for days. She was resting her chin in her hand and staring fixedly down at the road. All the youth had gone out of her face. There was only a bitterness too deep for complaint, a wondering too intense for questions. What would be her reaction to life after this? Just try to tell her of liberalism and democracy, of progress, of ideals, of tradition, of romantic love; see how far you get. What is going to be her impression of humanity? Do you think she's going to come out of it a flaming little patriot? She saw the complete moral breakdown and degradation of her own people. She saw them fight with each other and stumble over each other in their blind stampede to get away and to save their possessions before the advancing Germans. She saw her own soldiers, routed, demoralized, trying to push their way back through the streams of refugees on the highways. She saw her own people pillaging and looting in a veritable orgy of dissolution as they fled before the advancing enemy; possibly she joined in the looting herself. She saw these French people in all the ugliness of panic, defeat, and demoralization.

In the suburbs of Paris there were few people, but the streets looked no less normal than those of Brussels. As we drove down the rue Lafayette, the passers-by became fewer and fewer. By the time we reached the Opéra, the streets were practically empty. The city was simply dead. Policemen stood listlessly on the corners, but there was no traffic to direct and no pedestrians to guard. At the Café de la Paix six German officers sat at an outside table. They looked lonely sitting there with the empty café behind them and the empty cold street before them—no passers-by to watch, no other guests to support them, no one but themselves to witness their triumph.

JULY 3, 1940

PARIS

SPENT THE MORNING DRIVING AROUND TOWN looking up friends of friends, none of whom were there. I wondered about the reactions of the Germans. I saw their officers in the restaurants, trying so desperately to be genteel when there was nobody to be genteel before. I heard that Goebbels was at the Ritz and thought how different that forsaken square, the Place Vendôme, must have seemed from the glamour and luxury of that place as he had pictured it. I was told that the Germans were making efforts to reopen the Casino de Paris for the benefit of their troops, but couldn't do so because all the British girls were gone and the French girls, if any could be found, were too individualistic to keep time in a chorus.

I struggled all day to find a metaphor for what had happened. Could one not say to the Germans that the spirit of Paris had been too delicate and shy a thing to stand their domination and had melted away before them just as they thought to have it in their grasp? Was there not some Greek myth about the man who tried to ravish a goddess, only to have her turn to stone when he touched her? That is what has happened to Paris. When the Germans came, the soul simply went out of it; and what is left is only stone.

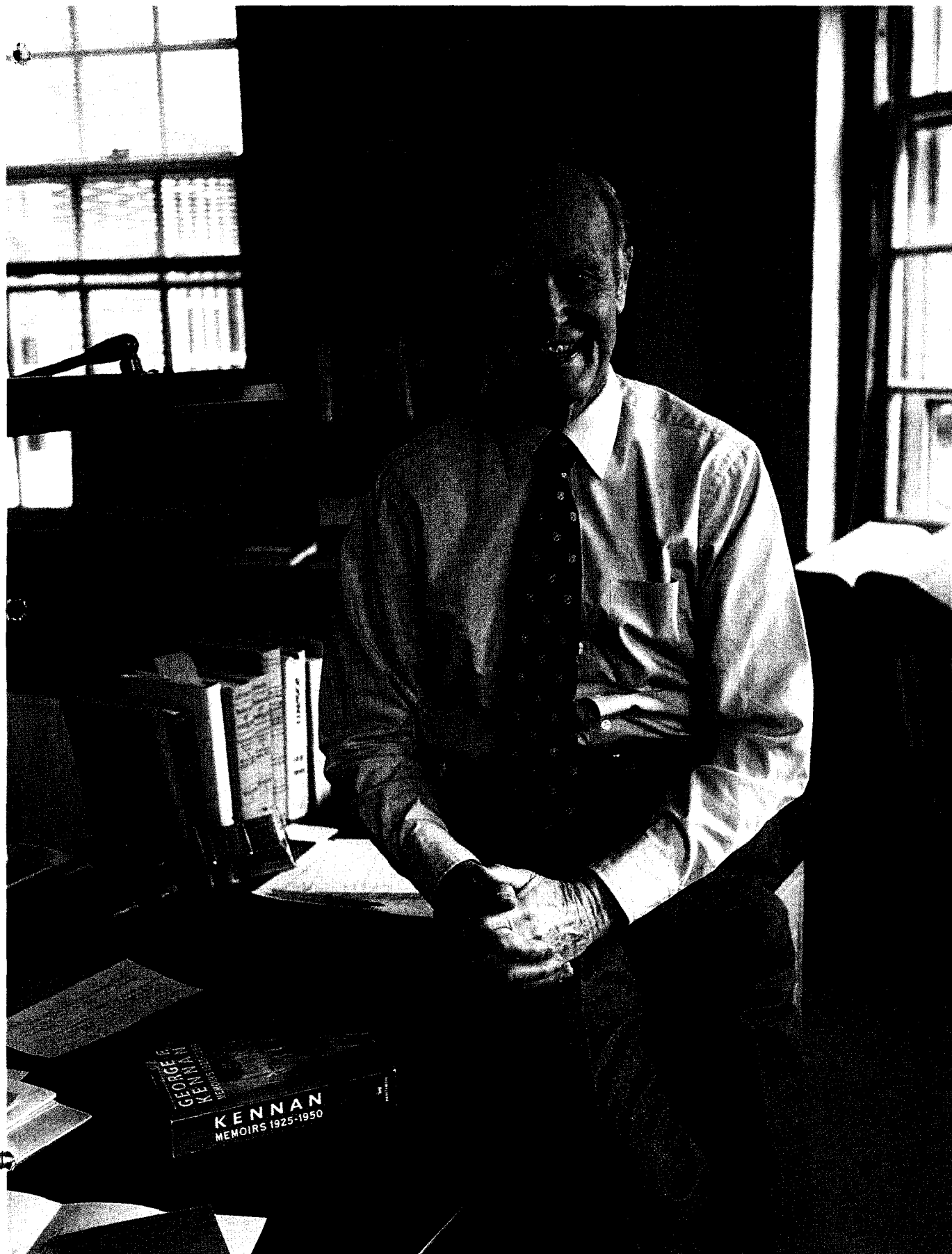
There follows an excerpt from a letter written to my wife from Berlin, shortly before Pearl Harbor and my own internment by the Germans.

OCTOBER 21, 1941

BERLIN

IN GENERAL, LIFE IN BERLIN HAS BEEN MUCH AS YOU knew it. The major change has been the wearing of the stars by the Jews. That is a fantastically barbaric thing. I shall never forget the faces of people in the subway with the great yellow star sewn onto their overcoats, standing, not daring to sit down or to brush against anybody, staring straight ahead of them with eyes like terrified beasts—nor the sight of little children running around with those badges sewn on them.

In 1944, having served in 1942 and 1943 in Portugal, and then in early 1944 in London, I was reassigned as Averell Harri-



Kennan in his office at the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton, where he settled in 1950

man's deputy in Moscow. In June of 1945 the Soviet authorities permitted me, then still serving as the number two at the American embassy in Moscow, to visit the leading city of Siberia, Novosibirsk, and the major metallurgical center Kuznetsk, not far from the Mongolian border.

The following is my diary account of the beginning of this trip.

JUNE, 1945

LEFT MOSCOW ON SATURDAY, JUNE 9, AT 3:00 P.M., ON the Trans-Siberian express. The train, pulled for the first hour or so by an electric locomotive, moved briskly through the Moscow suburbs—more briskly, indeed, than it was destined to move in general on its long journey to Vladivostok. Barracks, factories, dachas, swamps, and birch groves streamed steadily past the window. In little more than an hour we were stopping at Zagorsk and suffering the first of those invasions of women and children selling food which were to beset us at every station for four days and nights. Barefoot or beslippered, but always with clean scarves on their heads, looking exactly the same at one station as at another, they came bearing their offerings: milk (fresh, boiled, or curdled), cottage cheese, cream, eggs (raw or hard-boiled), radishes, berries, pancakes, boiled potatoes, onions, garlic, pickled carrots, and in Siberia, butter. Some of them traded at wooden stands set back a bit from the tracks, but most of them did business at trainside. There, on the black-cinder track, hard-trodden and greasy with the oil and the droppings from the trains, under the feet of the milling crowds of passengers, train personnel, and station hangers-on, without regard for the clouds of soot and dust, a thriving business was done; milk was cheerfully poured from old jugs into empty vodka flasks or army canteens; greasy cakes were fingered tentatively by hands black with train soot; arguments ran their course; bargains were struck; passengers pushed their way triumphantly back to the cars, clutching their acquisitions; and timid little girls with bare feet, who had not succeeded in selling their offerings, stood by in sad but tearless patience, awaiting with all the stoicism of their race the maternal wrath that would greet them when the train had gone and they returned home with their tidbits unsold.

There was little bickering. Where it occurred, it was generally over quantity, not price. In view of the great variety of receptacles used by buyers and sellers (each had to supply his own), there was considerable vagueness, and sometimes disagreement, over quantities. Strong words were passed; but they were passed, for the most part, with humor and good nature. I witnessed one scene where a soldier, surrounded by a sympathetic crowd of onlookers, accused an old peasant woman of tricking him over a purchase of milk. "You'd better be careful, little mother," he said gaily, "not to run across me in the other world. The archangels are all my friends." To the crowd's delight, the old girl crossed herself anxiously, and the incident ended in general laughter.

The car was captained and tended by two husky and

good-natured girls: Zinya and Marusya. They had a tiny kitchen where they made tea from a samovar for the passengers. They fed the samovar from scraps of wood that they picked up along the right-of-way. It was their duty to emerge with little red flags at every stop, guard the entrance to the car, and drive off the ragged little boys and other species of humanity who tried to hide on the steps, the couplings, or the bumpers. This task they performed with vigor and dignity and without exasperation. They took turns at their duties, one sleeping while the other worked. I asked them what hours they observed. The question surprised them. They had not given any thought to it. One worked until the other was slept out. Then the other worked and the first one slept. It was very simple.

I was given the end compartment. The one next to it, which shared the washroom, was occupied by two uniformed NKVD officials: a fat and important one, and a young junior-member one with a dark, morose face. The fat one rarely left the compartment. The young one occasionally scuttled out at the stations, revolver flapping authoritatively at his side, to buy food. Sometimes when the train stopped, I could hear the younger one reading aloud to his superior from Stepanov's *Port Artur*. He read jerkily and laboriously but with commendable determination. Neither of them spoke to me at any time during the trip.

Among the other passengers there was a theater director from Irkutsk; a deputy of the Supreme Soviet from a district in the Urals; a husky man in seaman's trousers, who had once been a Party agitator, looking slightly revolutionary and old-fashioned; a Jewish woman who was going to fetch an evacuated child back to Moscow from Krasnoyarsk. The theater director was a real Siberian, suffered from the heat, and spent the time wandering up and down the corridor clad only in pants and undershirt. He expatiated at any provocation on the beauties of the Angara River and the virtues of the Irkutsk winter. "Real cold," he would say, thrusting out his arms in a species of deep-breathing exercise, "real broad Russian cold." The deputy of the Supreme Soviet prepared with considerable ceremony to get off at a small stop in the Urals, only to get carried remorselessly thirty-two kilometers past his station. He was furious; and I could hardly blame him, for it must have cost him plenty of effort to get back.

Here follow excerpts from the account of a journey from Moscow to Helsinki in September of 1945, shortly after the cessation of hostility in the European theater of the Second World War.

LENINGRAD

I HAD BEEN IN LENINGRAD THREE DAYS OF MY LIFE, AND yet it was like coming home. I had read so much about it; and through the years spent in the Baltic states I had come to love the flat horizons of the north, the strange slanting light, the wintry bleakness of nature, and the consequent accentuation of all that is warm and rich in human relationships.

We were driven across the Kamenny Ostrov [Island] and

the bridge, along the Kamunno-Ostrovski Prospekt, past the Hermitage and the Winter Palace, across the Nevski Prospekt, to the hotel. The others immediately set out again to see the exhibition of the defense of Leningrad. I went out by myself to walk around the center of town.

I walked past St. Isaac's Cathedral to the Summer Garden. The weeds and grass were high between the paths, under the oak trees. The equestrian statue of Peter the Great, just recently freed of its wartime sandbags, reared high over the riverbank.

The river stretched out tranquilly to its bright, far horizons. The surface of the water was smooth, but if you looked at it carefully, you could see that it moved rapidly with that silent, majestic current which Pushkin noted.

Up past the Admiralty. Near the bridge the icebreaker *Sibiriyakov* was lying at the quayside, gleaming in a coat of fresh brown paint. On the bridge men were laying new electric cables under the pavement. There was little traffic across the bridge. Occasionally a three-car train of streetcars, bursting with human beings, would groan up the incline to the center of the bridge.

The Winter Palace was being painted, but many of the windows still gaped vacantly. The surrounding streets were quiet, almost deserted. On the empty embankment, under the shadow of the palace, two children rode bicycles up and down—as impervious to the past glory as to the present ruin about them.

I walked up the Moika Embankment, behind the General Staff buildings, to the Nevski Prospekt, sat on a bench before the Kazan Cathedral, and watched the people. They looked sober, a bit tired, but still vigorous. There were swarms of them waiting for the streetcars and trolleybuses that still made up most of the traffic along the famous old street.

Alone, I made my way back to the hotel—behind the cathedral, down the gloomy Gorokhovaya Ulitsa, and again along the Moika Embankment. Here, near Mariinskaya Square, where the canal is lined with poplar trees, two of these had fallen over into the water, bending and twisting the iron fences in the process. The tops must have broken off and stuck in the mud, for many of the branches were still alive with green leaves.

This walk brought up countless associations from the past: of the picture of Pushkin and companion leaning on the embankment looking at the river; of Kropotkin exercising with his stool in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul; of Alexander I looking out of the Winter Palace during the flood of 1824; of Prince Yusupov throwing the body of Rasputin into the Moika; of the crowd moving across the square toward the Winter Palace on the night the place was stormed; of the generations of music teachers and pupils going in and out of the conservatory; of the Italian opera of one hundred years ago; of the unhealthy days of Leningrad's spring thaws, with little groups of black-clad people plodding through the slush behind the hearses to the muddy, dripping cemeteries; of the cellar apartments of the gaunt, dark inner streets, full of dampness, cabbage

smell, and rats, and of the pale people who manage to live through the winters in those apartments; of the prostitutes of the Nevski Prospekt of the tsarist time; of the people cutting up fallen horses in dark, snow-blown streets during the time of the siege. This is to me one of the most poignant communities in the world: a great, sad city, where the spark of human genius has always had to penetrate the darkness, the dampness, and the cold in order to make its light felt, and has acquired, for that very reason, a strange warmth, a strange intensity, a strange beauty. I know that in this city, where I have never lived, there has nevertheless been deposited by some strange quirk of fate—a previous life, perhaps?—a portion of my own capacity to feel and to love, a portion, in other words, of my own life; and that this is something no American will ever understand and no Russian ever believe.

That evening I resumed the journey by taking the night train from Leningrad to Helsinki. When I woke in the morning, we were just pulling out of the totally ruined and deserted (formerly Finnish) town of Vyborg. We moved slowly through a war-devastated and deserted country. Weeds and scrub trees were growing on the abandoned farms. The houses, doorless and windowless, were obviously sinking gradually into the new vegetation around them. When you occasionally got a glimpse into the interiors, you saw that the floors were full of rubbish and offal. And you knew that the rank new vegetation still concealed thousands of live land mines.

After an hour we reached the new Finnish border and stopped at the first Finnish station. Here everything was suddenly neat and cheerful. A new station building had been erected, simple and of wood, but with a certain distinctive modern touch. The platform was in good repair, and clean. There was a freshly painted kiosk where newspapers were on sale. Food was the only essential not in evidence. But the station was almost deserted. The sky was gray. And everything was a little sad.

Our Russian locomotive retired, leaving our sleeping car, together with two "soft" cars full of Russians bound for the new Soviet naval base at Porkkala, to wait for the Finnish train. We had long to wait. I paced up and down the platform in the wind, a slave to the Anglo-Saxon habit of exercise. The Russians stared vacantly out the windows of their car, and on their faces was written the same stoic emptiness with which Russians stare out of train windows all over their vast, melancholy Russian world.

The sidings were full of freight cars loaded with Finnish goods being shipped to Russia as reparations. Little cars, wheels, and tracks for a narrow-gauge logging railroad, bright with shiny metal and new paint, were carefully stored and lashed on big gondola cars. On others there were piles of clean-sawed lumber, neatly cut and carefully stacked. All these contributions bore the mark of orderly, conscientious Finnish workmanship. I wondered at first whether such offerings did not sometimes rouse pangs of shame among the inhabitants of the great shoddy Russian

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world into which they were moving. But on second thought I was inclined to doubt this very strongly.

The station platform was almost deserted. A young, lithe Finn, with a knife in his belt, gave side glances of hatred and contempt at the Russian cars as he went about his work as a switchman. Woodsmoke from the little switch engine was torn away by the wind and carried across the clearing, its odor reminiscent of the north woods at home. A Finnish railway man in uniform rode sedately up to the station building, parked his bicycle, and went inside to transact his business. A peasant cart drove up with a family in the back. The family might well be hungry, but the horse was fat and sleek, and trotted with a happy briskness no Russian horse possesses. Over the entire scene there lay the efficiency, the trimness, the quietness, and the boredom of bourgeois civilization; and these qualities smote with triple effect the senses of a traveler long removed from the impressions of a bourgeois environment.

In the summer of 1951, by which time I had completed my Foreign Service career and was already living, as a scholar, in Princeton, the Kennan family made the first of many postwar trips to Kristiansand, Norway, where my parents-in-law resided. They were then installed at their summer home, in the islands some miles from Kristiansand, a place we were later to inherit. These were still the days of ocean liners rather than transoceanic airplanes. On this occasion the liner, one of the fine old Norwegian-American Line ships, proceeded first to Bergen, and thence, with stops at Stavanger and Kristiansand, to Oslo. The first three of those calls were made on the same day.

JULY, 1951

NORWAY

NORWAY SIMPLY TOOK MY BREATH AWAY—NOT JUST, or even primarily, the colors of the mountains and sea and sky, but rather the places where the hand of man had softened and ordered this hard nature: the little docks, the villages at the foot of the rocks, the white cottages, the hay drying on fences around the tiny green pastures, an old stone monastery church on a treeless, rocky island near the sea—stubborn, hard, defiant, braving century after century the long winter bleakness, the gales, the loneliness, the rain and the cold, living the poetry of windswept rock and sky and sea and only that.

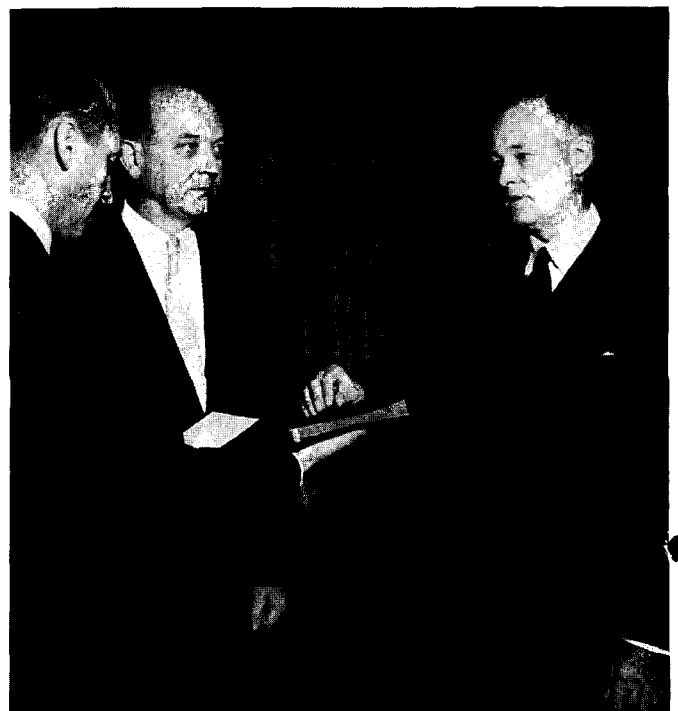
Shortly after lunch we were in Stavanger. It was blowing great guns by this time, but still brilliant sunshine. We docked in what seemed to be the very center of the town. Seen from our high decks, on a level with the rooftops, the little cobblestone quayside street below us looked like a stage setting—everything so compact, so neat, so sedate, yet so full of life: warehouses, offices, stores, all doing business before our eyes; bicyclists, horses and carts, people standing in the sunshine just looking at the great ship above them, piles of cargo on the street at shipside. This was a harbor street as harbor streets were meant to be, teeming with life, with sociability, with the intimacy of ship and shore.

Looking across the slip to the street on the other side, I found myself conscious of the subtle but amazing difference in the form and perspective and plasticity of objects which still divides the old continent from the new. There were two or three old warehouse buildings on the quay. How they differed from American buildings I cannot say; and yet there was an expressiveness and eloquence and meaning about them, combined with naïveté and simplicity, that simply caused one to gasp. That it could have lain in the dimensions of the buildings themselves I doubt. It was something connected with the entire pattern of shape of quayside, of skyline, of space arrangement. I doubt that any of it was deliberate with, or even a part of consciousness for, those who had created it. Perhaps it does not even have any relation to the present generation.

It was midnight when we reached Kristiansand. In the early nocturnal dawn of the white night we walked over to the motorboat harbor, whence we were to be taken, in the family's boat, out to the archipelago. The red dawn was reflected in the water, as I remember it being reflected from the Düna, at Riga, in other days. A row of little sailboats was silhouetted in it, and the effect was overwhelming.

B. and I were let off at the fisherman's house on the south side of the point, where Annelise and I were to stay, and I left the baggage there. Then for half an hour we stumbled around the paths of the peninsula, trying to find our way to the main house. There was a loveliness about everything that surpassed any memories I had retained: the early dawn, the freshness, the cleanliness of air and land and water, the fragrance of evergreen and rock and grass—a little of Bermuda, a little of Maine, a little of Portugal.

Liberated in 1950 from my official duties in government, I naively thought there would be time for everything, and I accept-



ed commitments in many directions. One of these was for service on the board of trustees of one of our great national foundations, and this brought me to meetings in southern California, where I had scarcely ever been before. Here, one of my first impressions.

The reader might care to bear in mind that of the past twenty-four years (that is, since I was twenty-three years old) I had spent only five in the United States. I was seeing my country, consequently, with fresh eyes.

NOVEMBER 4, 1951

PASADENA

I HAVE TODAY THAT RAREST OF LUXURIES: A DAY OF COMPLETE leisure, with no obligations, away from home, where not even family or house or neglected grounds can lay claim to attention. I am out here for three days on business and am the guest of a friend whose home, swaddled in gardens, looks down from a hill on the rooftops and foliage of Pasadena. It is strange, and somewhat enervating, after watching the death of the year in the growing austerity of the East Coast autumn, to sit now in a garden, to listen to the chirping of birds and the tinkling of a fountain, to watch the foliage of the eucalyptus trees stirring in a summer breeze, and to feel the warm sunshine on the back of one's neck.

My thoughts are full of this southern California world I see below me and about me. It is easy to ridicule this world, as Aldous Huxley and so many other intellectuals have done—but it is silly, and a form of self-condemnation, to do so. These are ordinary human beings: several million of them. The things that brought them here, and hold them here, are deeply human phenomena—as are the stirrings of anxiety that cause them to be so boastful

and defensive about it. Being human phenomena, they are part of ourselves; and when we purport to laugh at them, as though we stood fully outside them, it is we who are the ridiculous ones.

I feel great anxiety for these people, because I do not think they know what they are in for. In its mortal dependence on two liquids—oil and water—that no individual can easily produce by his own energy (even together with family and friends), the life of this area only shares the fragile quality of all life in the great urban concentrations of the motor age. But here the lifelines of supply seem to me particularly tenuous and vital. That is especially true of water, which they now have to bring from hundreds of miles—and will soon have to bring from much farther away. But equally disturbing to me is the utter dependence on the costly, uneconomical gadget called the automobile for practically every process of life from birth through shopping, education, work, and recreation, even courtship, to the final function of burial. In this community, where the revolutionary force of motorization has made a clean sweep of all other patterns of living and has overcome all competition, man has acquired a new form of legs. And what disturbs me is not only that these mechanical legs have a deleterious effect on man himself, drugging him into a sort of paralysis of the faculty of reflection and distorting his emotional makeup while they are in use—these things are not too serious, and perhaps there are even ways of combating them. What disturbs me most is man's abject dependence on this means of transportation and on the complicated processes that make it possible. It is as though his natural legs had really become shriveled by disuse. One has the feeling that if his artificial ones were



Left to right: Kennan, with Secretary of State Dean Rusk (center), being sworn in as ambassador to Yugoslavia, 1961; at his summer home near Kristiansand, Norway, in 1966; and in Lisbon, in 1943, with the recently appointed American ambassador, Henry Norweb (to Kennan's left)





At home in Princeton with his wife, Annelise Soerensen Kennan

taken away from him, he would go crawling miserably and helplessly around like a crippled insect, no longer capable of conducting the battle for existence, doomed to early starvation, thirst, and extinction.

One must not exaggerate this sort of thing. All modern urban society is artificial in the physical sense: dependent on gadgets, fragile and vulnerable. This is simply the apotheosis. Here the helplessness is greatest, but also the thoughtlessness. And the thoughtlessness is part of the helplessness.

But alongside the feeling of anxiety I have at the sight of these people, there is a questioning as to the effect they are going to have on, and the contribution they are going to make to, American society as a whole. Again, this is not conceived in terms of reproach or criticism. There is really a subtle but profound difference between people here and what Americans used to be, and still partly are, in other parts of the country. I am at a loss to define this difference, and am sure that I understand it very imperfectly.

Let me try to get at it by overstating it. Here it is easy to see that when man is given (as he *can* be given only for relatively brief periods and in exceptional circumstances) freedom both from political restraint and from want, the effect is to render him childlike in many respects: fun-loving, quick to laughter and enthusiasm, unanalytical, unintellectual, outwardly expansive, preoccupied with physical beauty and prowess, given to sudden and unthinking seizures of aggressiveness, driven constantly to protect his status in the group by an eager conformism—yet not un-

happy. In this sense southern California, together with all that tendency of American life which it typifies, is childhood without the promise of maturity—with the promise only of a continual widening and growing impressiveness of the childhood world. And when the day of reckoning and hardship comes, and I think it must, it will be—as everywhere among children—the cruelest and most ruthless natures who will seek to protect their interests by enslaving the others; and the others, being only children, will be easily enslaved. In this way, values will suddenly prove to have been lost that were forged slowly and laboriously in the more rugged experience of Western political development elsewhere.

In 1955, driving with my sister, Jeanette, through my native Milwaukee, I paid the first visit I had ever had occasion to pay to the graves of my parents: my mother, who had died two months after my own birth, and of whom I had no recollection; and my father, who had died while I was accompanying Ambassador William C. Bullitt to Moscow in 1933.

JULY 16, 1955
WISCONSIN

TODAY WAS A DAY OF DREAMS. WE LEFT IN MID-morning and drove (rather slowly, in the dense Sunday traffic) to Milwaukee. Wisconsin Avenue looked almost exactly the same, as did much of the lake-front, but the parks were smarter, more extensive, and more populated.

On our way into town we passed the Forest Home cemetery and stopped off there to visit our parents' graves. The cemetery was huge: hills, valleys, miles, it seemed, of curving, crisscrossing roads, in which we got quite lost. We had no idea where the graves were, and there was no one to tell us. But at one point we both sensed the nearness of them. I got out of the car and walked away alone, dazed and excited, among the headstones, a little panicky, like a lost child. (Father, Father, where are you?) And it was as though if I did not find the grave, we would be forever lost and separated.

Jeanette finally saw the family name on a stone, a little off the road. We got out and walked over. There they lay—the tombstones still sturdy, respectable in a Victorian sort of way; the inscriptions uncompromisingly legible and specific; the mounds still showing where the bodies had been laid.

First—my mother, Florence James Kennan, whom I never knew, struck down by death only two months after the birth of the fourth of her children. Here, buried and helpless, lay all the love that could not be expended—all the tenderness that could not be bestowed. (Dear Mother, it must have been hard and bitter for you to leave your little children. We have all held you, in retrospect, in a sort of awed adoration—our ever-young, dead mother, beautiful, unworldly, full only of love and grace for us, like a saint. In imagination we have received all you would have given us. Pity, only, that we with our youth could not have borne some of your frailty—could not have breathed back into you some of the strength you once gave us. May our love, somehow or other, reach you.)

Next to her—my father, Kossuth Kent Kennan. (God be praised that they lie side by side.) It was a real marriage, full of difficulty, embarrassments, and pain—family differences, differing social origins, and whatnot—but full of real love and a total mutual commitment. My father: awkward; shy almost to the point of cowardice; often putting his foot in it; unable to explain himself; oversensitive; proud; slightly boyish to the end of his days; always in some ways a yokel, in others a man of noble intellect; capable of being utterly broken up and disintegrated by too much beauty; a sentimentalist like the rest of us; a man from whose taut, severe, lawyer-like face the love of someone else could suddenly shine forth with great warmth and intensity; a man of much loneliness and much suffering; gaunt, tough, abstemious, scarcely knowing illness after his youth, living life to the very end—to a dark and tortured and lonely old age. Myself a moody, self-centered, neurotic boy, as shy as he, and confiding in no one, I must have given him little solace in his old age; but I loved him as I have loved no other man but my son; we never grated on each other; I appreciated his silence and his forbearance. And I understood, perhaps better than anyone in the family, but only later and in retrospect, his loneliness, his unhappiness, his despair, and his faith.

On his grave, too, the mound looks little and pathetic and slightly helpless.

I still dream from time to time, with tenderness and affection, of my father, and long to be reunited with him (now that I am in my prime and could lend him strength and understanding). Yet he lived out his life. And the sight of his grave, though I had never seen it before, was somehow more expected; and I could look at it with greater equanimity than I could at that of my mother.

May the God in whom he believed so desperately give him grace and respite and healing in the afterlife—above all, peace, and the sense of communion with others.

California again, this time for research at the Hoover Library in Palo Alto.

MAY 13, 1956

CALIFORNIA REMINDS ME OF THE POPULAR AMERICAN Protestant concept of heaven: there is always a reasonable flow of new arrivals; one meets many—not all—of one's friends; people spend a good deal of their time congratulating one another about the fact that they are there; discontent would be unthinkable; and the newcomer is slightly disconcerted to realize that now, the devil having been banished and virtue being triumphant, nothing terribly interesting can ever happen again.

California is outwardly one-dimensional, in the emotional sense. Looking at the faces, listening to the snatches of conversation, one wonders whether such a thing as anguish exists at all—whether, in fact, there is even any anguish in love, or whether this, too, comes, is experienced, passes, and dies with the same cheerful casualness that seems to dominate all the other phenomena of existence.

These people practice what for centuries the philosophers have preached: they ask no questions; they live, seemingly, for the day; they waste no energy or substance on the effort to understand life; they enjoy the physical experience of living; they enjoy the lighter forms of contact with an extremely indulgent and undemanding natural environment; their consciences are not troubled by the rumblings of what transpires beyond their horizon. If they are wise, surely the rest of us are fools.

Written in Rheinfelden, a town on the Swiss side of the Rhine, not far from Basel, where I was attending an academic conference.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1959

ONE AFTERNOON JUST BEFORE DEPARTURE I TOOK my passport along and crossed the bridge to the German side. I was overwhelmed by the contrast. Here, more clearly than anywhere I had ever been, one saw the difference between a country that had involved itself in two world wars and one that had not. On the Swiss side one had in every way this wonderful feeling of intactness, both in space and in time. One felt that the generations had merged imperceptibly into one another, that values of the present had been erected carefully

and reverently on the foundations of the values of the past, that families had remained families. On one old house in the Swiss part of the city, I had noticed, in fact, an inscription:

*Lasset uns am Alten,
So es gut ist, halten.*

*(Where the old is good,
Let us hold to it.)*

And the fact that the tail end of a late-model Mercedes protruded from a garage in the same building somehow failed to destroy the force of the motto.

On the German side all was different. Whether or not there had been physical destruction by bombing I do not know; but the place had the air of a town that had been torn to pieces and was being reconstructed: no harmony, no center, little beauty. And the people were as different as night from day. There was, compared with the prim Swiss, a ravaged, desperate, and brutal quality to their faces. One saw at once that here was a place that had been through moments of something like a breakdown of civilization. There was still a tinge of wolfishness in the way people viewed each other: the memory of a time (the final years of war and Nazidom) when man was enemy of man, as in the Russian Civil War. On the other hand, there was, as compared with Switzerland, a certain wide-flung, careless energy on the German side. The Swiss, too, were energetic, but with them this force was contained, well bred, bourgeois to the core. In Germany these middle-class values had disappeared, so that one had, along with the sense of coarseness and brutal competition, a sense of greater scope and power and ruthlessness of action.

Curiously enough, the women on the German side had also been in some way affected by the disintegration and looseness of values. They had the sheer, coarse, sexual attractiveness of primitive women, again contrasting strongly with their prim and repressed sisters across the Rhine. Surely, one thought, this cannot be just the force of environment: this must reflect the fact that in Switzerland, over the course of generations, the discreet influence of parents, interested less in the girl's physical attractiveness than in her qualities as a person and a member of society, has been important in shaping marriages; whereas in Germany the children of this age are the products of the catch-as-catch-can sexual mores that have prevailed in that country for the past forty years. Here, by consequence, the sultry belle of the streets has taken a prominent share in motherhood. Her children show it.

Berlin again, fifteen years after the war.

JUNE 16-22, 1960

NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, ONE HAD THE IMPRESSION of a wholly new Berlin, with a quite different arrangement of functions, arising—or, better, superimposed—on the skeleton of the old one, the street pattern being largely unchanged. It was a shock to reflect

how much of the old city, particularly the parts of it that had once been so central and so imposing, so seemingly timeless and indestructible—the great teeming business center between Potsdamer Platz and the Friedrichstrasse, and the old residential Tiergartenviertel—had passed utterly into history, so that coming generations, in fact even today's young people, would not even know that these quarters had ever been there, and would be unable to picture them even if told. Five years ago the old Berlin, if only in the form of its ruins and rubble, had still prevailed: the new life had only camped, tentatively and almost apologetically, on what was left of it. Today the new Berlin has taken over. The old one, the scene of such vitality, such pretensions, such horrors and such hopes, is being thrust down into the oblivion of history, before the eyes of those of us who knew it.

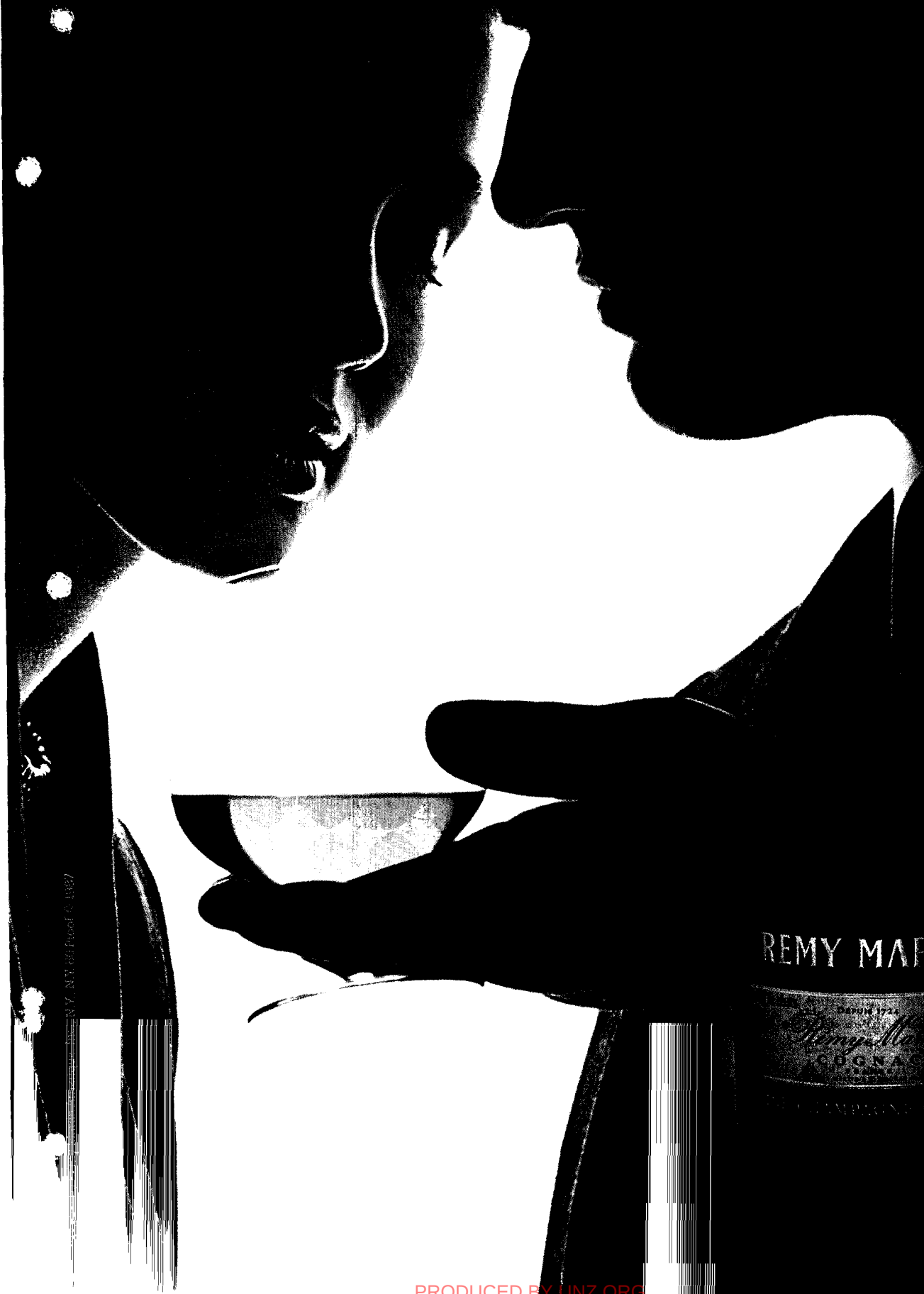
On Monday evening I went to the theater, over in the Communist eastern sector of the city, with M. It was the former Theater am Schiffbauerdamm—the theater where, until his recent death, Brecht had directed. The area around the theater, once the very teeming center of this entire city, was now empty, silent, almost deserted. Across the parking plaza and the river loomed the huge corpus of the Friedrichstrasse railway station, once the main station of Berlin, now dark and empty, witness only to the passage of an occasional half-empty elevated train.

The play was a dramatization of Sholokhov's *And Qu¹ Flows the Don*—translated, obviously, from the Russian. The acting was good. The house was not full. In the corridors people whispered and glanced furtively at one another. One had suddenly the feeling that we—the actors and the little band of spectators—were the only living people in the great, ruined, and deserted area that stretched for miles around, that we were going through a ceremony of sorts in the midst of this great void, as in a dream, as though some menacing spirit were mocking us, putting us through our paces. Fear—guarded, concealed, nameless fear—presided over the whole performance, and we, the hushed, defensive, haunted audience, were as much a part of the strange spectacle as were the actors.

M. and I sat, in stony silence, in the second row, behind two silent figures in some sort of Communist officer's uniform. Even when the curtain was down, there was not a sound among the audience. A whisper would have been heard all over the hall. It was clear: I was back in Russia—not the Russia of today but Stalin's Russia. The dreadful, furtive spirit that Khrushchev had largely exorcized among his own people had found refuge here in this distant Russian protectorate, and it now presided, like a posthumous curse of the dead Stalin on the "faithless" Germans, over the ruins of the "eastern sector."

The first of the two parts of the play—one and three-quarters hours of the wretchedly primitive ideology of the early Stalin period—was all I could take. We left during the intermission. The square in front of the theater lay empty and barren as we emerged. On the nearby railway station there was a moving band of electric writing: the

INDULGENT. THE



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words of a Tass news program fleeing out of the darkness to the right and disappearing into the darkness at the left; but there was no one but ourselves to read those words, and we had no interest. A street running off the square, narrow like a chasm, between two rows of undestroyed apartment houses, was brilliantly lighted yet utterly empty, like the corridor of a prison. One wondered whether the houses behind these frowning façades were real, or whether they were only papier-mâché and the whole thing some evil, mocking trap.

We drove across the bridge and turned left along the river, behind the university, heading toward one of the great squares that fronted on the onetime (now destroyed) Imperial Palace. Suddenly we emerged onto this vast open area from the little park in front of the ruins of the old Zeughaus. We got out of the car, walked out onto the deserted square, and were suddenly overwhelmed—but utterly, profoundly, as I have not been in many years—by what we saw and felt around us.

It was now late twilight—the long-drawn twilight of the northern night. Under the trees it was dark, but the sky was still partly bright. There was a touch of gold in the air. Before us there was only the great square confronting the ruins of the enormous Wilhelminian Romanesque cathedral. The entire area was unbelievably silent and empty. Only one pair of lovers, standing under the trees by the Zeughaus, moved uneasily away at our approach. All about us were the ruins of the great old buildings, semi-silhouetted against the bright sky. And what ruins! In their original state they had seemed slightly imitative and pretentious. Now they suddenly had a grandeur I had never seen even in Rome. We both became aware that this was, somehow, a moment like no other. There was a stillness, a beauty, a sense of infinite, elegiac sadness and timelessness such as I have never experienced. Death, obviously, was near, and in the air: hushed, august, brooding Death—nothing else. Here all the measureless tragedy of the Second World War—the millions of dead, the endless seas of bereavement and sorrow, the extinction of a whole great complex of life and belief and hope—had its perpetuation. So overpowering was the impression that we spoke only in whispers, as though we were *in* a cathedral, instead of standing in the open, before the ruins of one. Not a soul was now in sight. But no, far up, at the top of the enormous flight of steps leading up to what was left of the cathedral, on the pedestal of one of the huge marble columns, we saw, half-hidden in the shadows, three adolescent boys: motionless, themselves like statues, themselves silent, endlessly alone and abandoned; and their lost, defiant figures burned themselves into my vision to the point where I see them still today—elbows on the knees, chins resting on the palms of hands—the embodiment of man's lost and purposeless state, his loneliness, his helplessness, his wistfulness, and his inability to understand.

We drove back, in silence, down the dead space of what was once the great Unter den Linden, to the Brandenburger Tor and through the Tiergarten; and when we got

back into the bright lights and the busy normality of West Berlin, it all seemed toylike and trivial: an officious little busybody of a civilization, fussy and impermanent. None of it seemed to matter. Neither of us could forget the great awesome ruins, standing so patiently and majestically and sorrowfully, under the night sky, four miles away.

In the summer of 1960 I traveled from Norway to Venice for an international conference marking the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Leo Tolstoy.

THE TOLSTOY CONFERENCE TOOK PLACE ON THE island of St. George, just across the channel from the Piazza, off the mouth of the Grand Canal. The island is taken up mostly by the monastery of the same name, now owned by an Italian foundation, which has restored the whole place. The monastery, built partly by Palladio, is Italian Renaissance at its best: severe, spacious, rigidly symmetrical, very serene.

We were a motley band who assembled in the old refectory, under the great Tintoretto, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Tolstoy's death by giving voice to reflections about his life and work: Italian professors and the writer Silone; several Indians, wearing the homespun cloth that Gandhi taught them to wear; the Spaniard Madariaga; Madame de Proyart, the translator of Pasternak; an old French beekeeper who in his youth had known Tolstoy, who was a "follower," and who looked like Maxim Gorky; from England, Lord David Cecil and Sir Isaiah Berlin, and also a very brilliant lady don from Cambridge and her don husband; three Soviet Russians, accompanied by an interpreter whom everybody took for the police escort; several members of the Tolstoy family, from Paris (all grandchildren); my friend Nicholas Nabokov (Vladimir's cousin) with his eighty-four-year-old uncle, also from Paris; a young Polish Jew who had been for six years in Soviet prisons and concentration camps; and from the American side John Dos Passos; Professor Ernest Simmons, Tolstoy's biographer; Marc Slonim, a left-wing émigré and literary critic, from New York; and myself.

The Russians were an interesting group: aside from the soft-eyed little interpreter, there were Professor Ermilov, of the University of Moscow, a Party-line critic and the veteran of innumerable literary-political intrigues, a man whose owl-like head was sunk down between his shoulders, as though for protection, giving him also something of the air of a turtle; Markov, the new secretary of the Writers' Union, reserved and suave; and old Professor Gudziya, editor of the new, complete ninety-volume edition of Tolstoy's works that the Soviet government is now publishing, and an unregenerated representative of the old regime, untouched by the forty-year episode of communism that he has so miraculously survived, a man full of sardonic humor and natural human feeling.

For three and a half days we chewed over Tolstoy: hailing his artistic greatness; deploring or defending, according to our respective temperaments, his philosophic and

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religious speculations. In general, we kept off East-West differences. On the last day we were all happily and miraculously united by the presentation made by one of the Tolstoy grandsons, a youngish doctor from Paris, a man of such gentleness and innocence of character that he reminded me of Dostoevski's "prince" in *The Idiot*. For nearly an hour he talked, quite simply, about the family, and did it in so disarming a manner that he held us all, Soviet Russians and foreigners alike, in a state of sympathetic and respectful attention. It was at this moment that I realized that the figure of the old Tolstoy himself, with his enormous literary and moral authority, was one of the few images imposing enough to bridge even the overriding ideological conflict of our day. Neither side could afford to disown him; both of us had to do our obeisance to him and claim him for our own—a sure sign that there were things in life more fundamental than the differences between communism and capitalism.

By invitation of the history department of Ripon College, in Ripon, Wisconsin, I visited that institution in 1965 to deliver one public lecture and to conduct discussions with students. My father had attended Ripon College in the 1870s, working his way through by doing various chores around the place. I naturally had this circumstance much in mind in accepting the invitation, and the consciousness of it did not leave me during the visit.

FEBRUARY 9–14, 1965

I TOOK A TRAIN IN THE EARLY EVENING, FROM TRENTON. When I woke up the next morning, it was still very early, and we were somewhere in Indiana. The sun was rising. A golden half-light bathed the little towns that streamed past. There were glimpses of empty early-morning streets, glistening from the night's rain, of wind-ruffled puddles, of little wooden houses, shabby, patient, and half-asleep, and above all, the strange, still flatness—a flatness like no other flatness, subdued and yet exciting, as though filled with deep unspoken implications. This was not my country; but it was already in no sense the East. I knew I was close to home.

As the train pulled into Valparaiso, Indiana, a bank of clouds to the northwest (over the lake, no doubt) created the perfect, even disconcerting, illusion of a range of low mountains. What, one wondered, would life and people have been like had there been such a mountain range there? Life, presumably, would have been more varied, more violent, more interesting; but the massive inert power of the midwestern cultural tradition, with all its virtues and all its weaknesses, sufficient to constitute the spiritual heart of a nation, would not have survived.

On the train from Chicago to Milwaukee I sat in the observation car, looking out in the direction of the near but not visible lake, across the flat countryside, littered now with the debris of our overelaborate, wasteful civilization: highways, junkyards, power lines, filling stations, and whatnot. I fell to wondering what, for the likes of me, was, after all, "home."

From the time the family came to Wisconsin, in 1850, to the time when I myself left for good, in 1921, barely seventy years elapsed. Was this span of residence, for a family, enough to make a place "home"? Roughly, it was a span of two generations. True, so far as I knew, the family—the paternal line, at least—had never lived any longer than that in any other place, at least not since they left Scotland, which was presumably in the time of Cromwell. They had lived successively in Ireland, in Massachusetts, in Vermont, in upper New York state, and finally in Wisconsin, but never anywhere longer than those two generations. If Wisconsin, then, was not "home," what was? Well, there was now Princeton, and the farm in Pennsylvania, and the cottage in Norway. But there was more than that. There were those curious places—parts of Rhode Island, certain sections of Moscow and of Leningrad—where I had felt so overpowering a sense of familiarity as to evoke the mystery of a former life. Home, then, was the whole great arc of the northern and western world, from Moscow across Scandinavia and the British Isles to Wisconsin. One was, in other words, a sort of Nordic cosmopolitan, truly domiciled only in the natural beauty of the seas and countrysides of this northern world: in its seasons, its storms, its languid summers, but occasionally also in its vanishing urban settings, the half-remembered ones, pictured as they were before the inundation by the automobile.

MY PROGRAM, AS A VISITOR TO THE COLLEGE, began the day after my arrival. I had protested in advance that I could not deliver lectures to the classes in Russian and American history they wanted me to attend; I could only sit in on them as a visitor and take part, perhaps, in the discussion. All to no avail. At the Russian-history class that first morning, there they all were: regular students, other students, faculty members, and townspeople, seated expectantly before me, with that maddening, complacent, irresponsible expectancy that always makes me feel they are saying, "Get up and talk. We want to see what you look like when you are talking." There was nothing for it. Then, and in the American-history class the following morning (where there were well over a hundred people), I had to declaim, impromptu, for the full academic hour to a curtain of curious, respectful, but impassive faces, scattering my little seeds and leaving them to their fate on this unknown soil.

Lunch was eaten in the great modern cafeteria where the whole student body of some eight hundred takes its meals. It was my first good chance to look at the students. They gave the impression of being more relaxed, less troubled, less involved, than those at Princeton. The faces were open, pleasant ones, with curiously little written on them at all. The women, as always, seemed more mature personally than the men, superior to them, too, socially and in style: more cosmopolitan, less provincial, more a part of the age, in general more like modern women in Vi-



"I am not oblivious of the fact that the United States of 1988–1989 has its glorious sides"

enna or Milan or wherever else you like than the men of similar age in those places. The women took, it seemed to me, a larger view of the competitive sphere in which they considered their lives to evolve—the reflection of an awareness, perhaps, of the relative uniformity in women's problems everywhere. The men were good-natured young louts, immersed in their world of records and athletics and fraternities and summer jobs, mildly curious about the great wide world beyond, but less closely keyed to it than the women. It is the woman who is truly international.

Observing the greater relaxation of the atmosphere and the faces in this heterosexual common room, I thought of the recent demand of the Princeton college editors for coeducation at Princeton. Plainly, it would be easier, softer, more comfortable, with women around. Life would be more agreeably homogenized, less harshly stratified into the components of term and vacation, of study and recreation, of indulgence and abstention. But would the intellect benefit? The intellect, after all, was a lazy, sluggish faculty. Its growth occurred only under discipline and discomfort. It had to be scourged into the unfolding of its powers. This was why the great environments for the flowering of the spirit had been not the sunlit gardens of California or Florida but rather the dark, cold rainy places—the ones that involved deprivation, discomfort, loneliness, and boredom. Coeducation produced, no doubt, better-adjusted people; but was there not a certain conflict between this ease of life and the training of the mind?

In the evening, in the bare-walled gymnasium, with its

shiny floors, its overhanging basketball boards, and its faint smell of sweaty tennis shoes, I delivered my lecture—to an audience of several hundred. (I spoke, on that occasion, about America's major international involvements of the past century, pointing out the inadvertence by which we had backed into them, our tendency to make moral crusades out of them once we became involved, and the irony of the relationship between these lofty objectives and the actual political consequences of our involvement. "It is," I said, "simply not in character for such a country as ours to try . . . to produce great changes in the lives of other people, to bring economic development and prosperity to everyone, and to assure to everyone complete peace and security under law. This is true whether the effort be made . . . by force and coercion or by sweetness and light.") I came away, as usual, disliking what I had said, feeling that I had hacked my way through the delivery of it like a droning snowplow, unable to gauge the effect, wishing I had never undertaken the effort.

My diaries contain a number of accounts of cruises, in our own boat, in Scandinavian waters. The following is an excerpt from the account of one such cruise, taken in the summer of 1968.

THIS TRIP TO TOWN WAS A MILDLY PAINFUL ONE, FULL of sadness and contrary feelings. I am not oblivious of the Norwegian virtues. If I really had my pick of places to live in, I would probably choose Norway. *But* (and all these buts were visible in Tønsberg today) the cli-

mate is harsh; nature is spare and grudging; and everyone is as busy and determined as he can be to promote the most rapid possible destruction of the beauty and peace of the country and of the inner harmony of its life through the reckless, unlimited cultivation of the internal combustion engine.

If some twenty to thirty years ago the Norwegian government had come to the solemn conclusion that in the shortest possible time every Norwegian town and village must be exploded, disintegrated, and rebuilt to worse standards; that every small white traditional Norwegian house, the house that fits so magnificently into this landscape, must lose its function and be replaced with some sort of a concrete block; that the air as well as the coastal waters must be polluted with maximum speed; that Norwegian youth must lose its modesty, its respect for its elders, and its love of nature, and learn to see its own identity only in its association with the motorbike and the automobile; that railway and maritime transport must be deprived of their function in favor of the motor vehicle and the investment in them written off as rapidly as possible—if this had been its decision, it could not and would not have acted differently from the way it has.

Commencement at a large American university.

MAY 8, 1977

SUNDAY MORNING IN A WRETCHED MOTEL, WAITING FOR the commencement ceremonies. The motel barricaded like a fortress against the fresh air and sunshine of the spring morning. Not a window open. Everything locked up tight, the air-conditioners roaring incessantly. Unventilated corridors, smelling of stale tobacco. An overcrowded cafeteria, with sloppy service. And through the sealed-up windows, a scene of asphalted desolation such as only the American developer, given his head, can produce: a Ford dealer's enormous headquarters, lying amid its parking lots like an island in a sea; warehouses; factory chimneys; tall buildings in the distance; a bank, empty, still, and similarly barricaded by vast empty parking lots; sloping sides of turnpike elevations; but not a tree, not a pedestrian, not a sign of actual life except, here and there, a moving car, its occupant likewise walled off against nature in his own tiny, lonely, air-conditioned world. Not a touch of community; not a touch of sociability. Only the endless whirring and roaring of the air-conditioners, the wild wasting of energy, the ubiquitous television set, the massive bundle of advertising pulp that masquerades under the name of a Sunday newspaper. All unnatural; all experience vicarious; all activity passive and uncreative. And this wasteland extending, like a desert, miles and miles in every direction. A fine end of the world we have created in the American city.

Later. The commencement is over. Matters of memory, now, are the chance introductions in the robing room; the smell of the gymnasium—right out of St. John's Military Academy (1917–1921) and Princeton (1921–1925); the

hot, sun-baked stadium; the yelling, whistling students; the dreadful list of doctoral dissertation topics in the program ("A Comparison of the Academic Achievement of Sophomores Living in University Residence Halls With That of Sophomores Living Off-Campus in Selected State Universities"); the inevitable appeal to come and teach ("We hoped we could get you here"); the empty student faces.

And yet, and yet: the vitality of these places; the truly superior faculty; the magnificent library; the unflagging belief in the country; also, the many people who have read my books and speak kindly to me about them. Truly, this country whipsaws you.

The official personality was, as it seems, always the enemy of the personal one, so that the years as ambassador to Belgrade (1961–1963) were devoid of such observations of the local scene as would fit into these pages. But these Belgrade years left warm friendships, and returns to that city in later years were vivid experiences, replete with memories.

MARCH 28, 1982

AVALA, NEAR BELGRADE

TODAY, WITH SALEH (THE EMBASSY CHAUFFEUR OF earlier years) driving, we were taken out, as Maria A.'s guests, to the restaurant on the road to Avala where several years ago we had spent a memorable and hilarious evening with the J.'s. On the way we stopped first to see the beautiful new park just across the Sava, where that great river joins the Danube. Then we went on to the similar place at Topčider. The weather was magnificent: the first fine warm spring day. Everywhere people were out enjoying the advent of spring: children playing, people strolling and sitting on benches, balls being kicked around, lovers caressing—all wonderfully informal, natural, unselfconscious. This obviously is one of the rare happy times Serbia has known.

At the restaurant there was a similar milling-around of people. I was recognized, embraced, and kissed by the majordomo. We sat outside on the terrace, in the sun. Next to us we discovered, to our surprise, a whole company of American officers—this year's members of the National War College, as it turned out, on a tour of Europe. These insisted that I, as an erstwhile (in fact, the first) "deputy for foreign affairs" at that institution, be photographed together with them (something that would, I am sure, have been greeted with stupefaction by the present Secretary of Defense had he known of it). Plum brandy was brought, and marvelous freshly baked bread, as fine as any that could be found anywhere in the world. There followed wine from the grapes of the premises, and course after course of Serbian meats.

A young boy, detaching himself from a large family party at a nearby table, came over and interrogated us sternly, in his schoolboy English, on our provenance and status, running back repeatedly to report the results to the whole family.

The sun shone benevolently. To both sides of us the land fell off, and there was a wide view—on one side off to the lovely hills of Šumadija, on the other out onto the great plains of the valley of the Sava. It was a good moment.

In the autumn of 1984 there was a visit to friends living on the Italian island of Ischia, where I had never previously been.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1984
ISCHIA

ANNELEISE AND I WALKED DOWN TO THE CENTER OF the village this morning to change money. Traffic, at this time of day, was permitted on the main street, so that in addition to the normal human hubbub there were cars and motorcycles trying to push their way through the crowds. This obviously involved dangers and what in other human climates would have been experienced as annoyances. But here it all seemed to be cheerfully accepted.

The bank was closed, but we, having been properly briefed by our hosts before departure, found a tiny, incredibly cramped and crowded little one-room grocery store, where the patron, after running across the street to check the rate at the window of the bank, performed the transaction for us with great good humor, and sent us on our way.

We pushed our way to the place where the street ended in a sort of promontory, from which one could look down from three sides onto the sea. A stiff wind was blowing in from the west, the heavy seas thundering and disintegrating on the rocks and seawall below us. The center of the promontory was occupied by a seventeenth-century church—la Chiesa del Soccorso—dedicated to the Virgin in her capacity as the one who aids seafarers in extremity. The church stood facing the village, its apse raised like a protection against the sea. Inside, the image of the protecting Virgin was there, above the altar—on one arm the Christ Child, the other brandishing what appeared to be some sort of a club. One of her feet was planted firmly on a prostrate male figure whose identity I could only imagine, while at her side, by the other foot, stood the figure of another child, apparently a boy, whose identity I could not imagine at all.

I thought on the way back of the qualities of this very Italian place: the incongruous mixture of tolerance, naïveté, overcrowding, sociability, family solidarity, localism, acceptance of modernism in its most hideous forms and yet with some sort of an inner self-defense against it—life led, in short, in the small dimension, full of pettiness, no doubt, and not without its small cruelties and injustices, but borne along by the broad, wise, disillusioned charity of the Catholic Church, by the comforting familiarities of family life, and by the unvarying, reassuring support of the Christian sacraments. And I thought: So long as it lasts, imperfect as it is, all this perhaps is not the worst of worlds, and perhaps is even the best that one could hope for—a messy life, full of dirt, overcrowding, confusion, and disorder,

but with its failings, like its possibilities, limited by the intimacy of its localistic orientation; and all of it, at least in the personal sense, intensely human. Better, in any case, than the great, highly developed, impersonal modern societies, with their lordly ambitions, their nuclear weapons, and their vast, technologically advanced abuse of the natural environment.

"Little" is of course not always beautiful—that is an exaggeration. It is also not wildly hopeful. But it is also not monstrously destructive. And it at least allows for those occasional wonderful outbursts of the human capacity for creating beauty, such as the Renaissance, that have accounted for so much of the beauty that still surrounds us in this place. So I must not, I thought, hold this littleness in disrespect.

DECEMBER 9, 1987
WASHINGTON

I HAVE BEEN BACK IN WASHINGTON FOR THESE PAST three days—not *my* Washington, of course, but let us say the Washington that might have appeared to anyone else who was born in 1904, had seen something of that city in the days of his maturity, had then died at a normal age, but had been permitted, by some extraordinary indulgence of Providence, to be resurrected from the dead and to revisit this scene, together with others, of his brief passage across the face of history.

I on this occasion found the city cowering under a faint, cold December sunshine, but roaring more than ever with surface and airplane traffic; and I viewed it, resurrected as I was from the past, with a slight shudder, and an offer of thanks to Providence that I was absolved from contributing further to its active life.

Ten days ago I reiterated in these notes my periodic complaints about the endless series of visits I seemed to have to make, for one reason or another, outside Princeton; and I described them as "empty formality: nothing accomplished, nothing to show for it." Today's events—or one of them, at least—put those self-pitying words in their place as the overdramatization they were.

These events were connected with the historic visit to Washington of Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev. The first of them contained, to be sure, no surprises. It was a great luncheon tendered by Secretary of State and Mrs. Shultz for Gorbachev and his wife—an affair (as we used to say in the old diplomatic service) of some two hundred and fifty "plates." I shall not go into the political aspects of this affair or the speeches given by the principals; all that will take its place in the overabundant historical record, to enjoy there the privacy of a deep oblivion. I recall only that we waited an interminable time for those principals to make their appearance, and that I sat next to a lady from somewhere in the Southwest, the wife of some prominent politician, I believe, whose ignorance of my identity was as great as mine of hers and, since neither of us was particularly interested in enlightening the other on this matter, remained that way to the end.

The afternoon appointment was another matter. It was a reception for Gorbachev at the Soviet embassy, to which I, in company with one or two hundred other Americans, had been invited by the Russians. (How these persons were chosen by the Soviet hosts I do not know. The press, always anxious to make a story out of it, alleged afterward that we were "the intellectuals," although I saw there a number of eminent Republicans, including a couple of former Secretaries of State, who would probably resent being thus described—and in some instances perhaps not without reason.)

The function took place at the Russian embassy building on Sixteenth Street, right next to what was once the Racquet Club, where I sometimes went to swim on the dark winter afternoons of 1926. After penetrating the successive lines of security guards deployed for several blocks around the place, we guests had our credentials carefully but politely examined at the entrance to the building and were then taken upstairs and shown into a large and beautiful chamber, of ballroom ambiance, already densely packed with people.

Remembering my wife's admonitions not to stand uncomfortably in the background as I normally do on such occasions but to insist on meeting the guest of honor and adding my particular set of banalities to the others he was condemned to endure, I decided to make the effort. So I pushed through the crowd and eventually squeezed myself into the small circle of photographers, journalists, and other pushy guests surrounding the distinguished visitor. The latter, whom I was meeting for the first time, appeared to recognize me, and amazed me by throwing out his arms and treating me to what has now become the standard statesman's embrace. Then, still holding on to my elbows, he looked me seriously in the eye and said: "Mr. Kennan. We in our country believe that a man may be the friend of another country and remain, at the same time, a loyal and devoted citizen of his own; and that is the way we view you."

I cannot recall what I said in response to this statement. Whatever it was, it was wholly inadequate.

We soon moved to another room, filled with small tables. Gorbachev, seated at one of these tables, delivered himself of a lengthy (too lengthy for American tastes, short by Russian standards) impromptu address. The table to which I was assigned included, as I recall it, Ken Galbraith, McGeorge Bundy, and a lady of most striking appearance, who chain-smoked Danish cigars and appeared to be rather bored with the whole performance. I was later told that I should have recognized her—as the widow of a famous rock singer.

My ears failed me badly during Gorbachev's long talk, and I amused myself by fidgeting with the earphones and trying to figure out which was harder to catch: the speaker's Russian or the plodding artificialities of the simulta-

neous translation. But actually, I could not concentrate on what he was saying. His words to me still rang in my ears. And as I reflected on them, the whole sixty years of my involvement with Soviet affairs (which included, at one point, being banned from Russia as an "enemy of the Soviet people") revolved before the mind's eye; and I could think of no better conclusion to this entire chapter of activity—at least none from the Soviet side—than this extraordinarily gracious and tactful statement, worthy, when you think of it, of the finest standards of royal courtesy. I reflected that if you cannot have this sort of recognition from your own government to mark the end of your involvement in such a relationship, it is nice to have it at least from the onetime adversary.

LATE SEPTEMBER, 1988

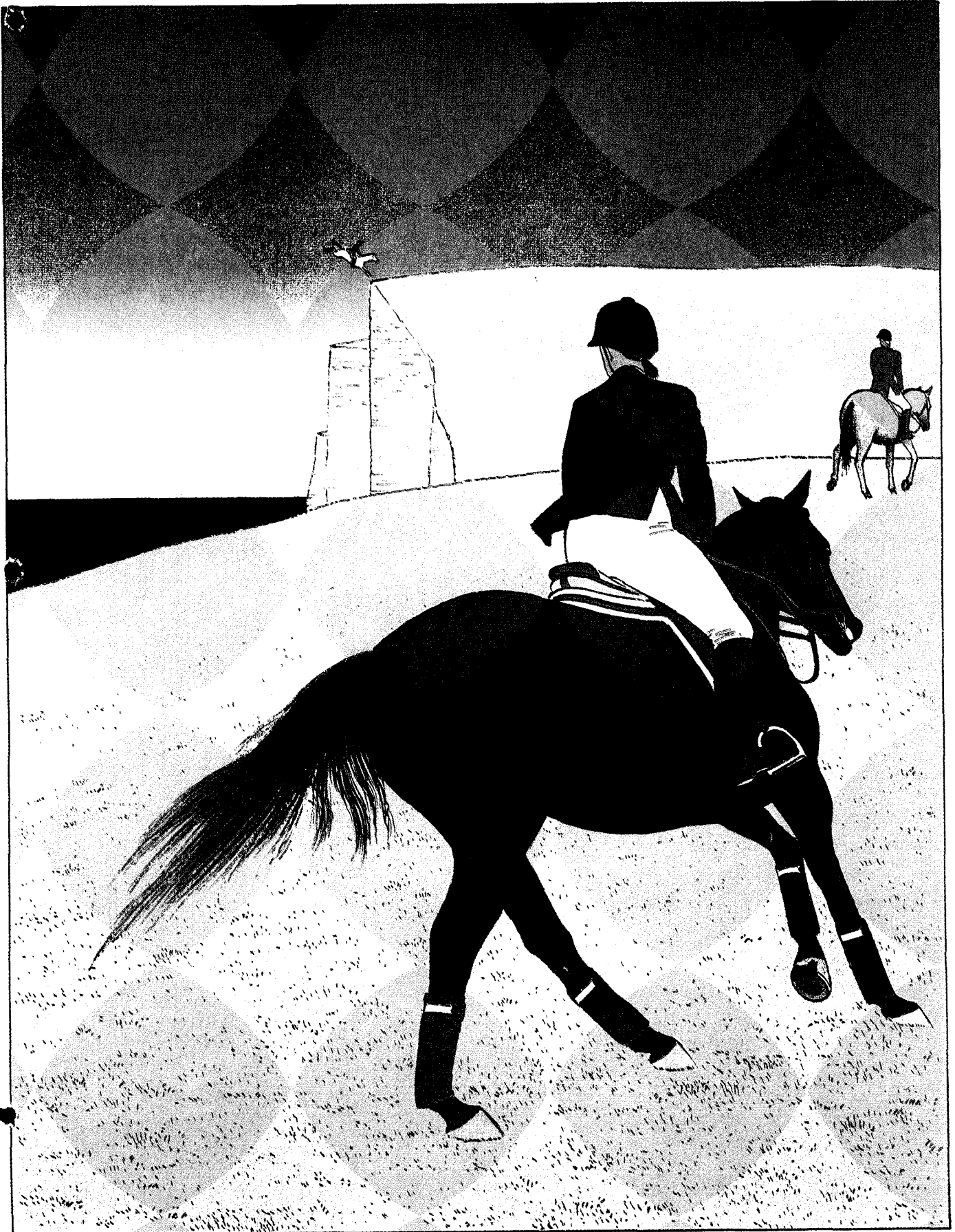
I AM STARTLED, AS I LOOK OVER THESE ITEMS, TO NOTE the bleakness of the impressions of my own country. A reader might think that I saw in it only ugliness, vulgarity, and deterioration. I am sorry about this. Had I not had my own sort of love for the place, these imperfections on its surface would not have hit me so hard or found such abundant record in these scribblings.

I am not oblivious of the fact that the United States of 1988–1989 has its glorious sides. But these seem to me to lie primarily in two areas: in the magnificence of those purely natural beauties that have not yet fallen victim to commercial development; and then in the personalities of many fellow citizens I have been privileged to know. But natural beauty alone without the human element, much as it may offer for admiration and wonder, offers nothing for interpretation and makes poor subject matter for the traveling diarist, as it does for the artist. And as for the people: yes—many have engaged my admiration, along with a considerable number who have engaged the opposite. But to depict them individually is the task of the novelist, not of the traveler—and particularly not of the traveler moving through regions where he has no personal acquaintances at all and where he sees, for the most part, only masses of anonymous figures with whom he has no possibility of interacting.

I view the United States of these last years of the twentieth century as essentially a tragic country, endowed with magnificent natural resources that it is rapidly wasting and exhausting, and with an intellectual and artistic intelligentsia of great talent and originality. For this intelligentsia the dominant political forces of the country have little understanding or regard. Its voice is normally silenced or shouted by the commercial media. It is probably condemned to remain indefinitely, like the Russian intelligentsia in the nineteenth century, a helpless spectator of the disturbing course of its nation's life. If love of country includes this sort of concern for its future, then I, too, love this particular country, and am a part of it. □

WATER JUMP

BY GUY BILLOUT



*"Happiness is
not having
what you want,
but wanting
what you have."*

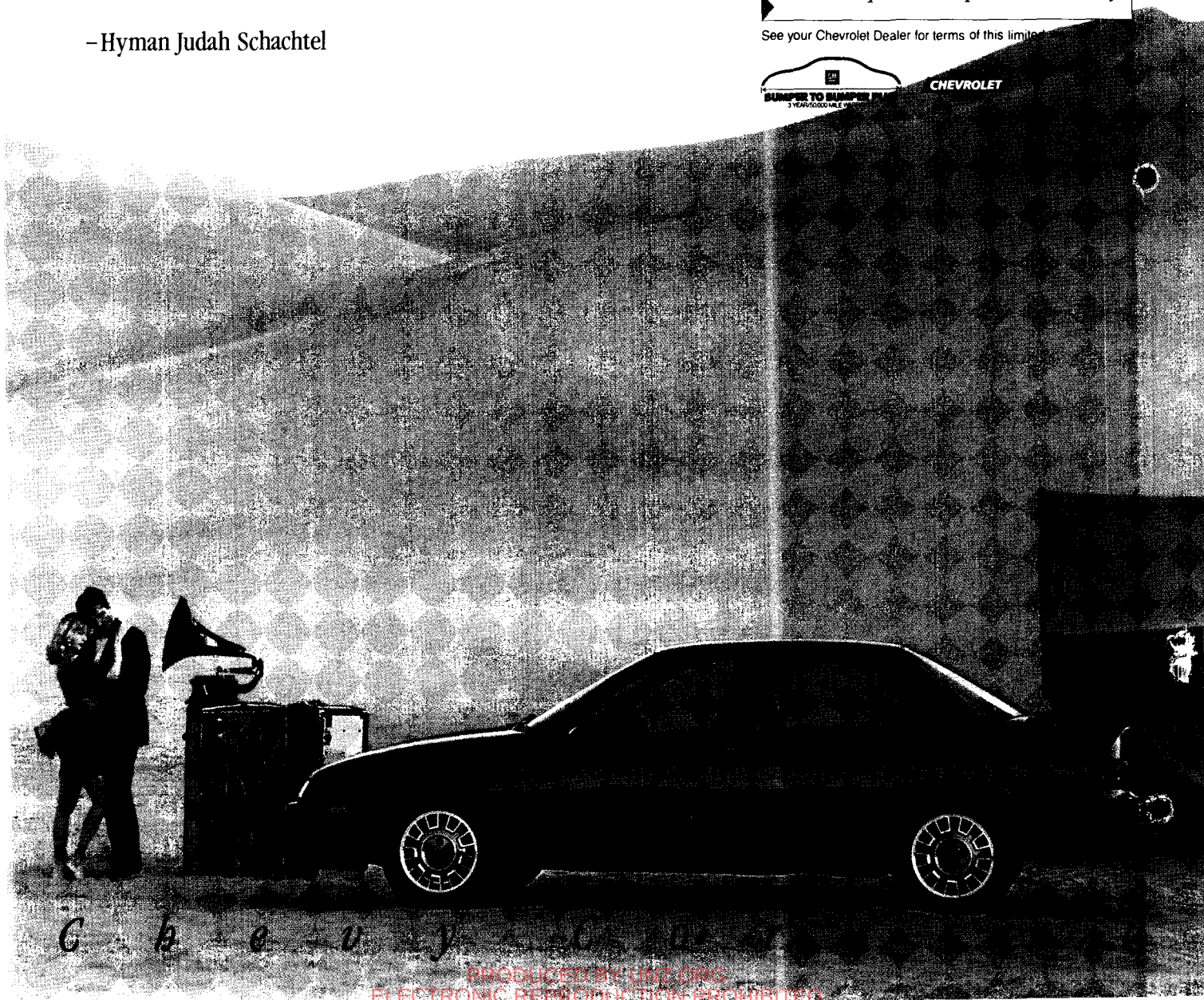
—Hyman Judah Schachtel

In this case, happiness is owning a Chevy Corsica. A car that offers so much in terms of value and creature comforts that you'd expect it to cost much much more than its modest, affordable price. There's room for five and standard features such as an AM/FM stereo sound system, galvanized steel on most body panels, and reclining front bucket seats. Plus, there is a list of available extras that enable you to equip your Corsica with just about every feature imaginable. If you're shopping for a new car and would like to have some money left over to enjoy the good life, take a look at the Corsica at your Chevrolet dealer. Pictured below, the Corsica LTZ sports sedan. All Chevrolets come with the GM 3-year/50,000 mile Bumper to Bumper Plus warranty.

See your Chevrolet Dealer for terms of this limited warranty.



CHEVROLET

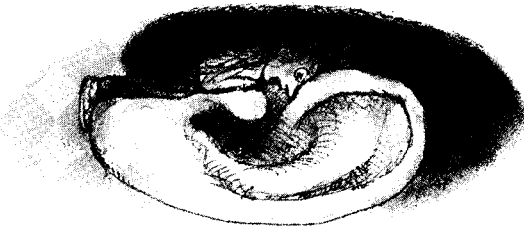


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A Short Story

THE PRIVATE LIFE
OF ROBERT SCHUMANN

BY JULIE SCHUMACHER



BEFORE MR. ZINN CAME TO TEACH US MUSIC, WE were bored every Wednesday and Friday afternoon. We'd had to study with a woman named Miss Fox, who scratched herself with a pointer, and who died of a heart attack one day in the coatroom, clutching the sleeves of a dozen jackets in her arms. With Miss Fox we'd had to learn "This Land Is Your Land" and the national anthem on two different instruments: we had a choice of the auto-harp, the recorder, the triangle, and a pair of blocks. The blocks had sandpaper stapled to their sides. If you couldn't play you had to sing, so most of us banged and strummed away, while Miss Fox counted time at the front of the room, her worn heart pounding like a tired drum.

We had one week free of music after she died, and then the district hired Mr. Zinn. He was only the third male teacher in the middle school, and he didn't look like Mr. Hickman, who taught phys. ed., or like Mr. Vandever, who wore a suit and had a white goatee. Mr. Zinn was young; he had short, wavy black hair and sideburns, and watery eyes that protruded farther than they should. They were round like the eyes of a lizard or a frog.

The first day back we noticed instantly that the auto-harps were gone. The recorders and triangles and blocks were missing too; the music table held only a record player and an enormous pile of books.

"Sit," Mr. Zinn said. You'd think he was talking to a dog, but we heard nothing cruel in his voice, so we sat down. On the board we saw his name, Francis J. Zinn, and the date, March 3. "How many of you know anything about music?" No one raised a hand. "That's what I expected," he said. "That's why you aren't going to play. There's no use trying to play an instrument if you don't know anything about music's *source*, its fountainhead. Who's been to Europe?"

Few of us had left Delaware, except for occasional trips to the Jersey shore.

"To understand music," Mr. Zinn said, raising himself on tiptoe and slowly lowering himself back down, "you

need to understand Vienna, Leipzig, Schiller. Who knows what I mean by *strophic* and *durchkomponiert*?"

No one spoke, and Mr. Zinn began to fill the board with words. We learned that Vienna crossed the Danube like a bridge, that Beethoven went deaf, and that almost everyone related to Johann Sebastian Bach had the same first name. By the end of class we still hadn't said a thing. Mr. Zinn turned to Valerie Kenny. "Tell me something about music that you'd like to know."

Of the twenty-one kids in the class, probably twenty of us would have been stumped for what to say. I would have tried for something correct, because that's what I do. But Valerie was strange.

"I'd like to know if you knew Miss Fox."

"We were acquaintances," Mr. Zinn said.

"Were you sad when she died?" Valerie was pale and thin and feverish, and we made fun of her for the veins that shone through her skin. We didn't yet understand that she was pretty: she had long tangled hair the color of almonds, a reddish mouth, and fingertips that glowed.

"That's an unusual question." Mr. Zinn folded his arms across his chest in a gesture that seemed borrowed from a book. "I suppose I'd have to say that I was. Yes, I was sad. Any other questions?"

Lois and Chuckie and I were laughing at the back of the room. "I'd like to know if Valerie's retarded," Lois said.

Mr. Zinn blushed. We'd never seen a grown man blush, the color rising up his neck like juice in a glass, and blooming when it reached the level of his ears. "Thank you," he said. Clearly, he'd never taught school before.

I KNEW MR. ZINN ALREADY, BECAUSE HE DIRECTED OUR choir at church. Not because he was Methodist, my mother explained, but because he earned money from the service every week. Whenever I dropped a dime in the collection tray, I imagined it going straight to Mr. Zinn.

Our church, as vast as a cavern, was left from the time

when the city wasn't a slum, when it held white doctors and their families instead of the poor. Now the church was seldom filled, but it was still white, the stubborn doctors and their wives driving in from the suburbs to spend an hour beneath the massive gold-leaf dome and think of God. They could *believe* more easily in the presence of matching marble fonts and leaded glass, a hundred pipes for the organ, an immaculate burgundy carpet, and wooden doors that two men together had to push to admit the sun. The back of the church held a balcony, the front a gigantic stained-glass window showing Jesus, hands tipped out as if he'd heard of crucifixion, surrounded by children twice my size, and enormous lambs.

I was in the confirmation class that spring. We had to study the parable of the good Samaritan and sing in front of the congregation in a special program at the end of the year. Methodists—the ones I knew—loved to sing. They tapped their feet impatiently through the sermon, browsed the hymnal during prayers, and sang *Amen* in twelve-part harmony as if God himself directed from the floor. My lack of enthusiasm for hymns was a family trait. My mother would push the hymnal toward me, point to the verse (we sang them all), and sing in a voice as high and perfect as a dream. I had a scratchy alto voice that sometimes buzzed. It was always lost between octaves and I used it sparingly, whispering along with the choir on refrains.

Every Sunday for half an hour the confirmation class practiced two short hymns: "O for a Thousand Tongues" and something about sheep that we sang as "mutton" just for fun. Mr. Zinn directed us with an atheist's determination. We hummed with our mouths half open, snoring the words, while he blinked and pressed his lips together, as if struggling to overcome with his own effort our lack of it. On especially bad days he'd set down his baton, run a hand through his wavy hair, and approach the line. "Keep singing," he'd say, and we'd try another verse while he drew near, his red tie flapping over his shoulder. He'd start in the second row and walk past each of us, head bent low as if in prayer, to find out who was singing out of tune. Sometimes he'd pause at a single mouth for quite a while, coming so close to our lips with his well-scrubbed ear that we couldn't sing above a whisper, afraid of damaging the parts that lay within. We didn't know where to look when he hovered close: breathe, and his inner ear was moist; sniff, and the hair at his sideburns brushed your nose. I dreamed of shrinking to the size of a crumb and climbing in, exploring the hammer, anvil, stirrup, and shell: it was pink and barren there, and my voice, when I let it go, spun cascading through the arcs and tunnels, sweet and clear.

THE AUTOHARPS AND THE RECORDERS NEVER REAPPEARED. By the second week we were building instruments of our own. He called it "Musicshop": we made banjos from oatmeal boxes and rubber bands, whistles from pens, drums from aluminum cans and Play-

tex gloves. While we worked, Mr. Zinn played records and told us stories about the music we listened to.

"Schumann was a true romantic," he explained. "He liked to read Byron. He was Schubert's successor as the master of the German *Lied*."

"That's World War Two," Chuckie said. He was building a flute. He took it home every few nights and got his father to fix it up with a welding torch.

I was working with Lois, who had asked me to be her partner because she wasn't capable of doing anything alone. "Forget it," I said, when I looked up from my plans and saw her bushy yellow hair, the constellation of freckles on her skin.

"What do you mean, forget it? You and me are building a trumpet. Just like this." She showed me a wrinkled magazine picture of a black man playing an instrument with at least a hundred metal parts.

I looked at the picture of the trumpet and then at Lois. "What do we make it from?" I asked. I'd finally decided to build a xylophone with sticks.

"I've got these." She showed me a plastic bag full of cardboard toilet rolls and mismatched copper wire. "Once we're done we can paint it gold."

I didn't ask her how she expected it to sound. Lois got mad fairly easily, and I didn't want her yelling at me in class. That's how our friendship worked: when she wanted something from me, I always said yes; when I wanted something back, Lois said she wasn't sure. I admired her for her confidence and style.

MR. ZINN LIKED TO SING DURING CLASS. HE PACED the room with his hands carving gestures in the air: "*Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan. . .*" He had a beautiful tenor voice; when he took a breath and spread his hands, tilting back his head so the veins in his neck stood out like string, we knew he imagined himself in another place and time, dressed in leotards and a blouse on a moonlit stage.

He rarely looked at our projects. He spent most of his time filling the board with scales and notes we couldn't read, or brooding by the window at the back of the room. He smelled of chalk dust and shampoo, and we learned to pinpoint his location by his odor as he paced between the coatroom and the window. We craved his recognition and his words. When he did stop to check the progress of our work, throwing his tie over his shoulder as he squatted down, we had the impression he was studying our lives, that he held our souls, and not a cigar box or a hammer, in his hands. He didn't treat us the way the other teachers did; I wondered if he realized we were young, or if he even understood what children were.

"The world is full of mediocrity," he said, sometimes to himself and sometimes to us. "Nothing is worse. Failing is better than being simply good at what you do." He picked up Chuckie's flute. "Failure's a virtue, next to undistinguished skill."

"Practice makes perfect," Chuckie said.

"No, unfortunately, it doesn't. Practice breeds *competence*, not perfection." Mr. Zinn examined the flute, by far the best-looking instrument in class. "Look at Schubert. He wrote symphonies, some of his best, at the age of eighteen. He suffered depressions all his life, but in a single year he wrote almost a hundred and fifty songs. He died of typhoid at thirty-one, a physical wreck. He was utterly ruined."

"It's just a saying," Chuckie said.

"Perfection comes from genius, or from God." Mr. Zinn turned to me. "Doesn't it, Jane?" It was the first time he'd singled me out. I had glue on the tips of my fingers, shreds of cardboard in my teeth. I wanted desperately to say something clever and uplifting, something that would cause him to bring up my name in the teachers' lounge.

"Yeah, I guess," I said, smiling so that he would know I understood my limitations, that if I was dumb it was through no fault of my own.

Mr. Zinn put the flute on the desk. "What are you smiling at?" he asked.

"Great move," Lois said, when he walked away.

WE NOTICED THE RING ON VALERIE'S HAND AT THE end of March. Lois and I sat together in science class, with our desks pushed close so that she could cheat, and when she kicked me, I looked up and saw Valerie rubbing the stone on her dress to make it shine. It was a dark-green gem in a wad of gold, with a square insignia on either side. It was much too big for her finger; it slid up and down over her knuckle, as bright as chrome.

"Where'd you get it?" Lois asked, poking Valerie in the neck with a felt-tip pen.

"Don't, you'll stain me." Valerie lifted her hair and revealed the ink. Her neck was petite, a perfect stem. The ring was visible through the woods of her tangled hair.

"That's just a school ring," Chuckie said. "Everyone buys one when they graduate, that's all."

"Where'd you get it?" Lois asked again. She wasn't whispering anymore, and Mrs. Hardimer, the teacher, gave us a look.

"It's probably her dad's," Chuckie said.

We tried to pretend we didn't care, but Lois couldn't let a problem go unsolved. During gym we trapped Valerie in the bathroom and asked again. She was using the middle stall, so we stood on the toilet seats on either side and leaned over the top. "Tell us whose," Lois said.

Valerie let the top of her gym suit fall, and we saw her chest, as smooth and flat and white as ours. She didn't cover herself with her arms as we would have done.

"We're going to start spitting when I count to two." Lois draped an arm across the door to block escape.

Valerie flashed the ring. The stone was as green as a parrot's eye. "Okay," she said, "it's Mr. Zinn's. He gave it to me Friday afternoon."

"He didn't give it to you," Lois said.

Valerie shrugged and pulled up her gym suit, showing the name tag with her name embroidered upside down.

"He probably just let you see it. Friday you'll have to give it back."

"I don't think so." Valerie sat down on the toilet, fully dressed. When we looked down at her from above, she seemed tiny and pure.

"Look how small," I said to Lois. But Lois was running through the double doors, racing with the other kids outside.

HE DIDN'T ASK FOR IT BACK ON FRIDAY, EVEN though Valerie wore it around her neck on a silver chain.

"We aren't positive it's his," I said to Lois after school. We were riding bikes in the parking lot between the teachers' cars.

"Are you saying Valerie's a liar?"

I came around the side of a VW bus; we were face to face. "Maybe not on purpose. I mean, not like you or me." I looked at the gap between Lois's teeth, big enough for a coin. "Maybe she wishes it was his. Maybe she has a crush on Mr. Zinn."

"That's disgusting." Lois made a narrow passage by a Plymouth, scraping the yellow paint with her handlebar.

"Careful," I said, and she kicked a dent in one of the hubcaps with her shoe.

"We have two more years of this place, and I think it stinks. I'm going to be a rifle girl in high school." She put her kickstand down and twirled an imaginary rifle, taking aim.

"You don't get to shoot," I said. "Those rifles probably aren't real."

"Nothing's real." She pulled the trigger. "Not even you." We rode the long way home through the empty lots, bruising our tires on tree roots and jagged stones. A block from our neighborhood Lois stopped. "Here's where Valerie lives," she said. "I came here on Halloween last year." She pointed to a house that wasn't like any of the rest. It didn't have shutters or a sidewalk or a porch or a basketball court. It looked like a pile of wooden boxes stacked on top of each other so that some of them jutted out. The yard was overgrown with raspberry bushes and weeds.

Lois wanted to spy on Valerie through the first-floor windows, so we parked our bikes and crept through the neighbors' yard to station ourselves in the brush at the side of the house. As soon as we took our positions, Valerie's mother, Mrs. Kenny, appeared with a folding chair and a sunhat and a camera, turning the lens on us where we stood.

"I thought I'd get a look at who was breaking into the house," she said, focusing on our hands on the windowsill. Seeing Mrs. Kenny was always scary: she dressed like us, in pants and T-shirts, with her hair in a ponytail or a braid, while all the other mothers dressed in skirts. At one of the parents' days at school she showed up with a paintbrush in her jeans and her hair full of dirt. She was disconcerting—

she made us feel as if we might just get larger instead of older when we grew up.

"We were looking for Valerie," Lois said.

"Oh, I see," Mrs. Kenny nodded. "Did you try the door?"

"We thought it was stuck."

"Try it again," Mrs. Kenny said. "I'll watch from here. You can turn the handle and go right in."

We traipsed to the door like zombies.

"Second left," Mrs. Kenny called, and we went inside.

Valerie sat on the bed in her room, holding a wooden box between her knees. "I've told my mom not to do that," she said. "She hijacks kids my age and sends them in."

"Your mom is cracked," Lois said. She looked at the box.

"No, but she thinks I ought to have visitors," Valerie said. She lifted the lid and we saw the folded squares of paper, as tempting as cream. "Do you want to know what I have in here?"

"It doesn't matter," Lois said. "We don't really care."

"I'm not supposed to show you," Valerie chose a note from the top, easing it open fold by fold. "Do you want to see?" We craned our necks as she smoothed the paper against her thigh. "This one's the first."

It was a drawing in black. It showed a flute with a person's face where the mouthpiece was. The eyes were closed, and around the head was a mass of hair.

"Where'd you get it?" Lois asked.

"Here's the next," Valerie unfolded another square. The second was a drawing of a harp, like the prow of a ship, but again with a face and hair. It was drawn very lightly, the eyes of the harp half closed and the mouth half open in a smile. She showed us a violin, a guitar, a drum, and several instruments we'd never seen. All had the same dreamy eyes and tangled hair, and not a word appeared on any page.

"Mr. Zinn gave you these," I said. I recognized the paper from his desk.

Valerie looked pleased, and some of the pallor disappeared from her face and arms. "That's what I thought." She folded the notes and stashed the box in her underwear drawer. I saw the ring still dangling from its chain around her neck. "I'm taking lessons. I'm learning to play the piano after school."

"This is stupid," Lois said. "You don't know they're from him."

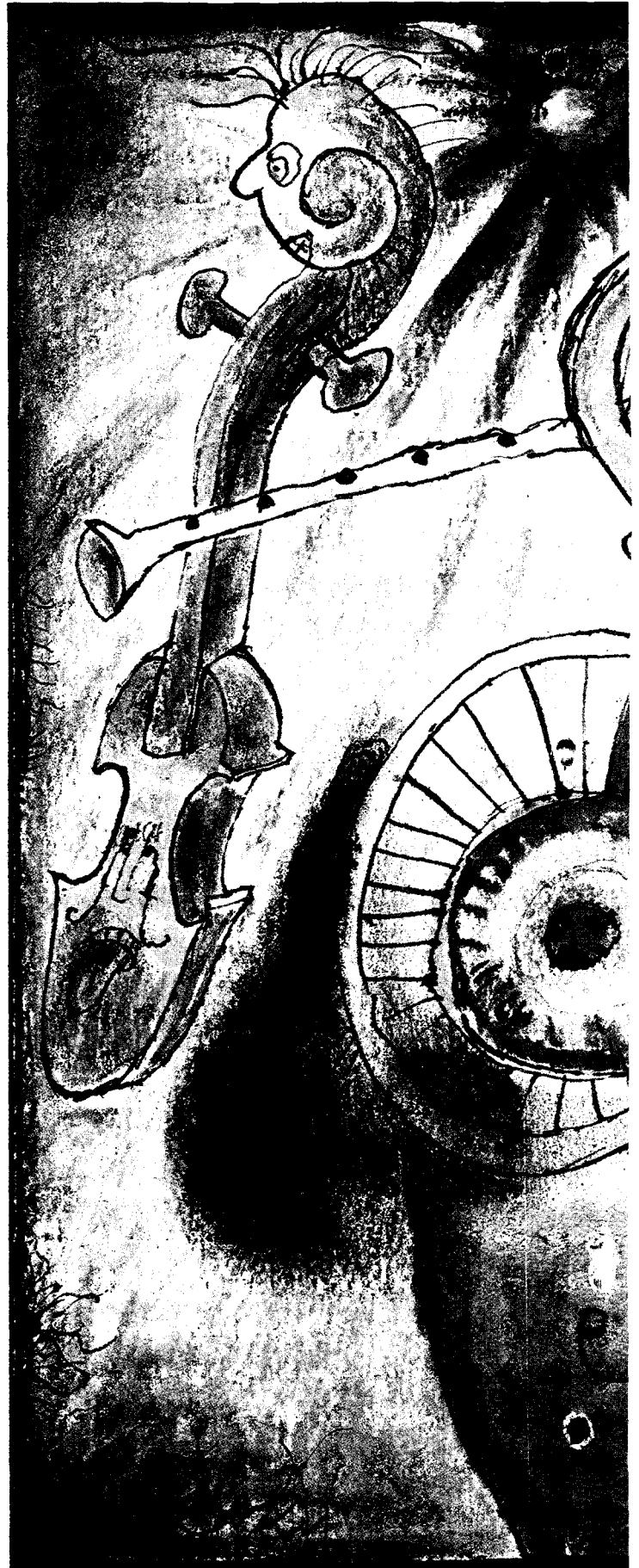
Valerie smiled, showing her gums. "At first I found them in my desk. But the last one I found in my jacket pocket, so he must have put it there during lunch."

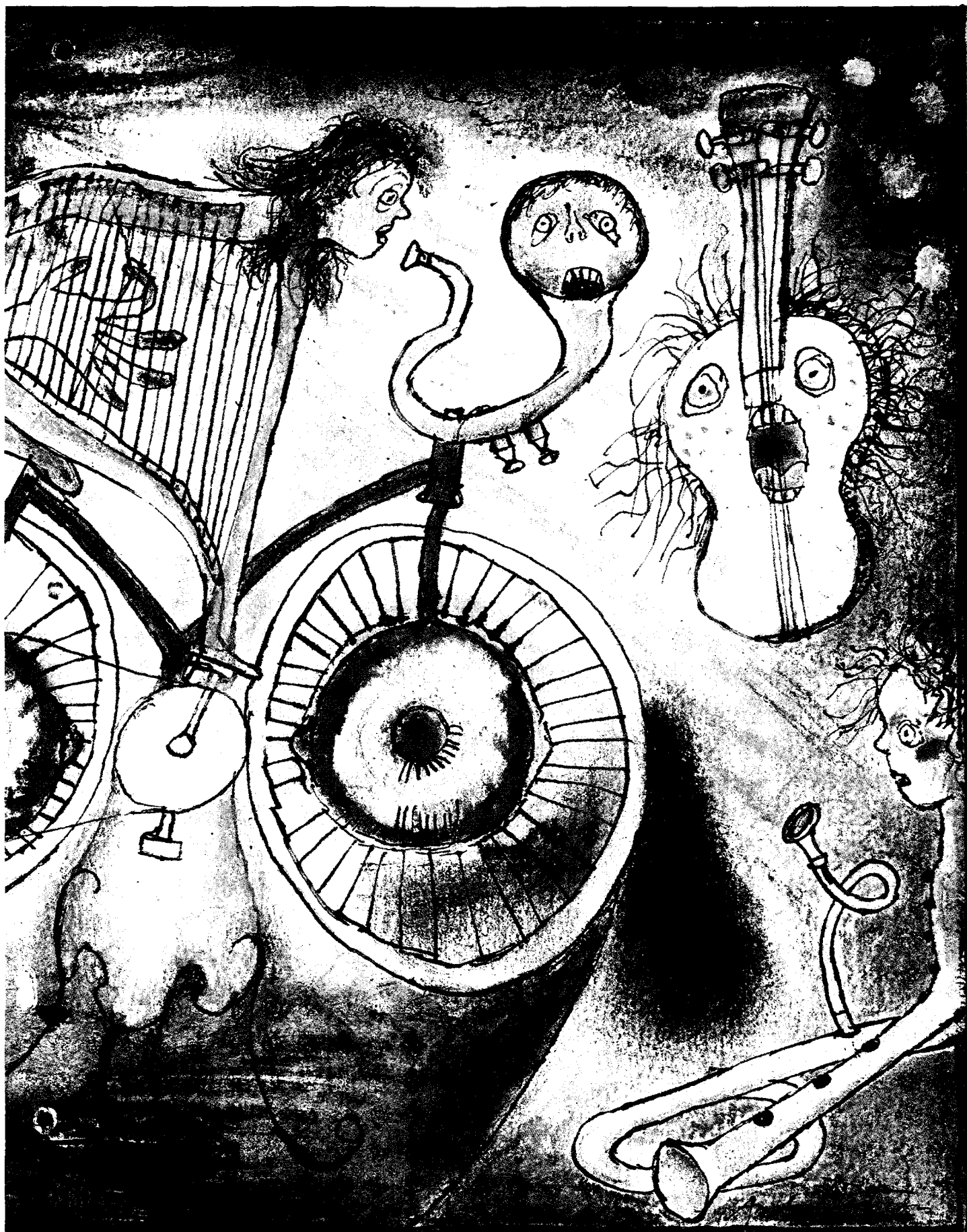
"Still, you don't *know*," Lois said. "You aren't sure."

"He's going to teach me about the composers. Private things. He says I remind him of Clara Schumann."

"You don't even brush your hair," Lois said.

"He called me Clara once," Valerie said, not even listening anymore. When we left, she thanked us for coming. "It makes my mother happy," she explained.





THAT NIGHT AT DINNER I WANTED TO TALK. I HAD something to say.

"What," my mother said. She finally put down her knife and fork. "What's so important that you have to interrupt?"

I felt the weight of what I knew on the back of my tongue. I had all of it there: Valerie was getting notes from the teacher, we never played music in music class, and on Sundays Mr. Zinn was a different man. I had all of the knowledge ready, and felt certain that if I phrased it right it would be of interest to anyone. But when my mother and father turned to me, I forgot which part came first; I couldn't remember how it all made sense, the way I'd figured it out before.

"I'm not going to eat these carrots," I said. "They stink." My parents ignored me and went on talking, as if I were someone else's child or had never been born.

LOIS IGNORED ME TOO. SOMETHING WAS LOST: SHE refused to answer the phone at her parents' house, and at school she sat by herself at a broken desk. When I tore our trumpet into shreds, letting the cardboard glide and settle in the trash, she didn't care.

Though she wouldn't talk to me anymore, she sent two notes. The first was from the library encyclopedia. I knew it was from Lois because of the smudgy fingerprints and the fact that the page was torn out of the book. Under the heading "Robert Schumann" was a blurb about Clara Wieck: the name was underlined in blue. It said that Clara was Schumann's wife, that she was the daughter of Schumann's teacher, and that Schumann had met her when he was eighteen and she was nine. The difference in ages, it said, didn't matter to the two, who finally married, despite objections, when Clara turned twenty-one.

The second note Lois wrote herself. "Everything makes me sick. That includes you." I found it in my jacket pocket after school.

I blamed Mr. Zinn for everything that went wrong. Now when I sang in his ear in church, I thought of Catholics, the way they whispered through a wall to a waiting priest. I thought about humming softly in his hair, so softly that he'd put his ear against my mouth. I thought of whispering in that pink and marbled maze, *I've seen the notes. You told her not to show us but she did.* But I sang "O for a Thousand Tongues" and waited for the opportunity to speak.

Chuckie said it wasn't possible—no one Valerie's age had a boyfriend half that old. "He must be thirty or forty," Chuckie said. "You guys are nuts. Is that what you've been fighting about all this time?"

We were riding bikes at the top of the block; Lois was trying to jab a stick through the spokes of our wheels. "You wait," she said. "Just wait one minute or two."

"I've got to go in and take a bath," Chuckie said, but he didn't go. Lois had called both of us on the phone and told us to meet at the top of the hill, at the dead end over the highway that we weren't allowed to cross. It was seven

o'clock, and the shadows of our bikes had thinned and gone. We circled a few more times, listening to a pair of beagles down the block, and then Lois braked. We saw Valerie and Mr. Zinn in a light-blue Ford on the highway. The car slowed down on the opposite shoulder, and from the embankment we saw only their arms and legs beneath the roof: Mr. Zinn was wearing a sweatshirt, not a tie, but Chuckie recognized his watch. We saw him reach across Valerie's lap and open the door. When she got out, he pulled away, without waiting to see where she'd go.

"Hey," Chuckie yelled, and Valerie looked up. The air was thick with mosquitoes and lightning bugs, and we seemed to be looking at Valerie through a screen. She made a dash across two lanes to the yellow line and stood between streams of traffic, shifting from one foot to the other, small and pale. When she finally crossed the other lanes and reached the bank, pulling on reeds as she clambered up, each of us extended a hand to help her climb.

Valerie continued on her own. Her knee socks were balled around her ankles and her sweater was buttoned wrong. She reached the top and brushed herself off and immediately started down the street.

"Were you at school all that time?" Chuckie asked. We began circling on our bikes.

"I had my music lesson." She walked with tiny shuffling steps to avoid our tires.

"Your lesson's on Tuesday," Lois said. "From four to five." We expected Valerie to cry. We needed her to: her tears would tell us who was right and who was not, they would reconfirm our places in the world.

"He isn't a boyfriend," I said, "or a friend. If it was me, I'd make him drive me to the door."

"It wouldn't be you," Valerie said, not angrily but as if stating a simple fact. We stood in the darkness of the trees for a little while.

"Mr. Zinn's married, you know," Lois said. "Jane sees him every Sunday in the choir."

In fact I hadn't said he was married; I only said he was old enough.

"She's seen them kiss," Chuckie said, making a smooching noise with his lips against his arm.

"That isn't true," Valerie said.

All three of them turned to me. I was the tallest and heaviest; I felt the stature of my flesh, the heft and decisiveness of my organs, busy at their work beneath the bones.

"She can prove it," Lois said. And I said I would.

MY PARENTS WERE SURPRISED I'D INVITED FRIENDS to confirmation, but I told them we were supposed to bring guests, so they didn't care. We picked Valerie up—she was wearing a sun-colored dress and a bright straw hat—and drove to Lois's, down the street. Lois sat on the stoop wearing a pair of jeans and roller skates instead of shoes. "I can't go," she said. "I have to help my mother clean the house."

"How are you going to help if you're wearing roller

skates?" I said. I leaned out the window and threatened to pull out her teeth with pliers if she wouldn't come.

Lois turned and skated down the walk, making an *rrrrrr-clack-clack* sound as she rolled away.

My parents dropped us off in front of the huge oak doors of the church. Walking in was a vision: you took a program from the usher and entered the floodlit stained-glass air of the center aisle. Valerie started for the doors, but I pulled her back.

"You can't go in that way if you're not a member."

She looked surprised. "I thought anyone could come."

"You can visit, but you have to use the entrance over here." I led her into the basement, down a narrow, dusty hall away from the church, to the choir's practice rooms and the vestry, where the sound of handbells and the scent of heavy robes dulled the click of our footsteps on the tiles. We walked up a flight of stairs to the treasurer's office, past the custodians and the gift shop on the left. Valerie pulled my arm. "The altar's down there."

I shook her off. She could barely follow me up the narrower steps to the tower; I let myself run, I let my clumsy legs unfold and carry me through the DO NOT ENTER door and down the dead-end passage above the sanctuary. Valerie had dirt on her dress; she was breathing hard. She nearly tripped around the final corner, slamming into me where I'd stopped at the secret place. Above our heads the massive stained-glass window bulged like the side of a balloon. It was five or six times our height, pressing outward toward the wall. The first time I saw it, I was shocked: the colored panes were lit not by sunlight but by a hundred ordinary bulbs. But most disturbing, the people in the window *faced* you. I had expected to see the backs of their heads, but their eyes, in brilliant topaz and aqua blue, met your gaze on either side.

I peered through a broken pane at the window's edge. The pews were filling up; the ushers collected their silver plates, and the organist cracked her knuckles on the rail. Mr. Zinn stood off in the corner, wearing a robe, not white like the minister's but black, with enormous flowing sleeves. His wingtips gleamed in the yellow light from the chandeliers.

Valerie still gazed above her head. The organ hummed a processional, sending vibrations through our shoes.

"Tell me," I said. "At your lesson. What do you do with Mr. Zinn?" It was time for me to line up with the rest of the class.

"He pulls the shades," Valerie said.

"But what do you do?"

The glare of the lights made the hallway warm. "Different things."

"Show me what they are."

Valerie squinted when she looked my way. I must have been haloed by the bulbs on every side. She reached up around my neck with her blue-veined arms and unbuttoned my dress. "Sometimes like this." She laid her palm, warm and sweaty, on my chest. The convocation began below.

"What else?" I said, and Valerie showed me where he touched. She was hiccuping, sending nervous bubbly echoes down the hall.

"You can't tell anyone," she whispered, her pointed chin against my chest.

Through the crack in the window I saw my class lining up in a pew.

"It's partly your fault, now that you've done it." She was warm against me, glowing like a coal. "You'll never tell."

I buttoned up as best I could.

Valerie helped me straighten my collar. "He isn't married, you know," she said, and I felt the tears welling up in my eyes. "I knew he wasn't all along." Her yellow dress held pieces of color from the window, and in its light she seemed to be broken into shards.

I turned the corner at a run, plugging my fingers in my ears so that I wouldn't hear.

I WALKED UP TO THE ALTAR DISHEVELED, OUT OF breath, from a direction opposite that of everyone else in the class. Mr. Zinn blinked his limpid, startled eyes when I took my place; the other kids nudged one another and whispered until he lifted his baton.

Through the whole first song I didn't sing. I knew that the world was constructed solely for humiliation, that nothing was fair, and that being right would never matter in the end. I still felt the press of Valerie's hands on my neck and chest.

Between the hymns we were supposed to count to ten. On eight Mr. Zinn looked up. He was listening, hand suspended in the air, baton tip pointing straight to God. We had our mouths half open, ready to sing, but the baton stayed fixed. Mr. Zinn tilted his head to the side. In the quiet that followed, we heard a noise barely audible, coming from just above our heads, or from the vents, or the organ pipes, or from the dome. It was a small, desperate sound, barely a whisper, but clear and distinct: *Don't tell.*

Mr. Zinn could have kept right on, but he was a man attuned to sound, and the voice that repeated *Don't tell* had a certain music, like a chant or a primal song. The organist took off her glasses; the minister scratched his head, revealing a bold striped shirt beneath his robe. People in the farthest aisles began to stir.

I thought I knew how the moment would end. I would be denied, they'd pass the cup above my head, the wafer would burn a hole through the flesh of my tongue. Valerie would be rescued, starved and tear-stained in her dress, and I would be left in the church alone, with the treasurer loading coins into blue felt bags and the janitor pushing his oblong broom between the rows. Mr. Zinn was pale. He was combing the window with his eyes, searching for Valerie, looking through the holy faces for her own.

I knew I had seconds before he found her, before the three of us were called on to explain the things we'd done.

I took a breath and began to sing. □

American education seems bound to have a significant impact on the People's Republic of China, which is sending the cream of its intelligentsia and the children of its leaders here to study in record numbers

TRAINING CHINA'S NEW ELITE

BY FRED STREBEIGH

AT THE NEW YORK TIMES, IN AN OAK-PANELED AND stained-glassed seminar room that seems to have been lifted from Princeton or Yale, thirteen scholars from the People's Republic of China are meeting with Geneva Overholser, an editorial writer for the *Times*. These scholars have been brought to the *Times* by an American organization called the National Committee on U.S.-China Relations, but they are not short-term visitors getting a fast taste of America. They have been living in the United States for at least six months, some for as long as four years, in towns like Somerville, Massachusetts; Columbia, Missouri; and Riverside, California. Most are on leave from professorships, editorships, or chairmanships at prominent Chinese institutions. These visitors are a tiny sample of the tens of thousands of China's future leaders who are living in this country today—and who are engaged, in complex and unprecedented ways, in what could be called the modern Chinese discovery of America.

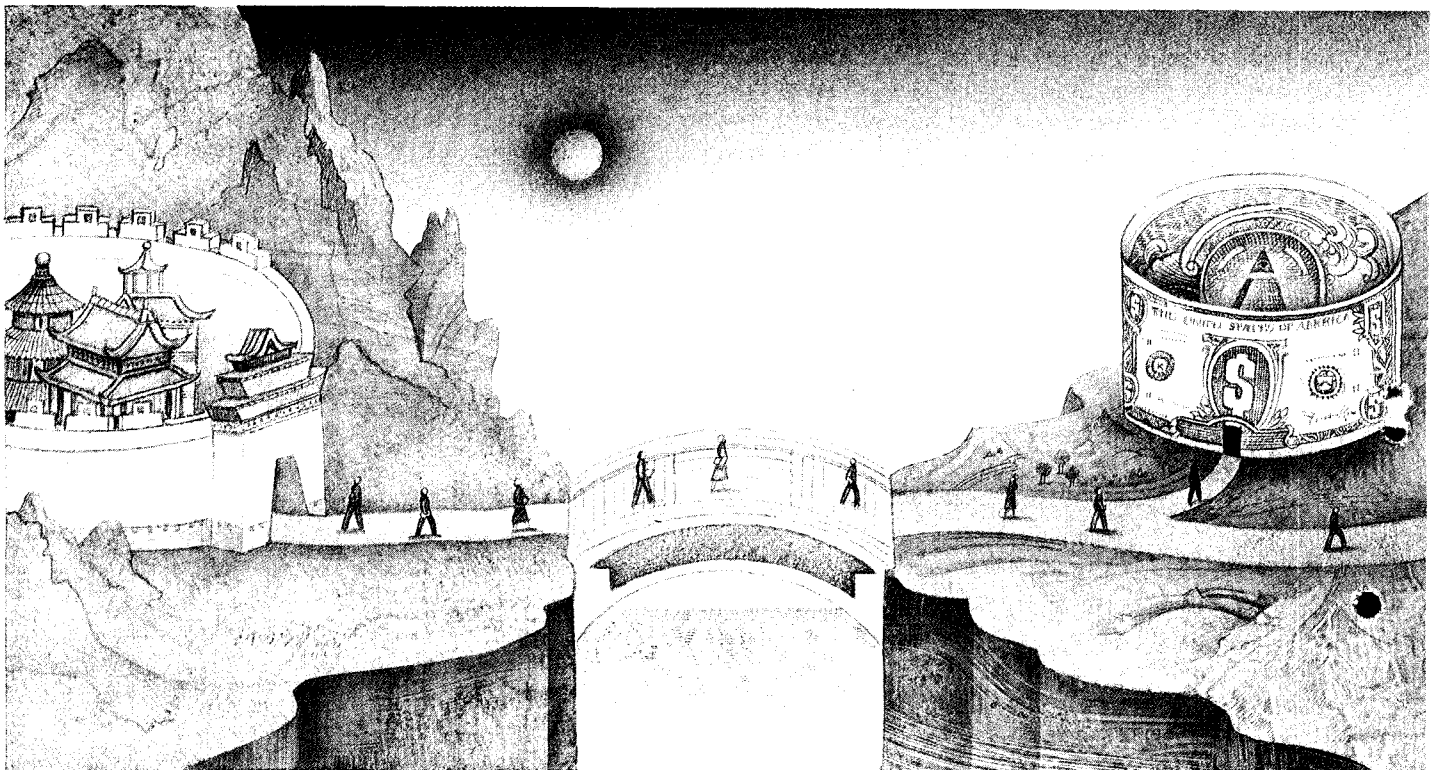
This morning Overholser (at the time of the visit a

member of the *Times* editorial board, and now the editor of *The Des Moines Register*) is describing how *Times* editorials get written. Like her colleagues, Overholser says, she has developed a few specialties; hers are arms control and Russia and China. She has been fielding rapid questions from her Chinese audience. One scholar asks her if she does any research. Oh, yes, Overholser responds, warming to a familiar question. She uses the fine *Times* library. She telephones overseas correspondents and American Sinologists. She requests clips of published *Times* articles.

Hearing this list of Overholser's resources, Yang Zidi, a pensive man in his late thirties, looks concerned. Do you, he asks her, read Xinhua publications?

Overholser's face shows surprise. Xinhua ("New China") is the official Chinese news agency, and Yang wants to know if Overholser reads the official story.

Yang's question is purposeful. He writes for Xinhua. He has spent most of his professional life explaining Chinese culture to overseas China-watchers. As he told me on another occasion, he has sensed during the past year, which



he has spent earning a master's degree in journalism from the University of Missouri at Columbia, that many Americans disregard the work he does as a Chinese journalist. And now Overholser has just told him that her job includes watching China and formulating perhaps the most influential of American editorial opinions about it. Does she, too, disregard Xinhua? Will his work in China fail to reach Overholser and *The New York Times*?

Yang's question presents Overholser with a problem. She does not know if the fine *Times* library even receives Xinhua publications. She does not hedge about whether she reads China's official press. "I should," she replies. She tells him that she has begun reading reports from Tass, the Soviet news agency, and that they help her understand Russia. She announces a decision: that very afternoon she will find out whether her library gets materials from Xinhua; if not, she'll ask that they be ordered. Yang sits back, having scored a few points for Chinese journalism.

A few moments later different points will be scored. Another scholar asks Overholser, When she writes editorials, to whom does she write?

Usually, to any well-read person, Overholser says—but not always. When, for example, the Senate must vote on an arms-control measure, Overholser will write the *Times* editorial on the subject. Hoping to influence American foreign policy, she will aim directly at Congress.

This comment brings a question from Zhu Shida. A man of playful and expansive intellect, who has spent the past year as a Fulbright scholar at Harvard studying John Dos Passos, Zhu teaches journalism in an elite graduate program at the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences.

Obviously fascinated by this editorialist, who regularly

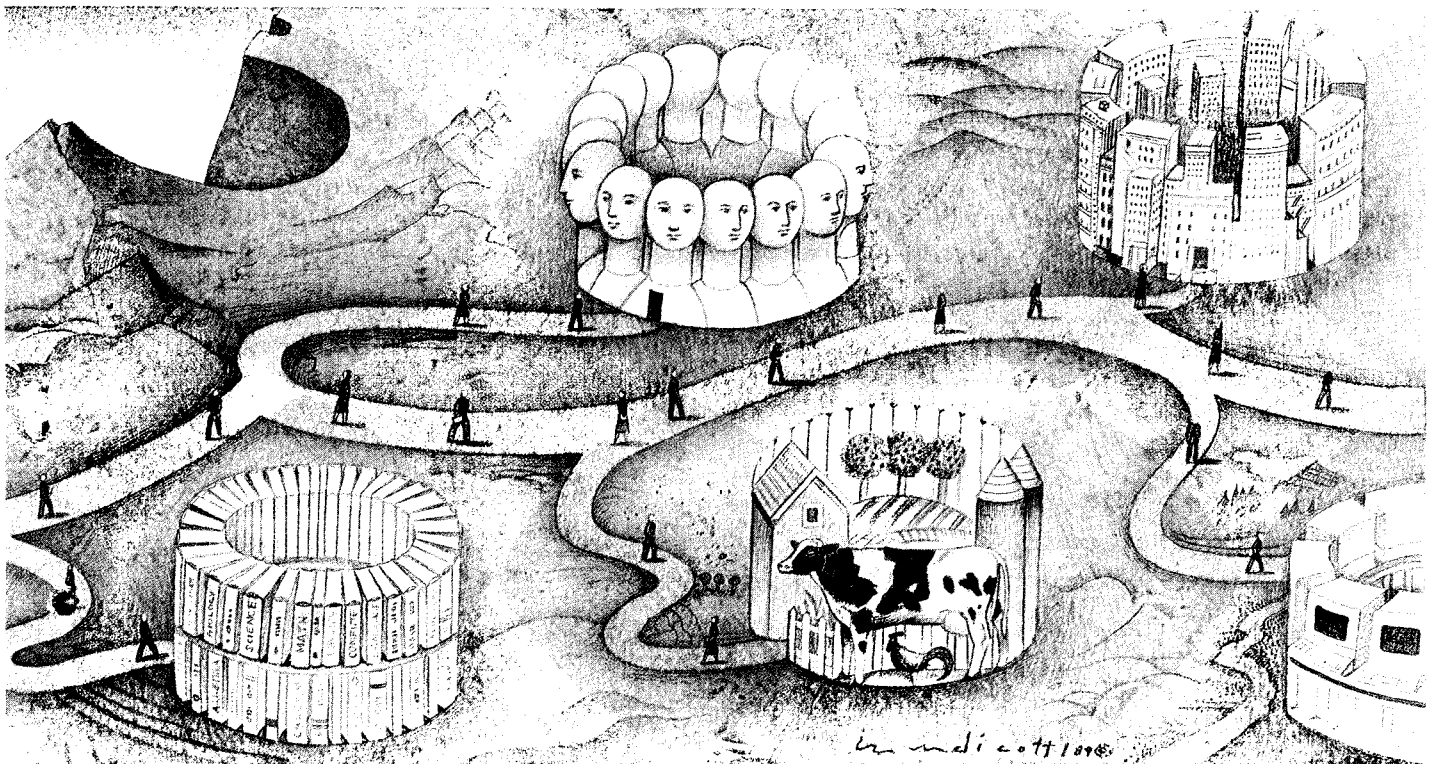
attempts to shape American diplomacy, Zhu stretches his lean frame across the table toward her. He asks, When *The New York Times* seeks to influence foreign policy, does Congress or the State Department impose guidelines?

Overholser misunderstands. Yes, she begins, you might say that an editorial writer tries to create "guidelines"—to direct the government toward proper policy. She begins to elaborate on the role of editorialist as guide. Someone in the audience gently cuts her off and restates Zhu's question. Overholser does a double take. "Guidelines from Congress or State?" she asks. "Well, they certainly wouldn't dare call them that." Overholser then proceeds, lest she seem naive about editorial freedom or Zhu feel embarrassed by his question, to talk about nongovernmental influences on editorial writing: possibly advertisers, perhaps social milieu, probably herd instinct.

As we walk away from the seminar room, Zhu Shida seems pleased to have heard the *Times* acknowledge the possibility that its editorials might, even in small ways, be affected by dubious influences. But he seems also to realize that his "guidelines" question departed so much from the reality of U.S. editorial-page procedure that Overholser could not even hear it.

Zero to Thirty Thousand

SINCE 1982, WHEN I FIRST SERVED AS AN ADVISER TO a Chinese scholar who was visiting at Yale University, where I teach, I have witnessed many similar scenes. They usually contain just such a cast of well-informed people, displaying good intentions and betraying mutual ignorance. They reveal the intensity with which two nations



separated through much of the last half of this century now struggle to understand each other.

For every scholar in that room at the *Times*, thousands are now scattered throughout the United States—living in hamlets and suburbs and slums, studying legal theory and laser physics and mass media, meditating on China and America and themselves.

These Chinese visitors range in age from their twenties to their sixties, and in status from undergraduate to full professor or fully accomplished professional. (The Chinese government in official documents tends to describe everyone whom it sends to the United States as a “student” and to make its most significant distinction between “officially sponsored” students, who receive some government or institutional funding and whom it attempts to control, and “self-sponsored” students, who pay their own way, usually with the help of friends or family abroad, and remain free of state control. American university administrators and individual Chinese visitors tend to distinguish between “students,” who enroll in degree programs, and “scholars,” who conduct research but do not enroll, a distinction I will observe.)

These visitors constitute the largest national group of foreign students and scholars now residing in the United States—they probably number more than 30,000. They also constitute the largest such group ever sent by a Communist nation to a Western one. In 1987–1988, the last year for which figures are available, the Soviet Union had fewer than a hundred students in the United States, and no other Communist nation had more than 1,900. The number of students and scholars from China who have studied in the United States in this decade—50,000—already exceeds the number who received training in the United States in the century prior to the creation of the People’s Republic of China, in 1949, and greatly exceeds those trained in the Soviet Union since 1949.

But historical comparisons alone miss the impact of this cultural exchange on Chinese life. China today has approximately 120,000 graduate students within its borders, whereas it has some 20,000 enrolled here. Moreover, through national exams and institutional selection, China directs official support for overseas study to the cream of its intelligentsia—to an extent unprecedented among other nations. The selection process brings to America not just the Chinese scholarly elite but also the power elite. Douglas Murray, until recently the president of the China Institute in America, says, “Every Chinese leader seems to have a son or daughter in the United States.”

These scholars and students, then, have importance beyond their numbers. For they likely represent a large segment of China’s next generation of intellectual leadership, and perhaps much of the economic and political leadership as well. Their absence at times has so disrupted training in China that, in the words of Wang Ruizhong, the second secretary for education at the Chinese embassy in Washington, Chinese professors have worried that leading universities might become mere “prep schools for study abroad.”

MOST AMERICANS WHO LEARN THAT TENS OF THOUSANDS of students from China are enrolled in this country seem astonished. They should be. None of the first American advocates for inviting Chinese students anticipated the current numbers of them. At the China Institute, Douglas Murray showed me an article he had published in 1976 in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*. It predicted that once China began to send students to the United States, “it would be overly optimistic to expect more than a few dozen per year.”

Three years later, just before the reopening of formal Sino-American diplomatic relations, China made a surprising announcement: it wanted to send at least 500 students and scholars to American universities, beginning immediately, and it wanted its students to be free, like entrepreneurs, to wheel and deal among dozens of American universities.

Many American schools, lured, perhaps, by the exotic or by missionary impulses or by the prospect of additional tuition, opened their arms to China. By 1983 about a hundred American colleges and universities had set up exchanges with China. These connected such institutions as Harvard University and the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences, Oberlin College and Shanxi Agricultural University, the Thunderbird Graduate School of International Business and the Beijing Institute of Foreign Trade.

The welcome continued warm when Chinese students, particularly in the sciences, proved exemplary. In a survey of university officials, 44 percent reported that the grades of Chinese graduate students were better than those of graduate students as a whole. The excellence of Chinese graduate students in physics, for example, has led American professors to rely on them as teaching and research assistants and American students to complain that they are distorting the grade curve. University departments such as physics, chemistry, computer science, and engineering now rely increasingly on Chinese talent, says Michael Holcomb, a graduate admissions officer at Rutgers University, which has approximately 350 Chinese students and scholars, and as a result “some programs have become hostages.”

Because Chinese scientists contribute so much, they find American universities willing to support them financially. Although at first the Chinese government paid more than half the cost of sending students and scholars to the United States, by 1985 American universities paid 57 percent and the Chinese government only 17 percent of the \$133 million spent for officially sponsored Chinese students and scholars in the United States, according to Leo A. Orleans, the author of a recent study titled *Chinese Students in America: Policies, Issues, and Numbers*, sponsored by the Committee on Scholarly Communication with the PRC.

If America’s reasons for welcoming Chinese scholars seem complex and mutable, China’s reasons for sending them seem straightforward and steady. At the national lev-

el officials proclaim that China needs well-trained intellectuals to assist its Four Modernizations (in agriculture, industry, science, and defense). At the institutional and individual levels students and scholars speak of enhancing their knowledge, technology, methods, and prestige.

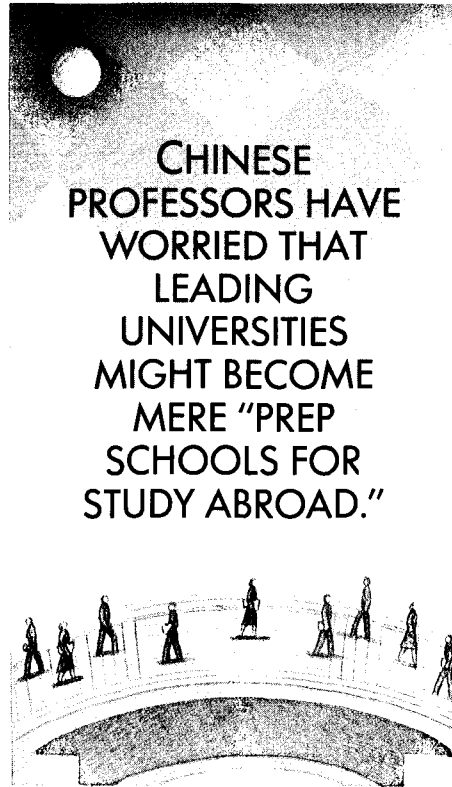
Though straightforward, these reasons fail to explain why the number of Chinese studying in the United States has surged from zero to 30,000 in only ten years. This human outpouring implicitly acknowledges the squandering of intellectual resources during the decade of the Cultural Revolution, which began in 1966. When I asked Jay Henderson, of the Institute of International Education, why China had turned so decisively to Western education, he said, "They didn't have much other choice, because their domestic education system had been destroyed."

Henderson, who directs the institute's offices in Southeast Asia, explained, "China is a poor country. It's a country that from 1849 to 1949 ate the leaves off the trees and the grass off the ground, and was addicted to opium, and was the victim of every imaginable sort of exploitation. In 1949 the Chinese finally stood up. Then, from 1966 to 1976, they suffered the Cultural Revolution, and went almost totally out of control."

A large body of Chinese narrative, called "scar literature," describes that manic decade. Families saw their books burned before their eyes by revolutionary Red Guards. Universities closed and teachers departed for remote regions to learn from peasants and workers about labor and hardship. Old people and young were tortured to death. Famous intellectuals committed suicide rather than endure public criticism for purported crimes. To these horror stories most Chinese scholars in America today add tales of the milder scarring they suffered—as teenagers pulled from school and turned into melon-pickers or railroad-builders, as young professionals pulled from careers and made translators or clerks.

Finally, in the mid-1970s, China reopened its universities and began its Four Modernizations—which demanded trained intellectuals and modern technicians. These demands the Chinese could not meet. "They were in a desperate situation," says Glenn Shive, the Institute of International Education's representative to China. China had lost the "internal capacity to reproduce the next generation of scholars," he says. The old ones were dying or retiring, and few remained to teach.

"They had to do something fast," Shive says. "They had to do something dramatic. And they did, by investing in this study-abroad venture."



Although China's dramatic venture surprised every American who had studied the interaction of Chinese intellectuals with the West, the pattern is not a new one. When a Chinese government first sent students abroad, in 1872, it sent them to the United States, to live with families in New England. Over the succeeding years Chinese students came in waves, flooding and receding. In all years prior to 1954 Chinese students earned more university degrees (13,797) from schools in the United States than from those in any other foreign country, and vastly more doctoral degrees (2,097). By 1964 three quarters of the board members and members of the departmental standing committees of the Chinese Academy of Sciences had Western training. On the basis of such evidence, Mary Bullock, the director of the Asia program at the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars, argues that "the PRC's decision to send thousands of students to the West represents continuity, not a radical departure, in modern China's cultural policy."

Whatever its long-term continuity, China's policy suffers from frequent short-term discontinuities, as the fate of China's initial experiment reveals. In the early 1880s, a decade after it began to send them, China called back its first students from the United States. The Chinese government feared that its investment might yield inadequate returns, in part because some young scholars might stay overseas or become too Westernized.

In 1988, once again ten years after scholars had begun to study in the United States, the same fears seemed to strike the Chinese government. In March *The New York Times* reported that China planned "a drastic reduction in the number of its students abroad, especially in the United States." The Chinese government, the *Times* continued, feared that "too many young scholars may stay overseas or become too Westernized."

The *Times* went on to estimate that China might cut the number of new students arriving in the United States to 600 a year, noting that 8,000 had come in 1985 alone. That report alarmed many Chinese students in the United States. More than a thousand signed an open letter to the Chinese government expressing concern over the proposed reduction in numbers and objecting to new regulations that limited the number of years that government-sponsored students may study in the United States (two years for a master's degree, five for a doctorate).

The *Times* estimate that only 600 students would arrive in 1988 now seems misleading. Although China's State Education Commission did send the United States only

600 of the 3,000 students that it sent worldwide, an array of Chinese universities and academies sent another 4,000 students, out of 5,000 worldwide. In addition, according to the Institute of International Education, 2,000 to 3,000 Chinese students who paid their own way and thus were free of government control came to the United States. The United States, then, saw at least 6,600 new Chinese students arrive for the academic year 1988–1989.

Sources of Misunderstanding

BECAUSE THE NUMBER OF CHINESE SCHOLARS IS SO large, neither the Chinese nor the U.S. government can easily monitor their activities, much less assess how they are responding to American life. As a result, most information about their experiences is unavoidably anecdotal. The Chinese scholars with whom I have talked most tend to share my interest in the humanities and social sciences, in fields such as law, history, sociology, anthropology, English literature, and American studies, but I have also talked with scholars in, for example, radio engineering, atomic physics, and the history of science. Most are in their thirties and forties, but some are as young as twenty-five or as old as sixty-one. Their stories cannot reflect every experience possible for a Chinese scholar in the United States, but they do offer an illustrative sample of Chinese encounters with America.

Most scholars come here with professional goals foremost in mind. When discussing those goals Chinese scholars speak continually about access to research facilities and materials—facilities for learning American medical practices or experimenting in polymer chemistry, materials for analyzing American diplomacy or studying management techniques.

Access to materials often begins in libraries, and Chinese encounters with great American libraries can be revealing. The first scholar I helped at Yale asked for access to the “English-department library.” Because he was studying American writing from the 1960s and 1970s and the English-department library contained only a few old books, I suggested that he try the *university* library. He resisted. I did not understand that valuable books at his university were kept in department libraries and made available primarily to faculty members, nor did I understand that some Chinese libraries give full access only to high-ranking officials. Finally he agreed to walk with me to Yale’s great Sterling Library, the cathedral-like repository for the main university collection. As we entered its long nave, his worst fears were realized.

He saw vaulted arches, stained-glass windows, but no books at all. Within the nave’s convoluted side chapels, students and teachers meandered—but not past bookshelves. They merely paused to make quick notes from cards in thousands of oak files. Turning to me, he insisted that the department library must hold more books.

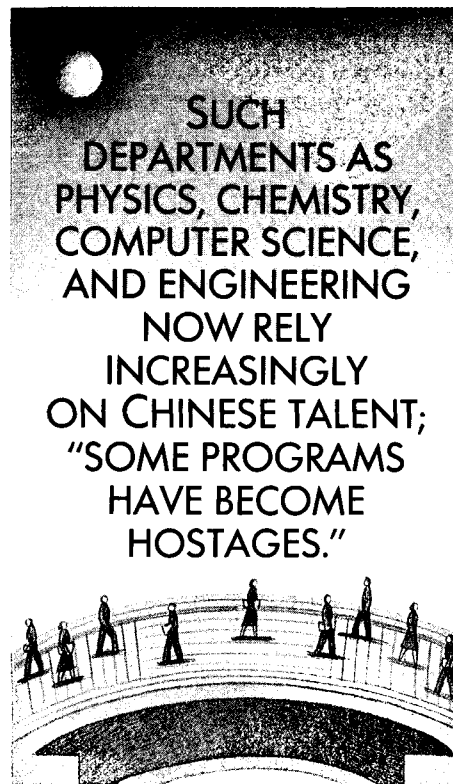
I explained that the file cards represented millions of volumes on floors above our heads. I got him a library card, found him a study carrel at a window on an upper floor, and left him surrounded by unlimited books. Seldom have I seen an adult so happy.

As well as collecting new materials from America, students and scholars are discovering new scholarly methods and directions for their study of Chinese culture. A graduate student at the University of Wisconsin is working with types of sociological surveys and psychological experiments that are unknown in China. A law student at Yale is doing a comparative study of freedom of speech—“a somewhat sensitive topic,” he supposes. At the Center for Advanced Study, at Stanford University, Fu Zhengyuan, a professor from the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences, recently began a study of the determinants of political behavior in Britain, the United States, China, and the Soviet Union, including determinants that orthodox Marxist analysis overlooks.

All three studies reveal a desire to go beyond traditional materials and methods. Fu Zhengyuan, for example, speaks critically of the limitations imposed by Marxist analysis. In China, he says, “*Marxist* analysis is almost a dirty word among intellectuals. To use it means that your mind is sterile. It means that your work is annotational, not at all empirically oriented—that it stems from some

hair-splitting scholastic analysis that has no basis in reality.” Chinese scholars here seem to share the American desire to do fresh scholarship, in which, as one visiting scholar at Columbia University put it, you “don’t have to eat what others have chewed.”

The scholars seem attracted not just to openness in materials and methods but also to the open life of many American academics. American academic productivity (driven in part by the publish-or-perish system) and the related mobility of faculty members among universities has reshaped the professional ambitions of Chinese scholars. Glenn Shive, of the Institute of International Education, says that scholars returning to China have become critics of university “deadwood”—“all those professors reading from their aged, yellowing pages of notes.” Returning scholars have also often become champions of mobility



in the educational system and thus challengers of the *fenpei* system, which allocates workers through central planning. Scholars visiting America, Shive says, "realize that mobility in this culture is integral to the way sciences have flourished in the West," and blame *fenpei* rigidity for one of China's deeply felt embarrassments: that no Chinese citizen has yet won a Nobel Prize for work done in China. "The whole personnel system in universities is unstable in China," Shive says, "partly as a result of their experience with the way American universities work. They're really impressed with the way we get our people to teach a lot, and publish a lot, and seek fame and fortune as scholars."

Inhospitable Americans

THE ENTHUSIASM SHOWN BY CHINESE SCHOLARS FOR American professional life rarely extends to the social experiences they have in America. Many of China's most influential visiting scholars feel themselves snubbed or ignored. Some Chinese scholars I interviewed told me that I was the first American who had taken the time to talk with them.

During my first conversation with Ye Xiaoxin, sixty-one years old and a leading law professor at Fudan, one of China's major universities, I suggested we meet again. He seemed startled. "I would like very much to speak with an American," he said. Over tea a few days later, Ye described his efforts to get to know Americans. At Columbia he had approached a number of students whom he had selected carefully: each, he knew, was studying both law and Chinese. He had asked if they might like to talk. The students mentioned exams or other commitments. Politely, all refused him.

Such experiences force scholars to seek interaction in strange places. One visitor at Yale sought conversations in public parks with vagrants, because they would take time to talk. Liu Zongren, who studied at Northwestern University, once pretended he wished to get information from a local high school principal—just to speak English. In his memoir *Two Years in the Melting Pot*, Liu reported that one can sometimes make small talk with Americans but one can rarely make friends. Deprived of human conversation, some Chinese visitors settle for television. In five months Liu logged 750 hours of TV.

These Chinese experiences evoke American complaints about ostracism in China. What foreigners in Beijing experience "is remote from the life of this city," wrote Fred C. Shapiro in *The New Yorker*, in December of 1987, adding that even the persistent foreigner who becomes a "friend of China" learns that "the friendship will always be a formal and highly circumspect one." Similarly, a writer in *Condé Nast's Traveler* describes the Chinese instinct as "isolationist" and advises that "even an informal visit to a Chinese home remains a sometimes unobtainable prize for a foreigner."

Contrary to unflattering depictions of their instincts, many Chinese in the United States—perhaps thrilled by expatriation or plagued by loneliness—seem hungry to

discuss not just America and China but also ideals and realities, lives and longings. They find, however, that few Americans will listen. One senior Chinese scholar caught the irony perfectly: "When I am at work in Beijing," the scholar said, "American visitors often wish to talk with me. Although I am very busy, I try to give them time. Now I am here and not so busy. No one wants to talk."

Better Read Than Fed

THE SOCIAL ISOLATION FELT BY CHINESE SCHOLARS derives in part from economics. The Chinese government provides the students and scholars whom it supports with stipends of \$4,800 to \$5,400 a year—\$400 to \$450 a month. This living allowance appalls American university administrators. Marvin Baron, the director of services for international students and scholars at the University of California at Berkeley, and a former president of the National Association for Foreign Student Affairs, has complained to the Chinese embassy in Washington, pointing out that his university estimates that graduate students need at least \$700 a month—\$250 more than China gives its full-fledged scholars.

Although Americans disparage these stipends as minuscule, to Chinese they seem enormous. One month's check for \$450 approaches a year's salary at home for most professors. Often the Chinese recipient of such wealth feels obligations like those of an American jackpot winner. He wants his family to benefit also, and the Chinese government accommodates his desire with special arrangements. In one version (details change often) the scholar pays the government \$1,500 in American currency. The government waives its import duty (normally 300 to 400 percent) on certain purchases, often referred to as the "eight great items." A lifetime's cache of luxuries then awaits the scholar on his return to China—camera, refrigerator, computer, washer, color television, microwave oven, or whatever. The scholar returns to his family as if he were a winner on *Let's Make a Deal*.

The scholar's once-in-a-lifetime chance to enrich family and self cuts into his small stipend. To survive, the scholar must live ingeniously. I know one scholar who, horrified by the high cost of American ginger, had a friend smuggle him a year's supply (he brought me a pungent bagful as a present, still moist with the red clay of his province).

Ingenuity, however, goes only so far. It will not buy books or bus fare or admission to cultural events. (The happiest recollections I hear from scholars often include the gift of a theater or intercity bus ticket). Nor will ingenuity allow scholars to escape their isolation. Chinese students who wish to share accommodations with Americans often cannot afford to, even in the crowded and run-down apartments surrounding major universities. Americans, they find, demand safer neighborhoods or more space than Chinese can afford. Thus many Chinese scholars crowd together, and some of them leave America speaking English little better than they did when they arrived. An adminis-

trator at the University of Iowa reports that returnees he has met in China all offer future students the same advice: Don't live with other Chinese.

Their ghettoization in urban neighborhoods give Chinese scholars not just a limited view but a tainted one. Some contend with slumlords and associated vermin. One scholar in New Haven told me, happily, that after he complained about the depletion of his apartment's food supply, his landlord gave him a mousetrap. The first night he used it, it caught seventeen mice.

The lives of scholars are also tainted by American crime. They speak frequently of wallets grabbed, bicycles stolen, friends attacked. A scholar in New Haven lent his apartment's communal bicycle to a neighborhood boy; the boy sold it. A scholar in Chicago, accosted by a young man demanding money, reached into his pocket to offer a few dollars; the man snatched the whole wallet.

Apart from the one major similarity—the difficulty of making friends in a culture that ignores foreigners—a Chinese scholar's social and economic perspective on America can be a near perfect reversal of the lofty vantage point from which most Americans see China. Chinese who are studying here live not in hotels but in ghettos, stay not days but months, encounter not the upbeat but the down-

cast, garner impressions that are not orchestrated but fragmented. This is a reversal of perspective that the Chinese government seems not to mind. Marvin Baron, of Berkeley, says that officials at the Chinese embassy in Washington told him "they don't want their people to become too indulgent and get more money than they actually need, because then it would become too difficult for them to readjust to life in China when they come back." As a result, while most American visitors to China gather images from an eagle's-eye view, Chinese scholars get what amounts to a worm's-eye view of America.

FOR CHINESE STUDYING IN THE UNITED STATES, AS for anyone anywhere, facts of professional, social, and economic life link ultimately to political concerns. These concerns surface frequently in conversation, but for me they were epitomized in the final seminar of a series moderated by Professor R. Randle Edwards at Columbia University's Center for Chinese Legal Studies. There the desire of Chinese scholars to understand how America works and thereby assess how China should or should not proceed politically became the dominant force.

For weeks Edwards and some American colleagues, along with five Chinese legal scholars, had discussed issues such as freedom of speech in China, China's growing private economy, and the applicability of Chinese law in capitalist Hong Kong—issues of shared concern, no doubt, but ones that interested the Americans primarily. For this final session the Chinese scholars had set their own agenda. They wished to talk only about how the American political system—the courts, the legal process, the selection of legislators, the making of foreign policy—was democratized, made "open to individuals."

For an hour the Chinese asked questions furiously. Edwards broke into a sweat as he dashed from seminar table to blackboard, scrawling "sunshine laws" and "urban affairs" and "conference committees." He cited Ralph Nader to explain interest groups and Pierre du Pont to explain the significance of campaign spending limits. No, he said, immigration law is not secret, and yes, Supreme Court decisions are public.

At the end of the seminar Edwards announced that he would like to celebrate with a banquet, a Chinese custom. One visitor countered that more talk was all they wanted. He said, "It's okay if we just eat bread."

When scholars discuss the political freedom they have encountered during their months or years in America, they speak most often about open exchange of information and ideas. Chinese students here freely create professional associations—the Chinese Young Economists, the Chinese Business Association, the Association of Life Sciences for Chinese Students and Scholars in the United States—some of which foster informal political discussion as readily as they sponsor technical seminars. They publish journals of opinion. They sign open letters questioning Chinese government policies. They spend many hours in

THE LAST NIGHT IN MITHYMNA

Wind heaving in the trees.
My room quiet and warm.
Me on a thin mattress
looking at the full moon.
The sky black around her face.
The trees a different black
beneath. Content at last
with this world that matches
my life inside and out.
Heave and renewed heave
inside and out,
and the gentleness.
Lying alone in a cotton slip
at ten of the night in July
and a bare bulb hanging down
turned on. My bare feet
warm where they cross
at the ankle.
The cloth over the broken window
swells and goes flat
and swells again.

—Linda Gregg

library periodical rooms. They maintain a nationwide computer bulletin board, full of political debate, on the American interuniversity network called BITNET.

Easy access to information may be the single most radicalizing influence. A young graduate of Fudan University, Zhao Xinshu, recently conducted a survey of 112 Chinese students at the University of Wisconsin, where he is now a doctoral candidate in social and psychological research. He wished to discover what factors incline visiting students toward dissidence.

Zhao discovered that some presumed radicalizers—including many years of living in the United States or many hours of reading dissident publications—in fact have little effect. He found only two factors that seem to correlate with student opposition to official Chinese government ideology: youthfulness, and many hours spent reading *The New York Times*. The *Times* has influence, Zhao speculates, because students believe what it prints. Students who spend more than five hours a week with the *Times* prove particularly dissident.

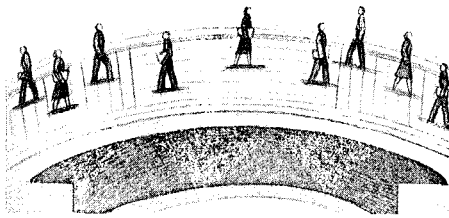
Fears of a Chinese Brain Drain

CHINESE SCHOLARS IMMERSED IN THESE SEVERAL aspects of American life—professional, social, economic, and political—often show signs of resistance to returning home. Some students and scholars say they are attracted to American ways. One will speak of testing his skills in a society that values competition; another, more concretely, will compare his summer job as a New York lawyer at \$1,300 a week with his permanent job as a Beijing lawyer at \$10 a week. Some express criticism of Chinese political policy. One will endorse a letter challenging government directives; another will complain that China could never adopt a Freedom of Information Act. These and other signs suggest to some China-watchers that large numbers of Chinese students and scholars will not return home. Might China's ambitious experiment end in an enormous brain drain?

No one worries about this more than the Chinese government. Its State Education Commission, which reported that by 1987 slightly more than a quarter of the students and scholars it had sent to the United States had returned, has asked Americans to help enforce the new strict limits on duration of study abroad. It pressed the United States Information Agency, for example, to help ensure that Chinese students return to their homeland.

With questions of brain drain and non-return in mind, I

WHATEVER THE
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AS "WHOLESALE
WESTERNIZATION."



sought out Hu Ping, a Chinese student who has become a symbol of political dissidence and an applicant for political asylum. Early in 1987 Hu enrolled as a doctoral candidate in political theory at Harvard, where he began a book on Chinese democracy. A year later he left Harvard to assume the editorship of the Chinese-language newspaper *China Spring*—itself a symbol of dissidence, and, according to a 1987 judgment by a Shanghai court, a “counterrevolutionary” publication. In the PRC one of *China Spring*'s American-educated staff members had been sentenced to a two-year prison term when, during a visit home, he wrote posters encouraging student protest. Early last year, after Hu moved to *China Spring*, the Chinese government invalidated his passport. Students began to joke that the government had helped Hu in his application for American political asylum—which no Chinese student had

yet received, but which the United States grants to “refugees” who demonstrate a “well-founded fear of persecution” if they return home. (Last August the United States made its first three grants of asylum to Chinese students or scholars—to three couples who had had second children in America and thus might, in the judgment of Edwin Meese, then the Attorney General, be subject to persecution for violating China's one-child limit.)

I found Hu in the railroad-car apartment in Queens, near the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, that serves as the office for *China Spring*. Hu talked about his intellectual development as a student, reading Plato, Locke, and Hume at Beijing University. We discussed his essay “On Freedom of Speech”—notorious in China—which artfully quotes Milton, Hegel, and Mao, among others, to argue that the Chinese people deserve the freedom to “think, say, and write whatever they wish.”

In answer to the charge that *China Spring* is counterrevolutionary, Hu insisted that it seeks not to oppose but to “correct” the Chinese Constitution. “We don't agree with the four basic principles,” he continued, striking a moderate tone but making a radical argument. Those principles are the key Marxist elements of the Constitution's preamble: socialism, the dictatorship of the proletariat, the leadership role of the Chinese Communist Party, and Marxist-Leninist-Mao Zedong Thought. “We feel,” he said, “that you have no right to force every citizen to be beneath Marxist-Leninist-Mao Zedong Thought—not in a government constitution. You can write it in a party constitution.”

As Hu spoke, his colleagues hauled down the corridor mailbags containing the latest issue of *China Spring*, which

happened to carry the letter from students imploring the Chinese government not to limit their stays in the United States. I asked Hu if he thought most students and scholars would return to China. He believed that most would, he said, though in the "short term" he personally might find return difficult. "Some [American] professor said to me, 'You are one of the most wanting-to-return-to-China-people.'" That's true, Hu told me: "Our cause is in China, not here."

Hu's words typify what I hear from Chinese students and scholars. Cong Dachang, an anthropologist at Yale whose family was one of the three that received political asylum last summer, told me that he finds it "hard to imagine growing old" in America. Liu Binyan, a controversial journalist whom China recently expelled from its Communist Party but who has been allowed to spend 1988–1989 as a Nieman fellow at Harvard, reportedly shrugs off questions about whether he will return. He says he would be useless anywhere but China.

MANY KNOWLEDGEABLE AMERICANS CONSIDER fears of a Chinese brain drain to be overblown. "Initially," says Marvin Baron, of Berkeley, "I expected a percentage to stay that would be nearly comparable to that from Taiwan"—a country that in most years during the past decade has had even more people studying in the United States than China has had, and that has suffered a non-return rate often estimated to be higher than 60 percent. "I very quickly realized," Baron says, "that that wouldn't be the case. The truth is, I still know of relatively few Chinese, five percent or so, who have tried to stay."

That most Chinese have been returning is confirmed in figures recently compiled by Leo A. Orleans, the author of *Chinese Students in America*. U.S. visa data for 1979 to 1987 show that 34,000 Chinese students and scholars came here with J-1 visas—the visa category that roughly corresponds to what the Chinese government calls officially sponsored students. Of those students 12,500 have already returned to China. Another 21,000, most of whom have arrived too recently to finish degree programs, remain enrolled in American universities. Only 500 have changed their visa status—typically by marrying an American or getting an American employer to list them as essential personnel—to remain in the United States.

A different pattern is suggested by the statistics that Orleans compiled on students who came with F-1 visas—primarily "self-sponsored" students whose return China encourages but cannot control. Orleans estimates that 7,000 of these students have returned, 7,000 remain enrolled, and 8,000 have changed their visa status. This ratio represents a brain drain comparable to that suffered by other developing nations. For China it seems to represent a modest embarrassment but no great loss.

For those students abroad who do return, China has

great expectations. "When you have finished your study and come home," it reassured scholars and students here a few years ago, "you should be a fresh crack force for China's cause of socialist modernization and pillars of the state by the first year of the 21st century."

But these pillars, some Chinese suggest, may not support the existing state—at least not without continued political reform. And as history shows, returning students have in the past shaken the Chinese state. Both the overthrow of China's last emperor and the arrival of Marxism in China drew strength from students educated overseas.

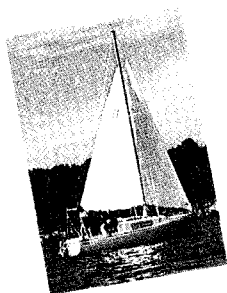
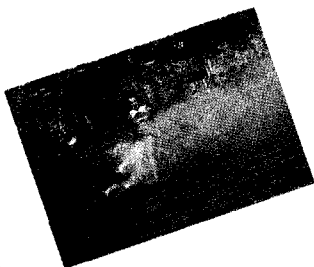
The ultimate impact of today's students and scholars remains open to question. Some analysts, including Glenn Shive, of the Institute of International Education, argue that an entire generation of leaders, many of them Soviet-trained, must retire before these American-trained students can come to power. "But eventually," Shive says, "they will get together, and they will move like a generation through the universities, legal system, and government." As they do, Shive predicts, "they are going to offend their colleagues. But they're going to persist, and eventually prevail. I think they're going to inherit the earth over there."

But just as history shows that foreign-trained students have helped transform China, it also shows that predictions about their effect have been exaggerated. In 1921, for example, *The Daily Mail* of London prophesied that the number of Chinese studying in America would lead to undue American—non-British, that is—influence on China's future. "Educated under the American system, constantly reminded of the happy associations of their school days through the influential alumni organization, aware that they owe their scholarships to American justice, and saturated with American sentiment by five to eight years' residence in the country," the *Mail* wrote, those students from Beijing would "look to the United States solely for cooperation in the troublous years to come." Not so, as it happened.

And not likely today. Chinese students and scholars seem as unsaturated with American sentiment as they seem unsatisfied in what could be called their lovers' quarrel with China. Whatever they eventually inherit in China—perhaps the earth, perhaps only the wind—the legacy of their American years will not be what the Chinese government derides as "wholesale Westernization." It will be selective, cautious—in effect, retail Westernization.

Chinese students and scholars in America today speak in ways that recall Yen Fu, one of the first Chinese students sent to Britain, in 1876. Yen admired the West for its liberty and wealth and democracy. But ultimately he found the West inadequate, for he felt that it had made little progress toward the "three criteria of an ideal society—material sufficiency enjoyed by all, moral excellence attained by many, and crimes committed by none." Indeed, he suggested, "the West is heading toward the opposite direction." □

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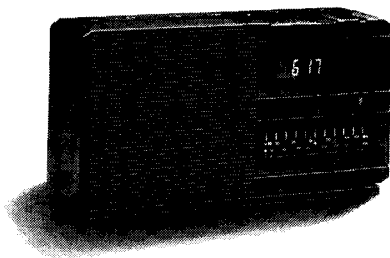
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Some of the listings reflect preliminary information, so do confirm dates and programs before making final plans. Also, for many of the events tickets or hotel accommodations or both are expected to sell out early, so do plan ahead.

The short excerpts that appear throughout the Summer Travel Planner are taken from current books. They are reprinted with permission.

Barbara Wallraff

The Atlantic SUMMER TRAVEL PLANNER

TRAVEL MANAGERS: Terry McCaffrey,
Matthew Barba

WRITER & EDITOR: Barbara Wallraff

ART DIRECTOR: Cristina Botta

EDITORIAL RESEARCH: Allen Beard,
Karen Wesolowski

PRODUCTION: Jan Morris, Carolyn Hull,
Joseph O'Connell

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599 Lexington Avenue
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For information about or additional copies of the Winter Travel Planner, telephone Terry McCaffrey or Matthew Barba at (212) 326-5350.

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COVER: Illustration by Mary Lynn Blasutta.



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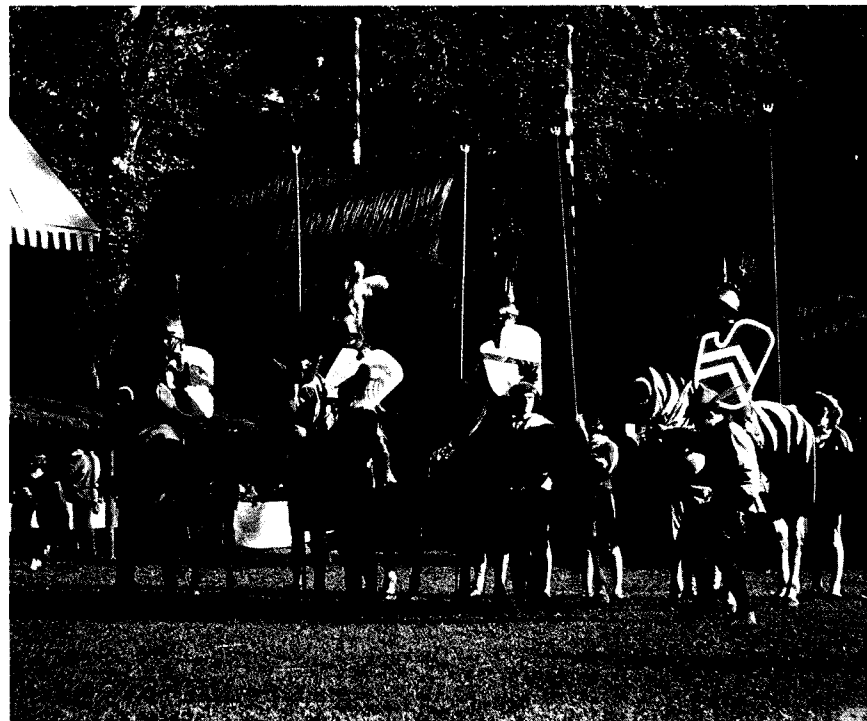


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EUROPE



At the Landshut Royal Wedding, West Germany

AUSTRIA

MAY 11-JUNE 18, VIENNA FESTIVAL.

The festival will open with a tribute to the French Revolution, on the Rathausplatz. The operas will include new productions of Johann Strauss's *Night in Venice* and Richard Strauss's *Elektra*. Among the guests will be the Piccolo Teatro di Milano, the Maxim Gorki Theater, of Berlin, the Dusseldorf Opera, and the Opera Seca, of Sao Paulo. Also, two major festival exhibits (one of art and documentary material, and the other of contemporary art) will honor Sigmund Freud on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of his death.

JULY 21-AUGUST 21, BREGENZ FESTIVAL. This year it will be Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* performed on the floating stage on Lake Constance.

JULY 27-AUGUST 31, SALZBURG FESTIVAL. Among the seven operas will be a new production of Verdi's *Ballo in maschera*. Also, performances by the Martha Graham Dance Company and concerts by the Vienna and Berlin philharmonics, among other groups.

For information: Austrian National Tourist Office, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10110. (212) 944-6880.

BELGIUM

APRIL-OCTOBER, FESTIVAL OF

FLANDERS, Brussels, Leuven, Antwerp, Mechelen, and Ghent. The summer portion of the festival will center on an international harpsichord and fortepiano competition. In the fall a stately parade of orchestras will be passing through: Stockholm, Cleveland, Vienna, Munich, Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, Moscow, and the London Symphony among others. The New York City Ballet, the Bejart Ballet Lausanne, the Mark Morris Dance Group, and numerous chamber groups and jazz ensembles will perform as well.

For information: Belgian Tourist Office, 745 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10151. (212) 758-8130.

BULGARIA

MAY 20-28, BIENNIAL OF HUMOR AND

SATIRE, Gabrovo. Painting, sculpture, graphics, photography, and films giving substance to the festival's motto: "The world has survived because it laughed."

For information: Balkan Holidays USA, 161 E. 86th St., New York, NY 10028. (212) 722-1110.

DENMARK

JULY 4, REBILDFEST, Aalborg. The largest American Independence Day celebration held outside the U.S. Early in this century the Danish-American Dr. Max Henius, of Chicago, bought 200 acres in Jutland and presented them to King Christian X for use as Rebild National Park—on the condition that the American Independence Day be celebrated there every year. King Christian agreed, and the Danes have since complied enthusiastically. The celebrations are similar to Independence Day events in the U.S. except that the Danish as well as the American national anthem is played.

JULY 7-16, COPENHAGEN JAZZ FESTIVAL. Pretty big and lots of fun. Danish and foreign musicians hold forth in the streets, squares, clubs, and halls of this lovely and jazz-loving city.

JULY 22-AUGUST 6, WORLD MASTERS GAMES, Herning, Aalborg, and Aarhus.

Competitions in 37 sports—everything from billiards and skittles to hang-gliding and weight-lifting—for those over the age normal to unrestricted competitions. The minimum age here ranges from 25 for swimming to 55 for golf. Participants in most sports will be grouped by age and sex (nonagenarian women swimmers, for example, need compete only with other nonagenarian, and centenarian, women). Also, 13 sports for the disabled. Registrations in most sports will be accepted until just before the games.

For information: Danish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333; or Scandinavian Airlines System Tour Events desk, (800) 221-2350.

FINLAND

JUNE 10-16, FINLANDIA CANOE RELAY, Lappeenranta to Pori. A 650-km canoeing marathon, in stages. A more arduous (the route passes through 136 classified rapids) but otherwise similar event is the 535-km Arctic Canoe Race, from Kilpisjärvi to Tornio, July 30-August 5. Registrations for the Finlandia will be accepted until May 15; for the Arctic until July 3.

JULY 1-30, SAVONLINNA OPERA FESTIVAL.

Performances, including the premiere of Paavo Heininen's *Knife*, in the courtyard of the medieval castle of Olavinlinna. The guest company will be the Royal Opera House Stockholm, performing Gunnar Beffrumer's *Singoalla* and Puccini's *Tosca*.

For information: Finnish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

HOW MUCH OF EUROPE ARE YOU MISSING BY NOT TAKING THE TRAIN?



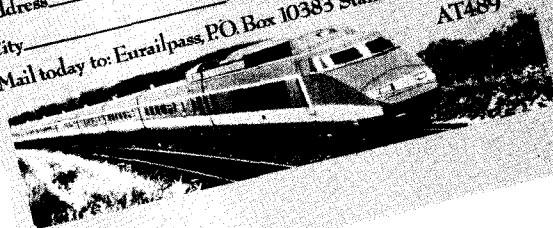
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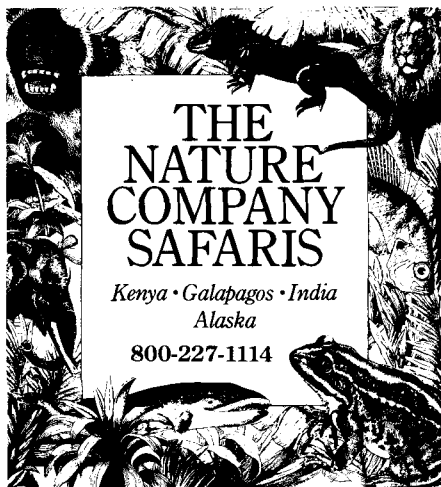
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FRANCE

THROUGH APRIL 30, "VAN GOGH AND ARLES" EXHIBIT, Arles. This exhibit, assembled for the centennial of Vincent Van Gogh's stay in Provence (of which 1889 was the midpoint), includes 40 paintings and 30 drawings, gathered from collections around the world.

THROUGH DECEMBER, BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, throughout France.

May 2–July 29, "Dance in Revolution," Paris. The Bejart Ballet Lausanne, the Paris Opera Ballet, the Ballet Antonio Gades, the Alvin Ailey Dance Theater, and the Ballet Moisseiev will perform at the Grand Palais (which has been transformed to accommodate dance performances).

May 4, Re-enactment of the States-General Opening Parade, Versailles. About 1,500 costumed delegates from every part of France will descend on Versailles for a parade along the lines of the procession of delegates on this day in 1789, when they convened. The parade will be followed by a historical pageant and fireworks.

June 17–18, Paris-Eiffel. In honor of the centennial of the Eiffel Tower, shows incorporating live performers and a variety of special effects will be presented between Chailot and the Champ-de-Mars. Also, the Eiffel Tower's centennial lighting will be inaugurated.

July 8, American Homage to the Bicentennial, Paris. We're sending a marching band from every state, to give a parade. In the evening an orchestra of young American musicians will give a concert, to the accompaniment of fireworks and sound-and-light effects.

July 9–16, "The Wings of Liberty," Rouen. An international flotilla of tall ships will sail into port, and while the ships are moored there, at a three-mile-long pier, the harbor area will be bustling with festivity.

July 13, Inauguration of the Bastille Opera, Paris. A gala concert will be held in the new opera house in the evening, and a dawn-to-dusk orchestral concert and ball will be given outside, on the Place de la Bastille. (Current plans call for the curtain to go up on the first opera production in the Bastille next January.)

July 14, Bastille Day, Paris. The traditional military parade will take place in the morning, and a huge musical parade, involving bands, dancers, and singers from five continents, will take place in the evening.

July 15, Bastille Day Fireworks, Paris.

July 15–30, International Opera Festival, Versailles. Performances of Verdi's *Traviata* and Giordano's *Andre Chenier* will alternate, in Le Notre's renowned gardens. Tickets are available from Voyages Olympia, 41 rue Godot de Mauroy, 75009 Paris; (1) 47-42-26-46.

July 26–August 6, "Fraternity 89," Gouin.

This is planned to be the world's largest hot-air-balloon meeting, with exactly 789 balloons, from five continents, in attendance. The site is near Metz, in Lorraine.

August 25, "Colors of Liberty," Paris. A parade down the Champs-Elysees by representatives of fifteen of the world's great carnivals, from Brazil, China, the Ivory Coast, India, Japan . . .

August 26, Tower and Rope, Paris. The renowned tightrope walker Philippe Petit will make his way from the Trocadero to the second floor of the Eiffel Tower, bearing a copy of the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen—whose anniversary is on this day—to Mayor Jacques Chirac. Also to commemorate the declaration, a concert will be given in the evening at the new, square Arche de la Defense.

September 15–24, Commemoration of the Battle of Valmy. At the Battle of Valmy, which was fought 197 years ago, in the Argonne, the Army of the Republic won its first major victory. A multi-media spectacle along the lines of a re-enactment will be presented.

The crowning glory of a great national celebration was, as it still is, a giant firework display. . . . At Versailles, where the glittering court of Louis XIV, in its setting of unparalleled splendour, represented the best of everything, nothing was done by half measures. Louis often arranged many of the details of a display himself. With glee he would watch the fireworks as they whizzed, sputtered and burst into cascades of light while [he was] comfortably seated at a window in an upstairs suite in the palace. The window overlooked the vast pond or lake, on which—for his and his court's amusement—he would arrange mock battles, having transported large naval vessels untold distances to engage in heated exchanges of sham gunfire. The entire court—save for the valiants battling it out on the lake—would watch, gasp and applaud enthusiastically whenever the king did.

—from *Princely Feasts and Festivals: Five Centuries of Pageantry and Spectacle* by Bryan Holme. Thames and Hudson, \$29.95.

MAY 29–JUNE 11, FRENCH OPEN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, Paris. At Stade Roland Garros, 128 men and 128 women will compete in a Grand Slam tournament.

JULY 1–23, TOUR DE FRANCE, Luxembourg to Paris. The renowned bicycle race will proceed—along an artfully inefficient route through Belgium and then via Rennes, Bordeaux, Marseille, and Aix-les-Bains, among other way stations—to the Champs-Elysees, as ever.



For information: French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-1125.

■ EAST GERMANY

MAY 4-7, DIXIELAND FESTIVAL, Dresden. The roster of bands is international.

SEPTEMBER 30-OCTOBER 22, 40TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS OF THE FOUNDING OF THE GERMAN DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC, throughout East Germany. The international Berlin Festival of Theater and Music always figures importantly in the anniversary celebrations; it should be especially grand in this jubilee year. The anniversary itself is October 7.

For information: Embassy of the German Democratic Republic, 1717 Massachusetts Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20036. (202) 232-3134.

■ WEST GERMANY

THROUGH DECEMBER, PORT OF HAMBURG JUBILEE YEAR. The excuse for this celebration seems pretty flimsy: on May 7, 1189, the Holy Roman Emperor exempted Hamburg from paying customs duties on goods it shipped on the River Elbe, and thus paved the way, as it were, for Hamburg to become a major port city. Nonetheless, Hamburg is doing itself proud. Plans call for a summerful of surprises and marvels: the Alster Sound Project, June 23-July 2, in which a "musical carpet" will be laid across the Alster River; the Hamburg Sports Festival, June 30-July 2; "Children as Pavement Artists," July 2, creating the world's longest pavement picture; and the Hummel Fun-fair, July 28-August 27. Some of the most ambitious events scheduled are as follows:

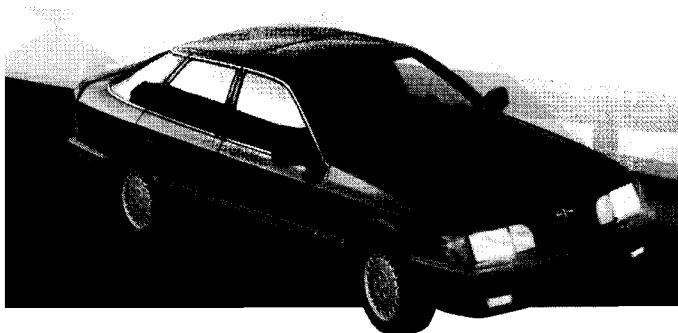
April 30-May 1, *Dragon Boat Festival*. The Fishing Harbor Festival and a canoe regatta will be held on April 30 as well.

May 3-5, *Grand Opening of the Jubilee Festivities*. Down by the riverside.

June 3-25, *Ballet Festival*, featuring *Magnificat*, a new work by John Neumeier for his Hamburg Ballet.

June 16-July 2, "Theater of the World" Festival. The festival will focus on new forms and content in works from South America, China, and the USSR.

July 13-23, "Sail Hamburg." A tall-ships gathering. Participants in the Cutty Sark Tall Ships Races (which will start in London July 5, and continue in Malmo, Sweden, and then Travemunde and Lubeck, West Germany, after the Hamburg portion of the series) are scheduled to arrive on the 13th and depart on the 16th. Many still-taller ships that will be helping to celebrate the French Bicentennial as well are to arrive from Rouen on the 19th and depart on the



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Europe

23rd. The departure parades ought to be especially impressive.

THROUGH DECEMBER, 2,000TH ANNIVERSARY OF BONN. The city received its charter two millennia ago.

April 30, "A Day in Berlin." Bonn will open its summer season with 24 hours of performances by artists imported from Berlin—a gesture remarkable for both its humility and its thoughtfulness. These will be presented in Beethoven Hall, in the marketplace, and on the banks of the Rhine.

May 6, "The Rhine Aflame." The Chinese embassy will help organize this program of Chinese fireworks.

May 11-16, German Wine Week. Exhibitions from West Germany's 11 wine-growing regions.

May 23-24, Celebration of the Constitution. For the 40th anniversary of the Basic Law of the Federal Republic, the country's 11 states will send delegations of performing artists to the capital.

June 17-18, Music and Theater at the Elector's Court of Cologne. A celebration of Baroque music, capped by baroque fireworks.

September 10–October 1, Beethoven Festival. In this annual event, Beethoven's works are presented in juxtaposition with those of a contemporary composer—this year Leonard Bernstein.

JUNE 24–JULY 16, LANDSHUT ROYAL WEDDING. Every four years some 2,000 residents of this lovely, ancient town northeast of Munich dust off their medieval costumes and re-enact the splendid wedding of Duke George and Princess Hedwig, which took place here in 1475. Mock weddings are held every Sunday afternoon; in between times there are medieval games, entertainments, and assemblies.

JULY 6-31, MUNICH OPERA FESTIVAL. Among the 12 operas will be a new production of Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*.

For information: German National Tourist Office, 747 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 308-3300.

IRELAND

JUNE 6–SEPTEMBER 13, ATHENS FESTIVAL. The Kirov Opera, the Orchestre de Paris, the Philharmonia Orchestra of London, the Hamburg Ballet, and the Royal Danish Ballet will be among this year's guests. The festival performances of ancient dramas by the National Theater of Greece and the State Theater of Northern Greece, in the ancient Herod Atticus amphitheater, are perennially popular.

JULY 7–AUGUST 26, EPIDAUROS FESTIVAL. The National Theater of Greece

and the Northern Greece State and Art Theater present ancient Greek comedies and tragedies on Friday and Saturday evenings in the Epidauros amphitheater.

Nothing like the theatre at Epidauros remains in Greece. It is as if the perfection of its design and construction and its placement in the landscape have effectively shielded it from the ravages of men and time. . . .

This great structure is not the theatre of Sophocles and Euripides, although their works played here in the fourth century B.C. as they do today in revivals. This theatre does not so much evoke memories of great drama as it does visions of great design. Nowhere is the power of sacred geometry made so accessible.

—from The Traveler's Key to Ancient Greece by Richard G. Gellard. Knopf, \$18.95.

For information: Greek National Tourist Organization, 645 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 421-5777.

IRELAND

THROUGH DECEMBER, DUNDALK HERITAGE YEAR. The first charter incorporating Dundalk, on the northeast coast in County Louth, was granted in 1189—and as if that weren't historic enough, the first known king of the local Connaille Muirtheimne clan ascended to his throne in 789. The resulting double jubilee will climax on June 28 with a citywide party, but celebratory events, such as the 25th annual Maytime Festival, May 26–June 4; a Steam Train Spectacular, on June 3; and a Vintage Car Rally, September 15-17, will be held all year long.

THROUGH DECEMBER, 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF W. B. YEATS. Sligo City. Yeats spent influential periods of his boyhood in County Sligo, and he is buried here, at Drumcliff. This summer the Abbey Theatre company will visit, to perform two of Yeats's plays. There will be, as well, an exhibition of work by the artist Jack Yeats, the poet's brother, and his contemporaries; poetry readings and lectures; and what a local newspaper is charming enough to call "pub-type entertainment, with a Yeats theme."

MAY 26-29, FLEADH NUA, Ennis. This town in County Clare, northwest of Limerick and north of the River Shannon, hosts a traditional music fair, giving visitors an opportunity to hear ancient airs, songs, and melodies that have been passed down from generation to generation.

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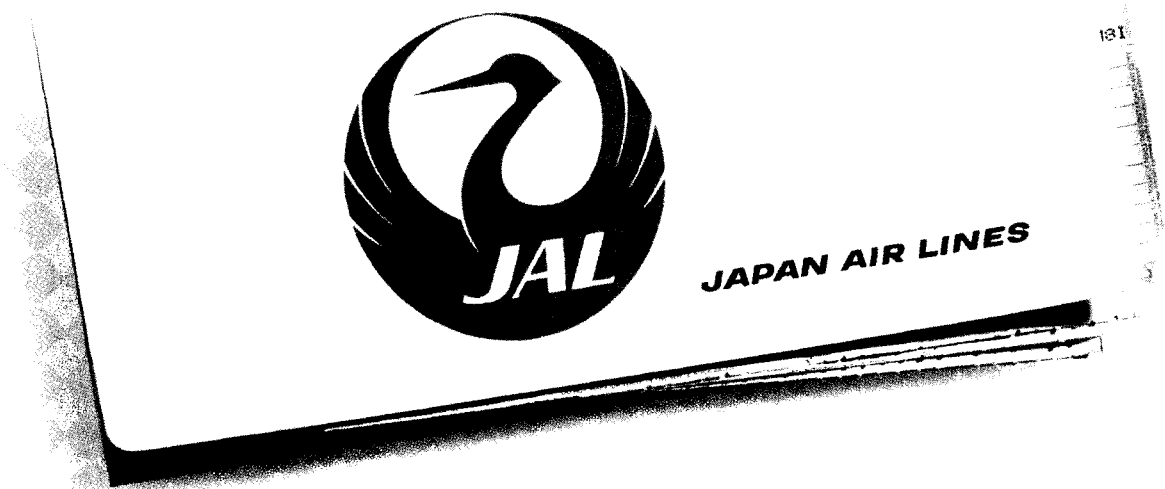
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Europe

Very like a drawing by Phiz, 'I said to myself, bowing, for Yeats and the clerk were bowing apologies for our intrusion to twenty or more shabby genteel scholars who sat reading ancient books under immemorial spider webs. At the end of the library there was another staircase, and we ascended, leaving footprints in the dust. We went along a passage, which opened upon a gallery overlooking a theatre, one that I had no difficulty in recognizing as part of the work done in Dublin by the architects that were brought over in the eighteenth century from Italy.

We moved out of the [future Abbey Theatre], Yeats still talking to the clerk about the price of the building, telling him that the proprietor must never know from whom the offer came; for if he were to hear that there was a project on foot for the establishment of an Irish Literary Theatre his price would go up fifty per cent. The clerk muttered something about a hundred per cent.

—from *Hail and Farewell by George Moore (1900)*, as excerpted in *Dublin: A Travellers' Companion selected and introduced by Thomas and Valerie Pakenham*. Atheneum, \$15.95.

OCTOBER 27-30, GUINNESS JAZZ FESTIVAL, Cork City. A huge festival that takes over the city's music halls, pubs, and even its streets.

For information: *Irish Tourist Board*, 757 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 418-0800.

ITALY

MAY 5-JUNE 30, MAGGIO MUSICALE FIORENTINO, Florence. Among the four operas will be a revival of the production of Bellini's *Puritani* (with stage designs by Giorgio de Chirico) presented at the first Maggio Musicale, in 1933. The guest orchestras will include the Leningrad Philharmonic and the Philharmonia Orchestra of London.

MAY 20-JUNE 11, GIRO D'ITALIA, Taormina to Florence. Italy's famous bicycle race will begin in Sicily this year. From there, the cyclists will proceed from the toe of the boot on up, arriving in Rome on May 27 and spending much of the final week zooming around the Alps, before approaching the finish line.

JUNE 29-JULY 16, FESTIVAL OF TWO WORLDS, Spoleto. Still going by the same

name, even though it's been a few years since Gian Carlo Menotti's festival empire conquered a third world: Australia.

JULY 1-AUGUST 31, FESTIVAL OF THE ARENA OF VERONA. Verdi's *Nabucco*, *Aida*, and *Forza del destino*, and Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* on a double bill with Daniel Auber's ballet *Marco Spada*—all staged in Verona's Roman amphitheater.

For information: *Italian Government Travel Office*, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 245-4822.

LUXEMBOURG

JUNE 23, BIRTHDAY OF THE GRAND DUKE, throughout Luxembourg. The celebrations should be especially grand this year, inasmuch as 1989 is the 150th anniversary of the Grand Duchy's independence, the 100th anniversary of the Nassau dynasty, and the 25th anniversary of the reign of the current Grand Duke, Jean. The grandest of them all will be the homage before the Grand Ducal Palace, in Luxembourg City.

For information: *Luxembourg National Tourist Office*, 801 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 370-9850.

MONACO

JULY 22-AUGUST 12, FIREWORKS COMPETITION. Each year pyrotechnists from five nations compete, using only fireworks that originate in their own countries. Every sixth year—1989 is one of these—the winners from the previous five years are invited back for a final match. The current finalists are from Italy, Portugal, China, the Netherlands, and West Germany; they will present shows on July 22 and 25 and August 5, 8, and 12, over the harbor. The winner will take charge of the fireworks for Monaco's National Day, November 19.

For information: *Monaco Government Tourist and Convention Bureau*, 845 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-5227.

NETHERLANDS

APRIL 22-SEPTEMBER 2, FLOWER PARADES, various locations. The *Bloemencorso* parade, from Haarlem to Noordwijk, in the bulb-growing district, is the largest and most famous; it will take place on April 22 this year. But there's also the Rijnsburg Flower Parade, from Rijnsburg to Noordwijk, on August 5; the Mid-Holland Flower Parade, in Leersum, on August 19; and yet another parade, from Aalsmeer to Amsterdam, on September 2.



MAY 4-7, BREDA OLD-STYLE JAZZ FESTIVAL. The little industrial city of Breda all but closes down in honor of, and amazement at, the presence of so many first-rate European and American bands. This is said to be the world's largest traditional-jazz gathering, and it's one of the best.

JUNE 1-30, HOLLAND FESTIVAL, Amsterdam and The Hague. The theme this year is Russia; the guest performers will include the Leningrad Philharmonic, the Soloists Ensemble of the Bolshoi Theater, and the San Francisco Ballet, performing *Swan Lake*.

JULY 14-16, NORTH SEA JAZZ FESTIVAL, The Hague. Hundreds of soloists and groups present three days and nights of continuous jazz in a variety of styles, on twelve stages.

For information: Netherlands Board of Tourism, 576 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 370-7360.

■ NORWAY

MAY 8-17, CHURCH MUSIC FESTIVAL, Kristiansand. Choirs, orchestras, and ensembles from religious institutions all over the world perform in Kristiansand Cathedral.

JULY 17-22, MOLDE JAZZ FESTIVAL. The oldest jazz festival in Norway, held on the shores of the lovely Romsdalsfjord.

For information: Norwegian Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017, (212) 949-2333; or Scandinavian Airlines System Tour/Events desk, (800) 221-2350.

■ POLAND

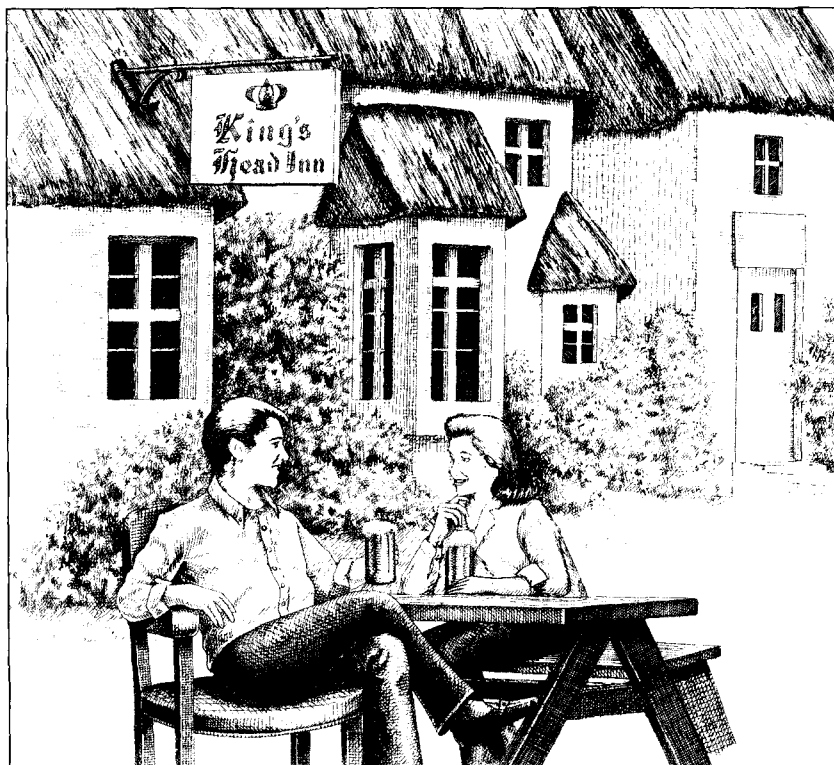
SEPTEMBER 1-10, WRATISLAVIA CANTANTS, Wroclaw. Roughly two dozen choirs, a dozen orchestras, and numerous chamber groups and soloists from Eastern and Western Europe and North America will perform early and vocal music.

SEPTEMBER 15-24, FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC, Warsaw. An international showcase for new orchestral and chamber works.

For information: Polish National Tourist Office, 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60601. (312) 236-9013.

■ PORTUGAL

MAY 12-13 AND OCTOBER 12-13, PILGRIMAGE TO FATIMA. Twice a year hun-



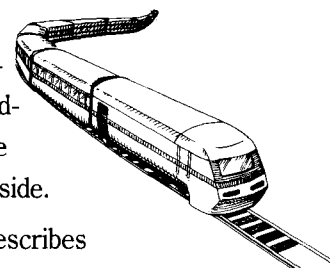
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Europe

dreds of thousands of pilgrims converge on the Shrine of Fatima, about 95 miles north of Lisbon, at the site where three shepherd children had their first vision of the Virgin Mary. Ceremonies are held at the shrine on the 13th of each month between the first and second pilgrimages.

JUNE 15–JULY 15, SINTRA FESTIVAL. Piano recitals are given in the castles, palaces, and nobles' manor houses of Sintra, a romantic old mountain town in Estremadura, not far from Lisbon.

For information: Portuguese National Tourist Office, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 354-4403.

SPAIN

JUNE 15–JULY 4, FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DANCE, Granada. The Philharmonia Orchestra, the London Symphony, the Bach Collegium Stuttgart, the Polish National Radio Symphony Orchestra, the Warsaw National Philharmonic Choir, and the Joffrey Ballet will be among the guests.

JULY 24-31, FESTIVAL OF CHRISTIANS AND MOORS, Villajoyosa. This ancient village on the Costa Blanca throws itself into its annual mock battles. There's no mistaking which side anyone is on, for everyone is in costume. The big showdown comes on the final day; the Moors always lose, of course, and are banished to the sea, whereupon the triumphant Christians make a procession through town. Visitors may enlist in the war, in a special foreigners' battalion, if they wish.

SEPTEMBER 8-10, WORLD CUP TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONSHIPS, Barcelona. Sponsored by the International Amateur Athletic Federation.

OCTOBER 23, XIQUETS FESTIVAL, Valls. Here's a different kind of ancient castle: "castles" of men in the air. Teams of men, or *xiquets*, from the region descend on this little town west of Barcelona to compete in building them. The current record, set in 1986 and besting a previous record a century old, is a tower nine human stories high, with four men on each level.

For information: National Tourist Office of Spain, 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-8822.

SWEDEN

APRIL 15–MAY 1, WORLD ICE-HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIPS, Stockholm and Soder-talje. The Stockholm games will be held in the new Globe Arena ice stadium.

MAY 27–SEPTEMBER 8, DROTTNINGHOLM COURT THEATER FESTIVAL, Stockholm. The three operas include new productions of J. M. Kraus's *Soliman II* (by the Royal Opera Stockholm) and Gluck's *Iphigenie en Aulide*.

AUGUST 10–SEPTEMBER 4, WORLD CHESS TOURNAMENT. Twenty-five top-ranked players will compete.

For information: Swedish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017, (212) 949-2333; or Scandinavian Airlines System Tour Events desk, (800) 221-2350.



The Lord Mayor's Procession, London

SWITZERLAND

JUNE 2-4, ABRACADABRA, Morges. An international magicians' festival, held in a small town near Lausanne, on Lake Geneva.

JUNE 3–JULY 30, JUNE FESTIVAL, Zurich. The theme this year, "A Window Through Europe: Traditions of Modernism in Russian and Soviet Culture," will be supported by exhibits of Russian paintings from the second half of the 19th century, Russian Constructivist paintings, Soviet posters, and Russian and Soviet photographs; performances by the Leningrad Philharmonic and the Contemporary Ballet-Theater Leningrad, among other organizations; and Soviet theater, literature, and film series. Also, performances of Verdi's *Nabucco* and concerts by the Concertgebouw and the Cleveland Symphony.

JUNE 17–SEPTEMBER 17, 650TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LAUPEN. In 1339 kings from France and western Switzerland joined battle with the Hapsburg King Ludwig. The town of Laupen will celebrate the outcome with, most notably, a historical play (it will have its premiere on June 21) and a town festival June 24-25.

For information: Swiss National Tourist Office, 608 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-5944.

TURKEY

JUNE 15–JULY 20, ISTANBUL FESTIVAL. The traditional production of Mozart's *Abduction From the Seraglio*, plus a musical, a full program of classical concerts, by a variety of chamber orchestras, smaller chamber groups, and soloists; dance by companies including the London City Ballet, the Ballet Roland Petit, the Lar Lubovitch Company, and the Turkish State Folk Dance Ensemble; jazz and pop concerts by, among others, Sarah Vaughan and Spyro Gyra; and performances of Turkish classical music and dance.

Of particular interest to foreigners [at the Istanbul Festival] are the *Sema* Ceremonies of the so-called "Whirling Dervishes" who, through their mystical music and dance, reflect the transcendent value of the heart's purity, the image of the perfect human being, the poetic belief that the *Sema* is one way of reaching total peace with oneself and with the universe at large. One must be aware that the *Sema* Ceremony, based on the philosophy of the Turkish mystic and poet Mevlana Jelaleddin Rumi, is definitely not a mere "performance" but a spiritual ritual dating back to the 13th century. One does not applaud.

The "highlight" of the International Istanbul Festival, however, is the production of Mozart's opera *Abduction from the Seraglio* in an original *seraglio*, the Topkapi Palace. When Mozart composed his opera about the kidnapping of two ladies from a pasha's harem, he set the scene in a Turkish palace. . . . Since 1973, the festival season in Istanbul has opened with a production of Mozart's "Turkish" opera in a Turkish setting by a mixed cast of international and Turkish stars.

—from *Istanbul (an Insight City-Guide)* edited and directed by Thomas Goltz. Prentice Hall, \$14.95.

For information: Turkish Consulate General, 821 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-2194.

UNITED KINGDOM

MAY 6-14, SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL GATHERING, Inverness. Held every four years, this event is a showcase for Scottish heritage, music, drama, and crafts.

According to that little schedule which is sent out every year telling what is going on in the British Isles, we missed some perfectly corking sporting events in England. If



I were quite sure how it is done. I would kick myself for having let the chance go by.

According to my schedule (this is as of 1932, mind you, so don't try to go by it for next year), on May eighth there was the "Furry Dance" at Helston in Cornwall; on May fourteenth the "Ceremony of Well-dressing" at Tissington in Derbyshire. . . . All of these come under the head of "Old Customs," so I gather that the people concerned know what to do when the time comes.

...
The "Furry Dance" in Cornwall has, as its main feature, a maneuver which might, and then again might not, be agreeable. In the "Furry Dance" all the inhabitants of Helston dance right through each house in town, in the front door and out the back, until they have been the rounds. Now this might be all very well for the dancers, provided each house has a back door, but I can imagine some unfortunate citizen who, having spent the evening before in the tap-room getting primed for the event, might possibly not be so crazy about having the entire township dancing through his bedroom in the morning.

—from "What We Missed" by Robert Benchley (1932), reprinted in *In a Fog: The Humorists' Guide to England* edited by Robert Wechsler. Catbird Press, \$9.95.

MAY 19-AUGUST 23, GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA. Six operas, including a new production of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, performed in the elegant setting of a country house.

MAY 23-26, CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW, London. The annual spectacular on 22 acres of the Royal Hospital's grounds.

JUNE 26-JULY 9, LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, Wimbledon. At the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, 128 men and 128 women will compete in a Grand Slam tournament.

JUNE 28-JULY 2, HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA, Henley-on-Thames. The fashionable international rowing event.

JULY 27-AUGUST 12, MUMM ADMIRAL'S CUP, London. This major international yachting team race takes place in alternate years; 15 to 20 countries are expected to enter the fray this time.

AUGUST 11-SEPTEMBER 2, EDINBURGH MILITARY TATTOO AND FESTIVAL. The festival portion, consisting of the core Festival of Music and Drama, the Edinburgh Film Festival, the Edinburgh



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One of the daily rituals practiced by natives of the mysterious continent of Australia.

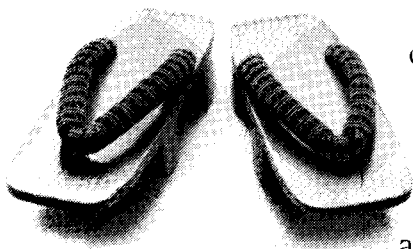


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SEPTEMBER 2, START OF THE WHITBREAD AROUND THE WORLD RACE, Portsmouth. About 30 yachts and their intrepid crews will depart for Punta del Este, Uruguay, and then sail to Fremantle, Australia; Fort Lauderdale, Florida; and back to Portsmouth. The journey generally takes about 270 days—at least it does for the 95 percent of the yachts which finish.

NOVEMBER 11, 800TH ANNIVERSARY LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION, London. The incoming Lord Mayor of London will be merely the 662nd incumbent; it's the tradition of giving him a procession which is now 800 years old. The procession travels from the Guildhall to the Royal Courts of Justice, and it always has a theme, relating to the new Lord Mayor's profession or interests.

For information: British Tourist Authority, 40 West 57th St., New York, NY 10019. (212) 581-4700.

USSR

MAY 5-13, MOSCOW STARS ART FESTIVAL. Operas and ballets by the Bolshoi Theater and the Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko Musical Theater, chamber operas by the Chamber Music Theater, and concerts of old Russian choral music in the former Znamensky Cathedral.

JUNE 21-29, WHITE NIGHTS, Leningrad. This is almost midnight-sun country. Leningrad celebrates the solstice with performances by the Kirov Opera and Ballet Theater, the Leningrad Philharmonic, and other groups.

For information: Intourist, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10021. (212) 757-3884.

YUGOSLAVIA

JULY 10-AUGUST 25, DUBROVNIK FESTIVAL. For the 40th annual festival the guests will include the Leningrad Philharmonic and the Vienna Boys Choir. Festival performances are given on 54 open-air stages in medieval Dubrovnik.

For information: Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10111. (212) 757-2801.



ASIA, OCEANIA, & AFRICA

■ AUSTRALIA

JUNE 13–OCTOBER 26, SYDNEY OPERA SEASON. In that marvelous opera house on the harbor the Australian Opera will present a season of 11 works, opening with Puccini's *Madam Butterfly* and closing with Britten's *Death in Venice*. In between times the Sydney Symphony, the Sydney Philharmonia Choir and Orchestra, the Australian Ballet, the Sydney Theatre Company, and other groups also play the opera house regularly.

In Australia there are no ancient ruins, no Medieval cathedrals. No great battles were fought on its shores, and it is not a seat of world power. It is indeed, then, left to the Aussies to be Australia's greatest lure. Unpretentious, entertaining, and accommodating, Australians, far from having an inferiority complex about their distance and detachment, almost pity the poor folks who don't live in their lucky country.

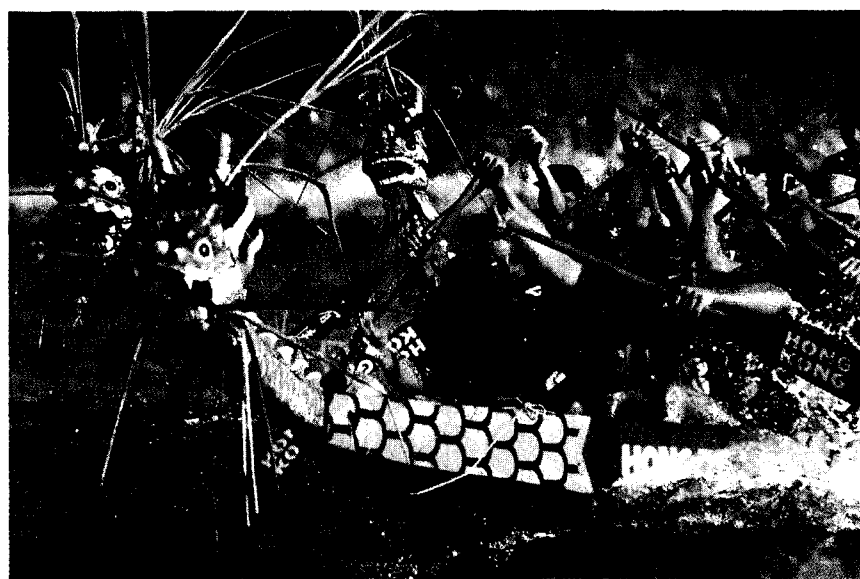
There are no better places in Australia to meet and "chat up" an Aussie than at a neighborhood pub or on the beach. A substantial portion of the population is bound to be at one or the other at any given time. Chat up means "talk to" in the Aussie parlance known as "strine," a peculiar form of English spoken only in Australia. As with any foreign language, it's a good idea to learn a few words and expressions to converse successfully with the natives.

At the pub. . . First, know how to order a beer: A "schooner" is a large glass of beer, a "midi" a small one. If the bartender only has a "tinnie" it means beer is served by the can. Second, know how to order a round for your drinking buddies: "My shout, mate," is the proper response here. Important to know on the beach is that the swimsuit you're wearing is a "cozzie." Australia itself is often referred to fondly as "Oz."

—from *The Penguin Guide to Australia* edited by Alan Tucker. Penguin, \$11.95.

SEPTEMBER 14-30, SPOLETO FESTIVAL, Melbourne. Opera, dance, theater, music, and visual-arts exhibits—just as in the sister festivals in Spoleto, Italy, and Charleston, South Carolina. Melbourne puts on a lively fringe festival too; it will open on September 9 this year.

For information: Australian Tourist Commission, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-6300.



The Hong Kong Dragon Boat Festival

■ BHUTAN

OCTOBER 9-12, THIMPHU TSHECHU. Monks in handmade masks and silk costumes perform traditional sacred dances in the courtyard of the capital city's Tashichho Dzong. The idea is to attract the power of the relevant deities and then channel it into emanations of blessings upon the crowd. For a change of pace young men and women perform folk dances and clowns present satirical spoofs.

For information: Bhutan Travel Service, 120 E. 56th St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 838-6382; or Innerasia Expeditions, 2627 Lombard Street, San Francisco, CA 94123, (800) 551-1769 or (415) 922-0448.

■ CHINA

JUNE 8, DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL, Nanning. Although the celebrations in Hong Kong and Singapore are more spectacular, and although it was many miles to the north (in what is now Hunan Province) where Chu Yuan made the grand gesture being commemorated, this Dragon Boat Festival is as authentic as they come.

JULY 26, TORCH FESTIVAL, the Stone Forest. The Sani tribesmen of Yunnan province hold this annual celebration in the largest open space in the Stone Forest (a great natural spectacle that is China's answer to Monument Valley). They sing their traditional songs, dance traditional dances, and have wrestling matches, horse races, and the

local version of bullfights, which pit water buffalo against water buffalo.

OCTOBER 1, NATIONAL DAY, throughout China. This will be the 40th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic; the celebrations will be more or less the usual National Day ones. In Beijing a series of Chinese operas and plays will be held in late September. And Beijing will have a parade, fireworks, and displays of monumental flower sculptures of heroes of the Revolution.

For information: China National Tourist Office, 60 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10165. (212) 867-0271.

■ FRENCH POLYNESIA

JUNE 22–JULY 22, TIURAI, throughout French Polynesia. A Bastille Day celebration gone native. Tahiti holds outrigger-canoe races, fruit-carriers' and sand-carriers' races, stone-lifting and javelin-throwing competitions, and Polynesian song and dance competitions, which draw troupes from the Cook Islands, Samoa, and other islands. The outlying islands, including Moorea, Bora Bora, Raiatea, Tahaa, and Huahine, celebrate in a less organized way but with equal *joie de vivre*.

For information: Tahiti Tourist Promotion Board, 12233 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90064. (213) 207-1919.

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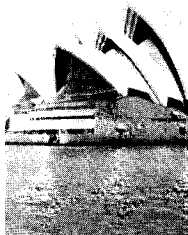
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Asia, Oceania, & Africa

HONG KONG

JUNE 8, DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Before the festival the dragon boats, which have lain dormant for eleven months, are brought back to life in a "dotting-the-eyes" ceremony performed at the temple of the goddess of the sea, Tin Hau. All afternoon long, race after race—for fishermen, students, women—takes place. The final race attracts rowing teams from the world over.

The fundamentals . . . are plain and practical, the design is inchoate, the architecture of a somewhat mixed character; yet Hong Kong is astonishingly beautiful. It is made so partly by its setting, land and sea so exquisitely interacting, but chiefly by its impression of irresistible activity. It is like a caldron, seething, hissing, hooting, arguing, enmeshed in a labyrinth of tunnels and overpasses, with those skyscrapers erupting everywhere into view, with ferries churning and hovercraft splashing and great jets flying in, with fleets of ships lying always offshore, with double-decker buses and clanging tram-cars, with a car it seems for every square foot of roadway, with a pedestrian for every square inch of sidewalk, and funicular trains crawling up and down the mountainside, and small scrubbed-faced policemen scudding about on motorbikes—all in all, with a pace of life so unremitting, a sense of movement and enterprise so challenging, that one's senses are overwhelmed by the sheer glory of human animation.

—from *Hong Kong* by Jan Morris.
Random House, \$19.95.

AUGUST 13–SEPTEMBER 13, HONG KONG FOOD FESTIVAL. A food bazaar, a street carnival, classes in Chinese cooking, and special deals on restaurant dining and nightclubbing.

For information: *Hong Kong Tourist Association*, 590 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036.
(212) 869-5008.

INDIA

JULY 5, RATH YATRA, Puri. Some say this is India's most spectacular temple festival. To honor Lord Jagannath, lord of the universe, pilgrims from all over the country draw huge, richly decorated temple chariots through the streets in procession. Puri is on the Bay of Bengal, about a third of the way from Calcutta to Madras.

OCTOBER 7-10, DUSSEHRA, throughout India. A popular festival commemorating

the slaying of the evil demon king Ravana by Lord Rama. The final day is the high point. In Delhi, where the festival is known as Ram Lila, scenes from the Ramayana are enacted and fireworks light up the night sky. In Mysore there's a magnificent procession. In West Bengal, where the festival is known as Durga Puja, and in the south as well, spectacular presentations of music, dance, and drama on the final three days are the main attraction.

NOVEMBER 13-17, PUSHKAR FAIR. For days in advance people on horseback and camelback and in bullock-carts, jeeps, and cars converge on Pushkar, near Ajmer, in Rajasthan. A huge cattle market, the world's largest camel market, and horse and camel races are the main draws, and there's also a very authentic crafts market.

For information: *Government of India Tourist Office*, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, North Mezzanine, New York, NY 10112. (212) 586-4901.

INDONESIA

JUNE 10–JULY 10, BALI ARTS FESTIVAL, Denpasar. This festival represents an attempt to revive traditional Balinese arts that are now all but forgotten. The kick-off will be a big parade, including demonstrations of a wide variety of traditional dances. Thereafter the city's Werdi Budaya Art Center will host exhibitions and performances.

The doctrine of the Balinese-style Hindu-animist religion involves a ceaseless striving for balance between the forces of good and evil. Good (*kaja*) is represented by the holy mountains, the rising sun, the right-hand side and life. Evil and death are represented by the sea, the setting sun and the left-hand side, all of which belong to evil spirits (*kelod*). The temples and homes face the tip of the island's highest volcano, Gunung Agung, above which the gods live in a many-tiered heaven topped by Bali's supreme god, Sanghyang Widi Wasa, or Tintia, while cemeteries, animal barns and garbage pits face the sea, the abode of the demons.

Every day is a holiday for the tourists in Bali, but for the locals every day brings a celebration, somewhere. Most are devised to somehow appease the fickle gods, with elaborate costumed rituals, dances and parades, all with ample offerings to the higher-ups. Every life passage has a rite, such as tooth filing for puberty, whole-body egg rolling for weddings and animal sarcophagus processions for cremations. Every phase of the moon, every



rise of the sun seems to be an excuse for a party for the gods.

—*from Islands of Fire, Islands of Spice: Exploring the Wild Places of Indonesia by Richard Bangs and Christian Kallen. Sierra Club, \$35.00.*

For information: Indonesian Consulate General, 3457 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010. (213) 383-5126.

ISRAEL

MAY 20-JUNE 10, ISRAEL FESTIVAL, Jerusalem. Groups from Korea, India, Sri Lanka, Taiwan, New York, and Israel will explore the theme of "Ritual in the Performing Arts." Also, a world theater festival, a street theater festival, opera, chamber music, jazz, and dance.

JULY 3-13, MACCABIAH, throughout Israel. Some 4,000 athletes from 40 countries will compete in 30 sports. The opening ceremonies will be held in Ramat Gan Stadium, and the closing ceremonies in the Old City of Jerusalem.

For information: Israel Ministry of Tourism, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10118. (212) 560-0650.

JAPAN

THROUGH JUNE 4, HIMEJI CENTENNIAL FESTIVAL. Himeji, an hour by train from Kobe and famous for its ancient castle, became a municipality 100 years ago—as did 37 other Japanese cities and towns. (The expo listed below is another of the city centennial festivals being held this year.) The height of Himeji's anniversary celebration will come May 3-7: the nearby villages of Kenka, Nada, and Omikoshi will hold festivals on the 3rd, 4th, and 5th, respectively, and Himeji itself will present a series of *bunraku* puppet performances on the 6th and 7th.

JULY 8-OCTOBER 29, SEA AND ISLANDS EXPO, Hiroshima. Seven "islands" (actually portions of the coastline of a man-made lagoon) will be dotted with numerous pavilions on themes related, if often only loosely so, to the sea.

For information: Japan National Tourist Organization, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 757-5640.

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For information: Moroccan National Tourist Office, 20 E. 46th St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 557-2520.

NEPAL

APRIL 20-22, MANI RIMDU, throughout Nepal. The Mani referred to in *The Hidden Himalayas*, alas, took place in late March this year. But there are still two Mani Rimdus to look forward to, one in the spring and a larger one in late fall. Thame, in the Mount Everest region, puts on the best show during the spring celebration, with merry dancing in the streets, particularly by Tibetan people.

Like an Asian Mardi Gras, Mani is audacious, outrageous, and blossoming with robust bad taste. The cold melts in giggles of outrageous mockery as the town jester, in Far Eastern vaudeville, attacks every institution and belief held sacred. Clothes are worn backward and inside out, village elders are satirized in a parody of religious life, and youths are allowed to stay out all night carousing in reckless abandon. The world is brand new and topsy turvy. Creativity surges, and spontaneous theater flourishes like an alpine weed in the rock and stubble. Tom and I are not immune to the mockery and provide ample material for amusement. The town joker picks up a rock for a camera and starts to snap and click at Tom, much to the roaring delight of the crowd.

—from *The Hidden Himalayas* by V. Carroll Dunham, photographs by Thomas L. Kelly. Abbeville, \$45.00.

MAY 19, BUDDHA JAYANTI, Lumbini. A celebration of Buddha's birth, enlightenment, and death, all of which are said to have taken place on this date. Lumbini, Buddha's birthplace, holds a huge fair.

OCTOBER 6-15, BADA DASAIN, throughout Nepal. Nepal's biggest festival, which honors the goddess Durga Bhavani and represents a victory of good over evil. For the first four days the battle is fought—most conspicuously by sacrificing water buffalo, goats, and chickens at the Hanuman Dhoka Palace, in Kathmandu. On the fifth day and for four days thereafter people receive *tika*, a sign of the victory, and rejoice.

For information: Royal Nepalese Embassy, 2131 Leroy Place, NW, Washington, DC 20008. (202) 667-4550.

NEW ZEALAND

JULY 29–AUGUST 6, QUEENSTOWN WINTER FESTIVAL. By day, there are competitions in skiing (at the Coronet Peak ski area), jet-boating (on Lake Wakatipu), and whitewater rafting. In the evening there are concerts by everyone from chamber groups to bush bands. The festival is held at the beginning of New Zealand's ski season, which runs through September.

For information: New Zealand Tourist and Publicity Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 698-4650.

PHILIPPINES

THROUGH DECEMBER, FIESTA ISLANDS, throughout the Philippines. This year a number of annual celebrations have been assembled beneath the "Fiesta Islands" banner. The idea, apparently, is to extend a special welcome to tourists. Here are a few of the more remarkable events.

May 14-15, *Carabao Festival*, Pulilan. This town not far from Manila holds a folk-religious ceremony of thanksgiving that focuses on the rice farmer's beast of burden, the carabao, or water buffalo. The animals are bathed, brushed, decorated, ridden through town, and made to genuflect in front of the church, in a gesture of homage to God and San Isidro, rain-maker and farmer. This rite is followed by a carabao race, theatrical events, and games.

June 24, *Parada ng Lechon*, Balayan. This celebration of the Feast of St. John the Baptist centers on *lechons*, or crispy roast pigs. The cooked pigs are paraded around town, their porters guarding them against hungry onlookers and "baptizers," who try to douse them with water. When the procession is over, a *lechon* feast ensues.

July 2 and September 17, *Pagoda sa Wawa and Nuestra Senora de Penafrancia Festival*, Bocaue and Naga City. Two river parades venerating, respectively, a cross found floating in the Wawa River a century ago and the Holy Virgin.

For information: Philippine Department of Tourism, 556 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 575-7915.

SEYCHELLES

OCTOBER 24-30, CREOLE WEEK. Seychellois Creoles will be joined by members of Creole communities as farflung as Louisiana and Quebec for an extravaganza of traditional music, dance, and food.

For information: Seychelles Tourist Office, PO Box 33018, St. Petersburg, FL 33733. (813) 864-3013.

SINGAPORE

JUNE 4, DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Southeast Asia's most colorful and hotly contested dragon-boat races, with teams from other Asian countries, Europe, Australia, New Zealand, and the U.S., as well as Singapore, battling it out off the shore of East Coast Park.

For information: Singapore Tourist Promotion Board, 590 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 302-4861.

TANZANIA

OCTOBER 5, CENTENARY OF THE FIRST ASCENT OF KILIMANJARO. The German explorer Hans Meyer reached Mount Kilimanjaro's summit on October 5, 1889. This year Tanzania is sponsoring two centenary expeditions up the mountain—one in mid-August and one in the first week of October. Anyone reasonably fit may sign up to take part.

For information: Tanzania Tourist Corporation, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 972-9160.

THAILAND

JULY 17-19, CANDLE FESTIVAL, Ubon Ratchathani. "Candle" hardly conveys the reality of the large, intricate sculptures in beeswax that are exhibited in colorful parades in this town in the east of Thailand. The festival is held annually at the beginning of Phansa, a three-month retreat made by Buddhist monks during the rainy season. A similar celebration, the Wax Castle Festival, occurs in Sakon Nakhon, some miles to the north, at the close of Phansa—October 11-14 this year.

NOVEMBER 12, LOI KRATHONG, Sukhothai and Chiang Mai. For Loi Krathong, Thais launch *krathong* boats, made of banana leaves and bearing candles and flowers, into a river. They make a wish, and according to lore, if the boat sails away out of sight before it sinks, their wish will come true. The custom is observed nationwide. However, Sukhothai, the ancient capital, which is now picturesquely in ruins, is said to be where Loi Krathong originated, and a large festival, with fireworks, folk dancing, and a sound-and-light spectacle, occurs here. In the northern city of Chiang Mai, besides floating the traditional *krathong*, people launch colorful hot-air balloons made of paper into the sky.

For information: Tourism Authority of Thailand, 5 World Trade Center, New York, NY 10048. (212) 432-0433.

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Germany. Land of the strudel and the dumpling. Unfortunately, after a week of working lunches, I still hadn't gotten my hands on so much as a *wiener-schnitzel*. Now I knew this was strictly a business trip, but you know what they say about all work and no *wiener-schnitzel*. So I personally cancelled my afternoon seminar to go search for the perfect meal.

I discovered a *gaststätte* tucked away in a corner of the Bavarian Alps. It was like a gingerbread house set down on a storybook street. Everywhere I looked were bright shutters, animated frescoes, and window boxes blooming with pink and red geraniums.

Inside was equally charming. My waitress was even decked out in her *dirndl*, a traditional costume. Helga—yes, that was her real name—was a strapping woman with a cherubic face and blonde pigtails falling

halfway down her back. She set down a couple of *biers*—what the Bavarians like to refer to as liquid bread. Because, as Helga noted with a laugh, “where there is a brewery there is no need for a bakery.”

That afternoon I feasted on everything from *knödels* to *spätzle* to a roast haunch of wild boar.



Between courses I was entertained by the remarkable Helga. She could grip six liter steins in each hand, perch a plate of *wursts* on her elbows and glide between the crowded tables, all without spilling a drop. And,

oh yes, she brought me my *wienerschnitzel*, too.

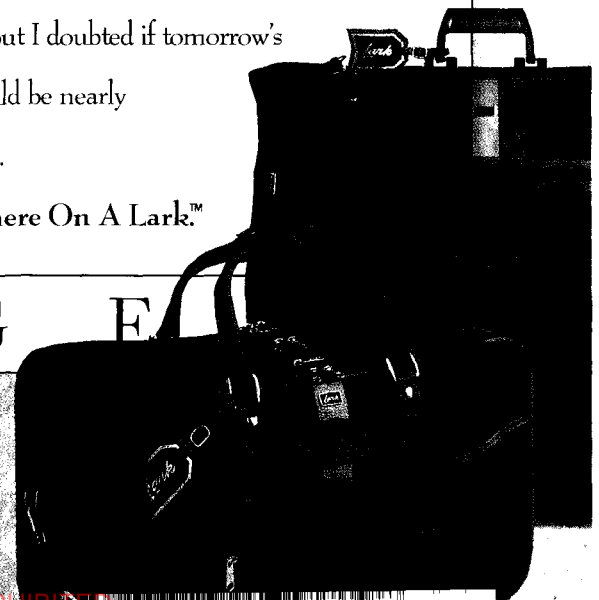
When I was sufficiently stuffed, Helga swallowed me up into a hearty embrace. “*Vorsicht*,” she yelled. “Take care.” I forgot to ask her what tomorrow’s special was, but I doubted if tomorrow’s seminar would be nearly as appetizing.

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CANADA

ATLANTIC PROVINCES

JUNE 20-OCTOBER 8, CHARLOTTE-TOWN FESTIVAL, PEI. It's the 25th year for this music-theater series. Year after year people come back to see *Anne of Green Gables*, based on the novel by Lucy Maud Montgomery. For the full program or tickets: (902) 566-1267 or, from early May on, (800) 565-0278.

JUNE 28-JULY 4, NOVA SCOTIA TATTOO, Halifax. The 10th-anniversary edition. The highlight is the daily two-hour show involving 2,000 participants.

JULY 14-16, ANTIGONISH HIGHLAND GAMES, NS. Scottish piping, dancing, tossing the caber, and so on—adding up to North America's oldest Scottish festival, and one of Canada's largest.

JULY 14-16, CANADA'S IRISH FESTIVAL, Chatham, NB. Irish dancing, singing,

theater, and band concerts; lectures on Irish writers, art, history, and mythology; and sports events—adding up to Canada's largest Irish festival.

AUGUST 2-6, ST. JOHN'S REGATTA, NF. The regatta itself (North America's oldest annual sporting event, comprising 20 rowing races on Quidi Vidi Lake) will take place on the 2nd. The following weekend the town hosts the province's largest celebration of traditional arts—a whirl of folk music and dance and storytelling.

“Outsideers see Newfoundland as an impoverished, barren land where things must be simple. Yet they are not. . . .

A few years ago, a local entrepreneur wanted to build a video arcade here. There was a great deal of opposition in the community. City council didn't know what to do and recommended gathering names of who was 'for' and who was 'against.' So two opposing camps went out with their peti-

tions, collected a weighty number of names and duly presented them to the city council. The town councillors were impressed with the size of the two petitions. But when they started comparing them, they discovered that the same people were on both lists. How exquisitely Newfoundland it is, that whoever approaches you, you will sign whatever he presents, just to be pleasant and diplomatic. . . . This kind of system has a crazy side to it, because so much of social reality gets pushed into a corner, but it accords a level of respect to everybody, and I can't think of many other places that do it so well.

I love it here. If I ever have to leave, I will go sobbing and screaming.”

—from *This Marvellous Terrible Place: Images of Newfoundland and Labrador* by Yva Momatiuk and John Eastcott. Camden House, \$19.95.

AUGUST 10-26, BUSKERS, Halifax, NS. One of the world's largest festivals of street





performers. The performers—musicians, jugglers, acrobats, storytellers, fire-eaters—are recruited from all over Canada, the U.S., and Europe.

For information: Tourism New Brunswick, P.O. Box, 12345, Fredericton, NB, Canada E3B 5C3. (800) 561-0123.

Newfoundland Tourism Branch, P.O. Box 2016, St. John's, NF, Canada A1C 5R8. (800) 563-6353 or (709) 576-2830.

Nova Scotia Dept. of Tourism, P.O. Box 130, Halifax, NS, Canada B3J 2M7. (800) 341-6096 or, from Maine, (800) 492-0643.

Prince Edward Island Visitor Services Division, P.O. Box 940, Charlottetown, PEI, Canada C1A 7M5. (800) 565-9060 from the eastern U.S., or (902) 368-4444.

■ QUEBEC

MAY 23-JUNE 4, THEATER FESTIVAL OF THE AMERICAS, Montreal. Formerly the festival presented theatrical productions from the Americas; this year it has broad-

ened its horizons to encompass the world. Theater groups from Spain, France, Poland, Argentina, Chile, Mexico, the U.S., and Canada will perform. For the program or tickets: (514) 842-0704.

MAY 31-SEPTEMBER 24, IMAGES DE FUTUR, Montreal. Holography, interactive environments, video art, computer graphics, light sculptures, and telematics systems, at the Old Port.

JUNE 30-JULY 9, MONTREAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. One of the world's largest jazz festivals. Some 1,000 musicians, from 15 countries and playing all styles of jazz will perform.

JULY 6-16, QUEBEC SUMMER FESTIVAL, Quebec City. North America's largest francophone cultural celebration. (Many of the events are, however, presented in the international language of music.) Performers from Europe, Africa, and Latin America, as well as Canada and the U.S., will be featured.

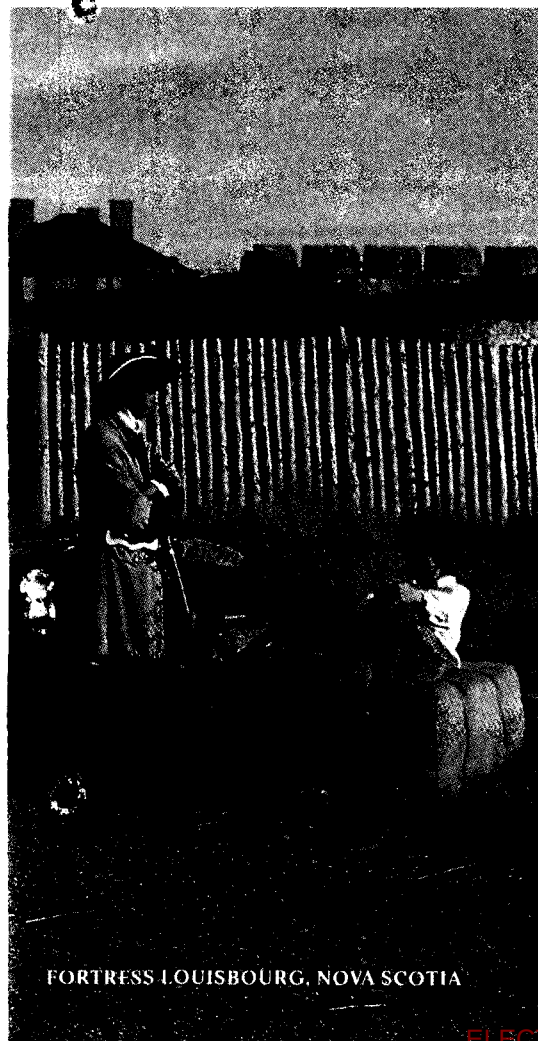
JULY 13-23, JUST FOR LAUGHS FESTIVAL, Montreal. A guy walked into a bar—or a theater, or a street celebration—to hear comics from Australia, Belgium, France, and Italy, as well as Canada and the U.S.

For information: Quebec Government House, 17 W. 50th St., New York, NY 10020-2201. (800) 443-7000 from the eastern U.S., or (514) 873-2015.

■ ONTARIO

APRIL 26-OCTOBER 15, SHAW FESTIVAL, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Shaw's *Man and Superman* and *Getting Married*, and six other, highly assorted works. All performances prior to May 24 are previews. For the program or tickets: (416) 468-2172.

MAY 6-OCTOBER 29, STRATFORD FESTIVAL. Six Shakespeare plays, and six other, highly assorted works. This will be the festival's final season with John Neville at the helm. (Next year David William, who



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LEE ANN REEVES/CURATOR



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Walk within these walls and, like that, it's 1744. Timber, stone and tiles, the royal colours, blue and gold, just as before. And so alive! The smell of fresh-baked bread. Or hot-buttered rum. And all of us here, the garrison, the sailors, townsfolk – even the children – we welcome you back. And you...perhaps a Yankee buccaneer?"

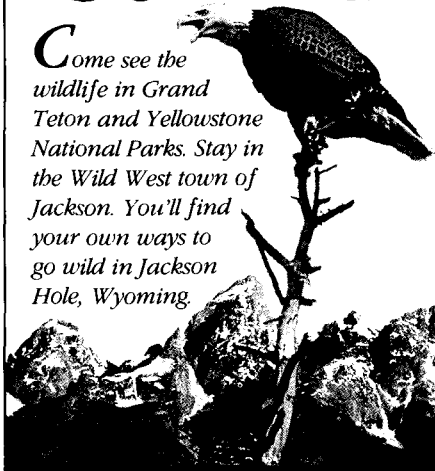
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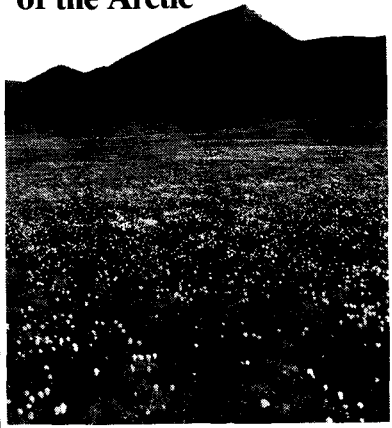


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**SIERRA
CLUB**

Canada

was the first artistic director of the New Shakespeare Company, assumes the artistic directorship.) All performances prior to May 29 are previews. For the program or tickets: (519) 273-1600.

MAY 31-JUNE 30, INTERNATIONAL CHORAL FESTIVAL, Toronto. In a festival held for the first time this year, large and small choral groups from Tibet, Bulgaria, Larvia, Russia, Finland, Germany, the Netherlands, Spain, the UK, the U.S., and, of course, Canada will perform. For the program or tickets: (416) 593-4828.

JUNE 29, OPENING OF THE CANADIAN MUSEUM OF CIVILIZATION, Ottawa. The opening of this extravagant new museum—an architecturally innovative building filled with animated and interactive exhibits tracing the cultural history of Canada—is timed to coincide with the capital's Canada Day celebrations, taking place over the long weekend of June 30-July 3.

For information: Ontario Travel, Queen's Park, Toronto, Ont., Canada M7A 2E5. (800) 268-3735 or (416) 965-4008.

MANITOBA & SASKATCHEWAN

MAY 11-SEPTEMBER 5, "PANDAS IN PERSON", Winnipeg, Man. Cheng Cheng and Rong Rong, who live in Australia, will be paying a rare visit outside that country, to the Assiniboine Park Zoo.

MAY 17-20, KINSMEN BAND FESTIVAL, Moose Jaw, Sask. Some 70 marching and stage bands will march in the parade, and 110 bands, plus 50 choral groups, will take part in the competitions.

For information: Travel Manitoba, Dept. 7020, 155 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man., Canada R3C 3H8. (800) 665-0040.

Tourism Saskatchewan, 2103 11th Ave., Regina, Sask., Canada S4P 3V7. (800) 667-7191 or (306) 787-2300.

ALBERTA & BRITISH COLUMBIA

JULY 7-16, CALGARY EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE, Alta. According to the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association, this is the No. 1 rodeo in the world.

JULY 21-31, HEAD-SMASHED-IN POWWOW, Head-Smashed-In Buffalo Jump, Alta. Representatives of numerous tribes from Alberta, Saskatchewan, and the north-

western United States will attend this powwow at the Head-Smashed-In Buffalo Jump (where buffalo were stampeded over cliffs, to simplify the hunting of them), southwest of Calgary. Over the millennia thousands of buffalo got their heads smashed in here. However, the name honors a Peigan Blackfoot boy who got in their way.

JULY 31, CANADIAN OPEN SANDCASTLE COMPETITION, White Rock, BC. Nearly 200 teams are expected to compete, for \$20,000 in prize money.

For information: Travel Alberta, 10025 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alta., Canada T5J 3Z3. (800) 661-8888 or (403) 427-4321.

Tourism British Columbia, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, BC, Canada V8V 1X4. (604) 387-1642.

NWT & THE YUKON

JUNE 8-11, NORTHERN STORYTELLING FESTIVAL, Whitehorse, Yukon. Storytellers from Siberia; from Finland, Iceland, and Greenland; and from quite a few places in between will take part.

JULY 1, YUKON GOLD-PANNING CHAMPIONSHIP, Dawson City, Yukon. Residents compete in the eponymous competition; visitors compete for the Cheechako Award.

Out in the bush Doug pans for gold, working the gravel bars along the creeks in the old way, extracting the flecks by absorbing them into mercury.

'And how do you get the gold out of the mercury?'

'Well, the best method is to take a potato.'

I looked at George to see whether my leg, not for the first time that evening, was being pulled. My cultural interpreter confirmed that Doug was on the level for once.

'You take the potato and hollow it out,' explained Doug, 'and then you put into it the mercury amalgam. You heat it in a fire for hours, and after a while the potato absorbs the mercury and you're left with a button of gold. You take out the gold, put it in your pocket, and then boil the potato to get the mercury back.'

—from *Maple Leaf Rag: Travels Across Canada* by Stephen Brook
Vintage, \$7.95.

For information: TravelArctic, Yellowknife, NWT, Canada X1A 2L9. (800) 661-0788 or (403) 873-7200.

Tourism Yukon, P.O. Box 2703, Whitehorse, Yukon, Canada Y1A 2C6. (403) 667-5340.



THE UNITED STATES



Grand Portage Rendezvous Days, Minnesota

NEW ENGLAND

THROUGH DECEMBER, CONNECTICUT YANKEE CENTENNIAL, throughout Conn. Mark Twain's *Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* was published 100 years ago. Among the many commemorative events the most notable is, probably, a production of Rodgers and Hart's *Connecticut Yankee* by the well-regarded Goodspeed Opera House, in East Haddam, April 12-June 23. (203) 247-0998.

APRIL 7-9, VERMONT MAPLE FESTIVAL, St. Albans. A pancake breakfast, a maple banquet, and a virtual maple midway, with maple-flavored everything for sale. Franklin County, where St. Albans is situated, is the largest producer of maple syrup in the U.S. (802) 524-5800.

The exterior walls [of Mark Twain's house in Hartford, Connecticut] are decorated with stripes of vermillion and black, and the steep slate roof is adorned with diamond-shaped patterns in three colors. There are five balconies and three turrets (one of them octagonal and fifty feet high). In every one of the nineteen rooms can be seen Clemens's love of color, ornament, and lavish expenditure. He had a window set directly over a fireplace so that he could see flames and snowflakes at the same time. Clemens redecorated the house in 1881, retaining the firm of Associated Artists, led by Louis Comfort Tiffany, who designed a large and comfort-

able library for Clemens. But the children took over the room and the author ended up working in his third-floor billiard room.

— from *The Smithsonian Guide to Historic America: Southern New England* by Henry Wiencek, special photography by Paul Rocheleau. Stewart, Tabori & Chang, \$24.95/\$17.95.

APRIL 17, BOSTON MARATHON, Mass. (617) 536-4100.

JUNE 22-SEPTEMBER 3, BERKSHIRES SUMMER ARTS FESTIVAL, Mass.

June 22-August 27, *Williamstown Theatre Festival*. The 35th season. (212) 967-8170 or, after May 31, (413) 597-3400.

June 24-September 3, *Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival*, Becket. The Mark Morris Dance Group, now of Belgium, will give the opening performance. The "Splash Festival," July 17-30 this year, will pay homage to the French Bicentennial by featuring French choreographers. (413) 243-0745.

June 30-August 27, *Tanglewood Music Festival*, Lenox. There will be two special events this year at the summer home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra: an Aaron Copland retrospective and a Bastille Day performance of Honegger's *Joan of Arc*. (617) 266-1492 or, after June 29, (413) 637-1940.

The Berkshire Festival Opera, in Lenox; the Berkshire Theatre Festival, in Stockbridge; The Music Theatre Group at Lenox Arts Center, in Stockbridge; and Shakespeare & Company, in Lenox, will have their seasons during approximately the same

time period as the other festival seasons.

For information on all events: (413) 443-9186.

JUNE 23, START OF THE MARION-BERMUDA RACE, Mass. This four-to-seven-day race to St. George's is for cruising yachts, rather than high-tech marvels, and many yachtsmen who have been taken aback by the recent America's Cups, for example, are looking forward to it eagerly. Some 450 yachts are expected to take part. (401) 849-5200.

AUGUST 5-6, THE MAINE LOBSTER FESTIVAL, Rockland. Another popular one is the Winter Harbor Lobster Festival, August 12 this year. (207) 596-0376 and (207) 963-2235, respectively.

AUGUST 18-20, A WEEKEND OF COACHING, Newport, RI. The kind of coaches with wheels, and horses, and postilions: a triennial display. (401) 847-1000.

SEPTEMBER 15-23, ROLEX WOMEN'S KEELBOAT CHAMPIONSHIP, Newport, RI. (401) 846-1969.

MID-ATLANTIC

APRIL 16-30, BICENTENNIAL OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION, Mount Vernon, Va., to New York City. The first George is back, but in his 20th-century incarnation he's an actor. Washington's trip to his inauguration will be painstakingly re-enacted, beginning at Mount Vernon on April 16, when Washington and his entourage will leave, in a horse-drawn carriage, for New York City (which was the nation's capital in 1789). The party will pass through the District of Columbia; Baltimore; Wilmington, Delaware; Philadelphia (where Washington will appear astride a white horse); and Trenton, New Jersey, to arrive in New York City on the 23rd. New York will salute Washington with events including a harbor parade of ships and a fireworks display, on the 29th. The presidential oath-taking itself will not be re-enacted but simply commemorated, at Federal Hall, on the 30th, with President George Bush in attendance. In the afternoon the new Museum of American Constitutional Government, at the hall, will be dedicated, and there will be a parade down lower Broadway; in the evening historical inaugural balls will be held. (212) 566-1989.

APRIL 23, SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, Washington, DC. The one day of the year when the Folger Shakespeare Library hosts events for children and welcomes the adult public into the reading room, where the world's largest collection of first editions can be found. William Shake-



United States

speare would be 425 this year. (202) 544-7077.

APRIL 29-30, DUKE ELLINGTON 90TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, Washington, DC. Including a parade and an outdoor jazz concert on April 29, and a concert at the Kennedy Center on April 30: Mercer Ellington and the Duke Ellington Orchestra, and their guests, will perform *Sacred Concert* and *A Drum Is a Woman*, among other Ellington works that don't get around much anymore. (202) 362-0858.

MAY 5-14, TOUR DE TRUMP, Albany, NY, to Atlantic City, NJ. This cycling stage race, patterned on the Tour de France, will travel through New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, the District of Columbia, North Carolina, Maryland, and New Jersey. It is U.S. cycling's largest, newest, and richest event—wouldn't you know it? (609) 641-7322.

JUNE 10, 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BASEBALL HALL OF FAME, Coopers-town, NY. A parade and the opening of a new wing of exhibit space and a movie theater. This year's Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony (when Johnny Bench and Carl Yastrzemski will become members) is set for July 23, and the Hall of Fame Game, between the Boston Red Sox and the Cincinnati Reds, for July 24. (607) 547-9988.

JUNE 14–SEPTEMBER, SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER SEASON, NY. Pop entertainers will be booked into the amphitheater between these engagements:

June 14-18, New York City Opera.

July 1-2, Jazz Festival–Saratoga. Continuous music from noon to midnight both days.

July 4-22, New York City Ballet.

August 9-26, Philadelphia Orchestra. Before each concert, chamber music is presented beside Victoria Pool at Saratoga Spa State Park.

For information on all events: (518) 584-9330.

JUNE 18, CORESTATES CHAMPIONSHIP, Philadelphia, Pa. The world's richest single-day bicycling event, and the only World Cup race held outside Europe. (914) 937-2909.

JUNE 24–AUGUST 27, THE SEASON AT CHAUTAUQUA, NY. This lakeside Victorian community offers, by day, a challenging series of conferences and lectures by noted speakers, including David Gergen, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Wassily Leontief, and Freeman Dyson this year. The evenings are given over to ballet, opera, and music by performers ranging from the resident orchestra to country and pop groups. (716) 357-6200.

JUNE 24–SEPTEMBER 3, GLIMMER-GLASS OPERA SEASON, Cooperstown.

Two operas by William Schuman will open the season: *The Mighty Casey*, in a tribute to the Baseball Hall of Fame nearby, and *A Question of Taste*, in its world premiere. (607) 547-2255.

JULY 8-9, 125TH ANNIVERSARY RE-ENACTMENT OF THE RANSOM OF FREDERICK AND THE BATTLE OF THE MONOCACY, Frederick, Md. Living-history displays and the re-enactment of the ransom will be presented on both days of the weekend. The battle will be re-enacted on Sunday. (301) 663-8687.

AUGUST 28–SEPTEMBER 10, U.S. OPEN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, Flushing Meadow, NY. At the USTA National Tennis Center, 128 men and 128 women will compete in a Grand Slam tournament. (212) 302-3322.

SEPTEMBER 1-3, NATIONAL HARD CRAB DERBY AND FAIR, Crisfield, Md. The crabs that win their derby races don't end up in the pot. (301) 968-2682.

SEPTEMBER 6-17, 175TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLE OF BALTIMORE, throughout Md. It was during this battle, for Fort McHenry, that Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner." The state will celebrate both the song and the victory with a "fly-over" parade of planes and a parade of tall ships and naval warships, among other things. (301) 625-2202.

■ SOUTHEAST

THROUGH DECEMBER, THE ALABAMA REUNION, throughout Ala. If you grew up in Alabama, they want you to come home; if you went to school there, they want you to come back. Two standouts among what are reportedly 1,500 special events planned to entice visitors this year are the Birmingham Festival of Arts, April 22-28, on the theme of France, and an educational as well as entertaining Space Celebration in Huntsville, July 1-31. (205) 261-4169.

APRIL 28–MAY 7, KENTUCKY DERBY FESTIVAL, Louisville. The events include the Great Steamboat Race, the Pegasus Parade, and the Great Balloon Race—not to mention the Derby itself, which will be run on May 7. (502) 584-6383.

In 1889 Frank James, whose younger brother, Jesse, made a name for himself in the railroad business, attended the Kentucky Derby prepared to do battle. With bookies, that is. Looking like a Southern gentleman in his Prince Albert suit and

soft white hat, James won \$2,400 on an early race on the card, then asked a bookmaker the price on Spokane in the Derby.

"Ten-to-one, and the sky's the limit," the bookie replied. James slapped down \$5,000 on Spokane, and the bookie declared, "As far as I'm concerned, that's the sky."

James won his bet as Spokane nosed out the odds-on favorite, Proctor Knott, who bolted at the top of the stretch and raced down the straightaway on the extreme outside.

— from *Kentucky Derby: The Chance of a Lifetime* by Joe Hirsch and Jim Bolus. McGraw-Hill, \$34.95.

MAY 4-7, SHENANDOAH APPLE BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, Winchester, Va. The largest civic celebration in Virginia, and the largest band competition in the country. (703) 662-3863.

MAY 8-14, U.S. MEN'S CLAY COURT TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, Charleston, SC. At the Wild Dunes Resort. (803) 886-6000.

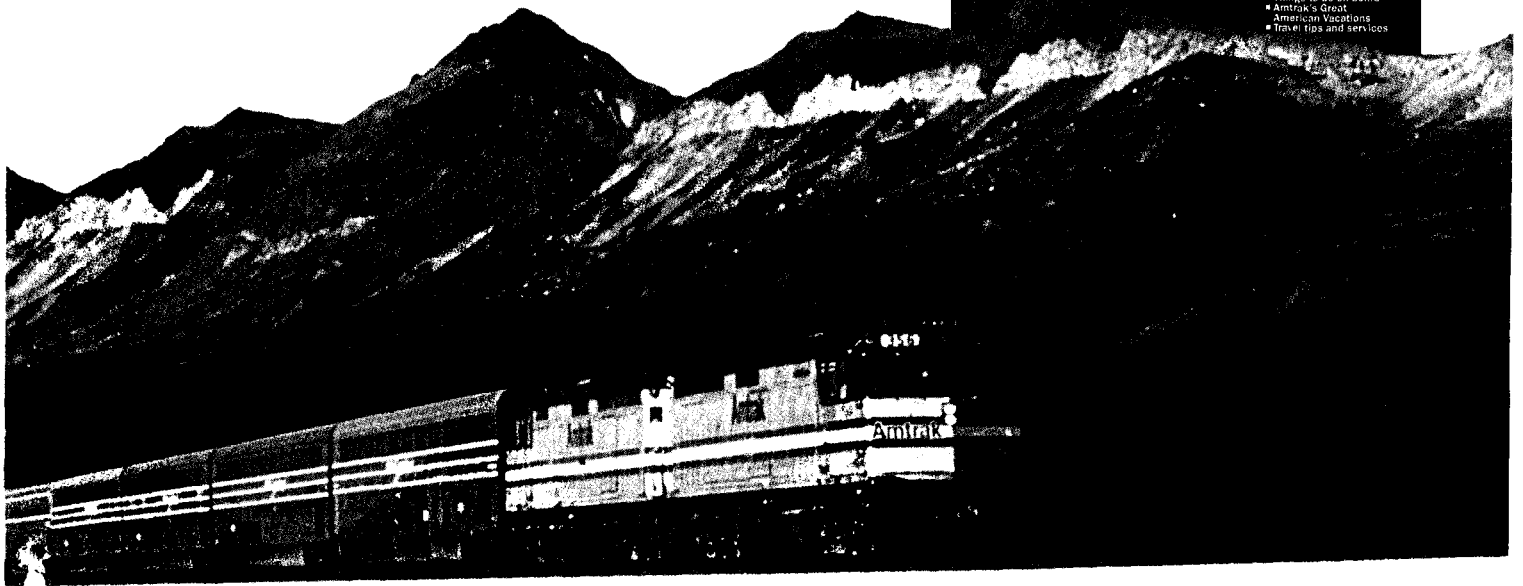
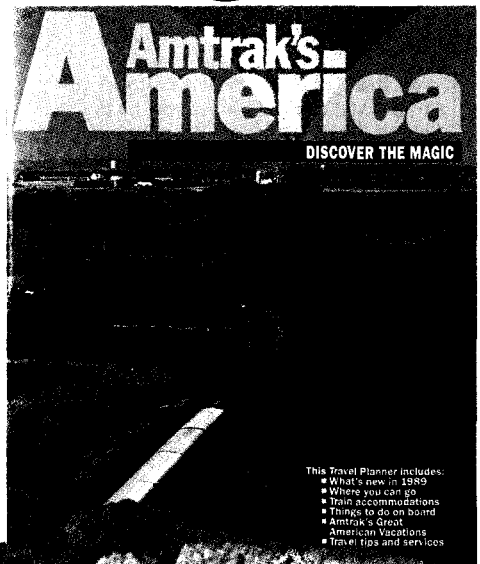
MAY 26–JUNE 11, SPOLETO FESTIVAL, Charleston, SC. The highlights include the premieres of *The Electronic Theater* by Laurie Anderson and new productions of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and Bellini's *Straniera*. Also, a dance-theater work by Graciela Daniele and Astor Piazzolla, with sets by Robert Rauschenberg, and two new productions by the Colla Family Marionettes, of Milan. (803) 722-2764.

JUNE 13–JULY 22, AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL, Durham, NC. This year's highlights include the International Dance Festival, featuring companies from Argentina, Venezuela, Finland, France, Italy, and Japan; and the "Made in France" series, presenting work by French choreographers in honor of the French Bicentennial. (919) 684-6402.

JULY 4, GEORGIA STATE CAPITOL CENTENNIAL, Atlanta. When Georgia's impressive gold-domed capitol was built, in the 1880s, it came in just under budget and was completed on time; it was dedicated on July 4, 1889. This year Atlanta's Fourth of July parade, which is regularly the largest in the country, will take the Capitol Centennial as its theme, and it will follow a new route to end at the capitol, on whose grounds a festival will be taking place. (404) 656-7263.

AUGUST 4-11, 100TH NESHOBIA COUNTY FAIR, Philadelphia, Miss. This is the only remaining campground fair in the U.S. to be held in permanent buildings. Political

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United States

speaking is an unusual staple on the roster of events: Ronald Reagan was among the speakers in 1980, and Michael Dukakis was in 1988. (601) 656-1742.

AUGUST 4-13, U.S. NATIONAL HOT-AIR-BALLOON CHAMPIONSHIP, Baton Rouge, La. Over 200 balloonists, including 100 top-ranked competition balloon pilots, will take to the skies. (504) 769-7020.

AUGUST 17-20, HOPE WATERMELON FESTIVAL, Ark. This may not be the nation's biggest watermelon festival but it probably serves up the nation's biggest watermelons. Will the 1985 record of a 260-pounder be topped this year? (501) 777-3640.

AUGUST 26-27, BAL DE MAISON, Lafayette, La. The competition for Cajun bands. (318) 233-3797.

SEPTEMBER 2, SOUTHWEST LOUISIANA ZYDECO MUSIC FESTIVAL, Plaisance. The *only* festival for zydeco bands. (318) 826-3431.

SEPTEMBER 8-NOVEMBER 11, "CLASSICS IN CONTEXT", Louisville, Ky. The Actors Theatre of Louisville, the Kentucky Opera, the Louisville Ballet, the Louisville Orchestra, and the J. B. Speed Art Museum, all join in this annual effort to celebrate the arts of a particular time and place. This year's theme will be "Art and Russia in Revolution." (502) 582-1821.

OCTOBER 6-8, NATIONAL STORYTELLING FESTIVAL, Jonesborough, Tenn. The nation's oldest (it began in 1973) and most prestigious storytelling festival. (615) 753-2171.

OCTOBER 7, CHINCOTEAGUE OYSTER FEST, Va. All you can eat—raw, steamed, in stew, in fritters—in the span of four hours. (804) 336-6161.

MIDWEST

THROUGH DECEMBER, NORTH DAKOTA STATEHOOD CENTENNIAL, throughout N. Dak. Custer's last home, or the Custer House, in Fort Abraham Lincoln State Park, has been under restoration; it will have its grand opening June 16-18, with the Frontier Armies of Dakota in attendance. Bismarck will host the "Party of the Century" July 1-4, and wagon trains from across the state will converge on the capital. Fort Union Trading Post National Historic Site will be dedicated and feted August 12-13. And in the United Tribes Powwow, September 7-10, hundreds of Native Americans will compete in sports and cultural contests. (701) 224-2589.

THROUGH DECEMBER, OKLAHOMA LAND RUN CENTENNIAL, throughout Okla. The Land Run of 1889 began at noon on April 22, as a means to divide up some 2 million acres in central Oklahoma which had been bought from the Creek and Seminole Indians less than a month before. The commemorations will involve wagon trains, which will converge on Guthrie, Oklahoma's original capital, where a re-enactment of the run will take place on the 22nd. Oklahoma City will present a special edition of its annual Festival of the Arts April 18-23. The Red Earth celebration of Native American culture, in Oklahoma City June 2-4, will draw representatives of some 100 tribes. And the Olympic Festival, in Oklahoma City and nearby towns July 21-30, will draw some 4,000 U.S. athletes. (800) 652-6552.



An Actors Theatre of Louisville production at last year's "Classics in Context" arts festival, Louisville, Kentucky

THROUGH DECEMBER, SOUTH DAKOTA STATEHOOD CENTENNIAL, throughout S. Dak. More wagon trains! Two of them, comprising over 50 wagons apiece, will crisscross South Dakota May 10-August 29; the towns they visit will hold parades and dances in their honor. Also, a new 111-mile Centennial Trail, in the Black Hills, will be dedicated June 10-11. (605) 773-3301.

APRIL 2-9, WORLD CURLING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Milwaukee, Wis. For the first time ever the men's and women's championships will be staged at the same time, in the same place. (414) 462-1989.

MAY 27-JUNE 25, OPERA THEATRE OF ST. LOUIS SEASON, Mo. Franz Lehar's *Merry Widow*, Massenet's *Werther*, Purcell's *King Arthur*, and the premiere of Anthony Davis's *Under the Double Moon*. (314) 961-0644.

JUNE 7-11, NATIONAL RAGTIME FESTIVAL, St. Louis, Mo. The 25th annual such festival of Dixieland and ragtime. It takes place on the Goldenrod Showboat, moored on the St. Louis riverfront. (314) 621-3311.

JUNE 17, GRANDMA'S MARATHON, Duluth, Minn. (218) 727-0947.

AUGUST 7-13, U.S. MEN'S HARDCOURT TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, Indianapolis, Ind. At the Indianapolis Sports Center. (317) 632-4100.

AUGUST 11-13, GRAND PORTAGE RENDEZVOUS DAYS, Minn. Powwows and voyageur contests continue a tradition of annual meetings between trappers and traders. (218) 475-2277.

AUGUST 30-SEPTEMBER 3, CHICAGO JAZZ FESTIVAL, Ill. The world's largest free jazz festival. (312) 744-3315.

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 6, CHICAGO FILM FESTIVAL, Ill. The 25th-anniversary edition. (312) 644-3400.

NOVEMBER 1-5, WILL ROGERS DAYS, Claremore, Okla. Will Rogers would be 110 this year, and surely he'd be pleased as punch by the fuss that Claremore always makes over his birthday. (918) 341-0719.

WEST

THROUGH DECEMBER, MONTANA STATEHOOD CENTENNIAL, throughout Mont. An addition to Bozeman's Museum of the Rockies, which includes a new planetarium, will be dedicated April 1. Participants in the Black Robe Mission Project, June 2-August 5, will trace, on horseback, routes used by early Jesuit missionaries in Montana. Here comes another wagon train! June 12-July 4 about 100 drivers will make their way from Bannack to Helena, being feted with dances and picnics en route. And a Centennial Cattle Drive, from Roundup to Billings, will take place September 4-9; some 250 wagons and 5,000 riders, including 100 drovers, will encourage 10,000 head of cattle to take part. (406) 446-3767.

APRIL 13-23, HOUSTON FESTIVAL, Texas. The festival will honor the French Bicentennial, with performances of Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, by the Houston Grand Opera; Jean Anouilh's *Waltz of the Toreadors*, by the Alley Theatre; and music of France, by the Houston Symphony. Literally thousands of other performing artists will present theater, dance, jazz, blues, Cajun music, zydeco . . . (713) 654-8808.

MAY 20, ELK ANTLER AUCTION, Jackson Hole, Wyo. The Boy Scouts conduct the world's only public auction of elk antlers. (307) 733-3316.

MAY 27-JUNE 11, VAN CLIBURN PIANO COMPETITION, Fort Worth, Texas. For the first time in the history of the com-



petition—which spans 26 years and seven previous competitions—both the USSR and China will participate. (817) 738-6536.

JUNE 9-11, HEMINGWAY CONFERENCE, Boise, Ketchum, and Sun Valley, Idaho. In honor of the 50th anniversary of Hemingway's arrival in Idaho (and perhaps also in honor of the 90th anniversary of his birth), films of Hemingway novels will be screened, the John DeGroot play *Papa* staged, memorabilia exhibited, and lectures given. (208) 385-1011.

JUNE 23-25, TELLURIDE BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL, Colo. New Grass Revival, Hot Rize, Mark O'Connor, Jerry Douglas, Lyle Lovett, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, and other popular players. (303) 449-6007.

JUNE 23–AUGUST 20, ASPEN MUSIC FESTIVAL, Colo. In its 40th-anniversary season the festival will present Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*, Britten's *Rape of Lucretia* and *Turn of the Screw*, and Garrison Keillor, performing with the orchestra. The full program and ticket information will be available in early May. (303) 925-3254.

JUNE 30–AUGUST 26, SANTA FE OPERA SEASON, NM. Presenting, in Santa Fe's unique open-air theater, Verdi's *Traviata*, Pier Francesco Cavalli's *Calisto*, Massenet's *Cherubin*, Richard Strauss's *Rosenkavalier*, and Judith Weir's *Night at the Chinese Opera*. (505) 982-3855.

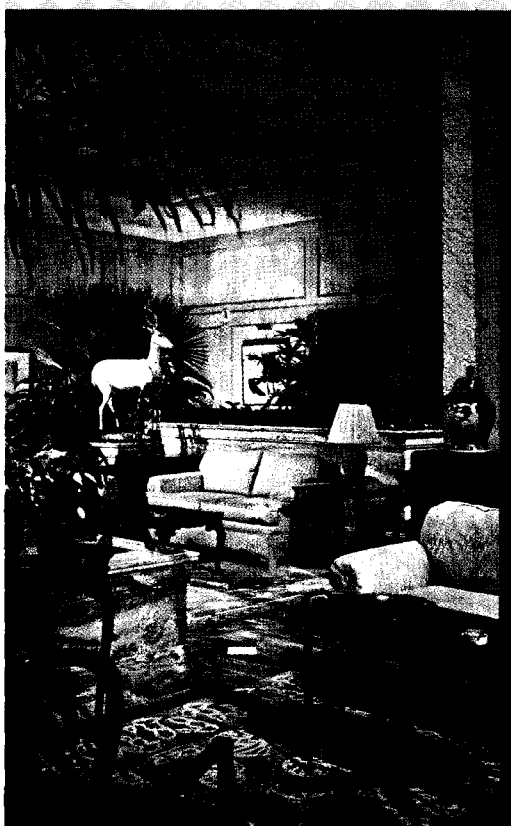
JULY 1-2, NATIONAL BASQUE FESTIVAL, Elko, Nev. Contests in everything from dancing the *jota* and baking bread to *irrintzi*, or yelling. (702) 738-7135.

JULY 7–AUGUST 26, GRAND TETON MUSIC FESTIVAL, Jackson Hole, Wyo. The festival doesn't formally open until July 19, but the New York Philharmonic will be performing July 7, 8, 14, and 15, as its early-arriving guest. The festival will include the "Music in the Present Tense" series of contemporary music. And on the final two evenings Harrison Ford will appear with the Festival Orchestra, as the Speaker in Aaron Copland's *Lincoln Portrait*. (307) 733-3050.

JULY 22-30, CHEYENNE FRONTIER DAYS, Wyo. According to the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association (which judges by prize money, as the cowboys also tend to do), this is the nation's No. 1 outdoor rodeo. (307) 778-7200.

AUGUST 9-13, INTERTRIBAL INDIAN CEREMONIAL, Red Rock State Park, NM. Near Gallup, 50 tribes from the Southwest and Mexico come together for parades, dances, a rodeo, and a fair of crafts and food. (505) 863-3896.

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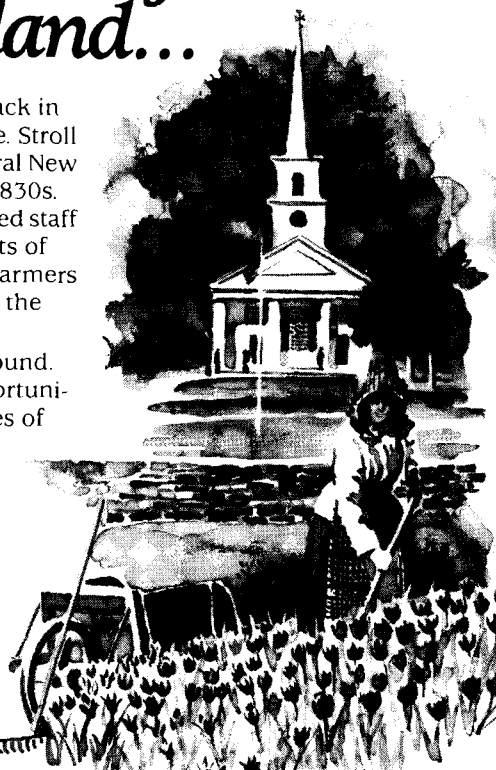
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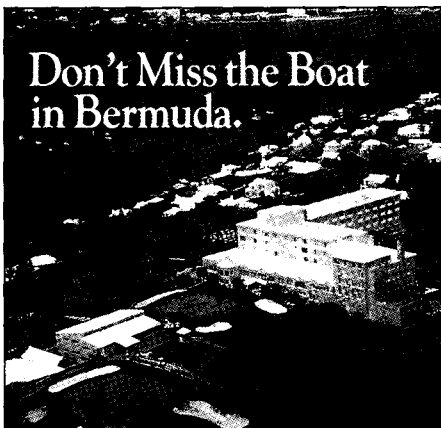
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United States

The Crow country is a good country. The Great Spirit has put it exactly in the right place; while you are in it you fare well; whenever you go out of it, whichever way you travel, you fare worse. If you go to the south, you have to wander over great barren plains; the water is warm and bad and you meet with fever and ague. To the north it is cold; the winters are long and bitter and there is no grass; you can not keep horses there but must travel with dogs. What is a country without horses?

...
The Crow country . . . has snowy mountains and sunny plains, all kinds of climates and good things for every season. When the summer heats scorch the prairies, you can draw up under the mountains, where the air is sweet and cool, the grass fresh, and the bright streams come tumbling out of the snowbanks. There you can hunt the elk, the deer and the antelope when their skins are fit for dressing; there you will find plenty of white bears [grizzlies] and mountain sheep.

— from "My Country" by Arapach, Chief of the Crows, (1923) in *The Last Best Place: A Montana Anthology* edited by William Kittredge and Annick Smith. *Montana Historical Society, \$39.95.*

AUGUST 17-20, CROW FAIR, Crow Agency, Mont. About an hour outside Billings, the Northern Plains Indian tribes gather for parades, games, a rodeo, and a fair of crafts and food. (406) 638-2811.

OCTOBER 7-15, ALBUQUERQUE BALLOON FIESTA, NM. Most years this is the world's largest hot-air-ballooning event. This year it will probably run a close second to the French "Fraternity 89" celebration. More than 700 hot-air and gas balloons will ascend en masse on the weekends. (505) 821-1000.

■ PACIFIC

THROUGH DECEMBER, CHINESE BICENTENNIAL, throughout Hawaii. The first Chinese man to live in Hawaii, historians believe, arrived in 1789 (just 11 years after Captain Cook "discovered" the islands); he was seen in the court of King Kamehameha several years later. More recently, Chinese in Hawaii have influenced everything from agriculture to pop culture. Numerous films, exhibits, performances, and lectures from or about China will be given throughout the year. A China Trade Exhibition will be held May 25-June 6; the Shanghai Children's Palace Art Troupe will

perform July 7-9; the Guangdong Puppet troupe will perform July 29-August 3; and the Guangdong Performing Arts group will perform September 28-October 1—all in Honolulu. (808) 528-3200.

In the early 1930s, tourists were asking tailors in Honolulu's Chinatown to make them colorful shirts like the ones worn by Waikiki beach boys. Ellery J. Chun was the first to make and sell the ready-to-wear shirts at his Chinatown shop. He registered the name Aloha Sportswear in 1936 and the garments were known forever after as aloha shirts.

— from *Hawaii Access* by Richard Saul Wurman. Access Press, \$12.95.

THROUGH DECEMBER, SACRAMENTO SESQUICENTENNIAL, Calif. Dozens of historical, arts, and fun events, culminating in a colossal birthday party August 11-13. (916) 446-0150.

THROUGH DECEMBER, WASHINGTON STATEHOOD CENTENNIAL, throughout Wash. Seattle will present "A Time of Gathering," a vast exhibit relating to the state's Native American heritage, April 1-October 1: full-scale replicas of dwellings will be staffed with storytellers and craftspeople, and ancient and contemporary artifacts from Washington's 36 tribes have been, well, gathered for display. In Grays Harbor a replica of the tall ship *Lady Washington*, one of two ships used by Robert Gray in his discovery and exploration of the area, will have her maiden voyage during the town's annual Discovery Days festival, May 7-8 this year. An exhibit under joint Soviet-American curatorship, "Crossroads of Continents," about the history, art, and traditions of peoples on both sides of the Bering Strait, will be on view in Seattle May 14-October 15. Seattle will present, as well, a special edition of the annual Seafair festival, with dragon-boat races and other multinational events, July 28-August 6. (206) 586-1989.

MAY 26-29, DIXIELAND JUBILEE, Sacramento, Calif. Traditional jazz around the clock. Fourteen of the hundred-plus groups scheduled to play this year are from abroad—for example, the New Peace Hotel Jazz Band, of Shanghai, the Leningrad Dixieland Band, and the Harlem Ramblers, of Zurich. (916) 372-5277.

JUNE 2-23, SITKA SUMMER MUSIC FESTIVAL, Alaska. This international chamber music festival has found an even better way to take advantage of the gorgeous setting than holding the performances outdoors: they are given in a glass-walled building. (907) 688-0880 or, after May 1, (907) 747-6774.



JUNE 6-OCTOBER 1, OREGON SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, Ashland. The company will perform *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Henry IV*, Part Two, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* on its outdoor Elizabethan Stage. (503) 482-4331.

JUNE 23-OCTOBER 1, OLD GLOBE THEATER FESTIVAL, San Diego. Sheridan's *School for Scandal* and Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* will be presented in the outdoor Festival Theater. (619) 239-2255.

JUNE 24-JULY 9, OREGON BACH FESTIVAL, Eugene. Orchestral and choral concerts. (503) 686-5667.

JULY 7-AUGUST 27, PAGEANT OF THE MASTERS, Laguna Beach, Calif. Live replicas of well-known artworks presented in an outdoor theater. (714) 494-1145.

JULY 19-22, WORLD ESKIMO-INDIAN OLYMPICS, Fairbanks, Alaska. The blanket toss, the arm pull, the Alaska high kick, the knuckle hop, and other traditional contests. (907) 452-6646.

AUGUST 3-19, "DIE MEISTERSINGER", Seattle, Wash. The Seattle Opera will give seven performances of a new production of Wagner's opera. (206) 443-4711.

AUGUST 13, SEQUIM SALMON BAKE, Wash. The 20th edition of an Indian-style bake, in which boned, butterflied fresh salmon is baked slowly on cedar stakes over coals. (206) 683-6197.

AUGUST 19-20, CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE AND MONTEREY HISTORIC AUTOMOBILE RACES, Pebble Beach, Calif. One of the nation's great vintage-car events. (408) 649-8500.

SEPTEMBER 15-17, MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL, Calif. All styles of jazz. (408) 373-3366.

SEPTEMBER 16-17, CASTROVILLE ARTICHOKE FESTIVAL, Calif. Although artichokes are harvested year-round, their peak season will be long past, which explains why the nation's artichoke growers (nearly all of whom are situated in or near Castroville, which is on the coast near Monterey) have time to help out with this festival. Artichoke specialties and novelties are available—actually, omnipresent. (408) 633-2465.

OCTOBER 14, IRONMAN TRIATHLON, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii. The 10th-anniversary edition. (808) 528-2050.

OCTOBER 27-NOVEMBER 9, ALOHA CLASSIC, Maui, Hawaii. The climactic event of the Maui O'Neill World Tour of boardsailing. (808) 579-9765.

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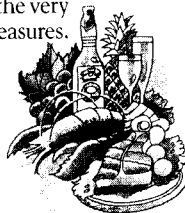
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■ ARGENTINA

EARLY AUGUST, SNOW FESTIVAL, Bariloche. Argentines think of Bariloche as St. Moritz South. Its week-long *fiesta* includes races and slalom and jumping competitions, and a lot of local color—such as a procession of torch-bearing skiers.

MAY 24–DECEMBER, BUENOS AIRES OPERA SEASON. After some months of renovation the Teatro del Colon, which is undoubtedly South America's finest opera house, will reopen with Verdi's *Aida*. The season will continue with Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, Puccini's *Rondine*, Richard Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*, Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, a double bill made up of two Argentine operas, Bartok's *Bluebeard's Castle*, and Berg's *Wozzeck*.

For information: Argentine Tourist Office, 12 West 56th St., New York, NY 10019. (212) 603-0443.

■ ARUBA

APRIL 30, QUEEN'S DAY, throughout Aruba. Aruba, a member of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, commemorates the coronation of Queen Beatrix with parades, folkloric celebrations, and sports events.

For information: Aruba Tourism Authority, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (800) 862-7822 or (212) 246-3030.

■ THE BAHAMAS

APRIL 27-29, FAMILY ISLANDS REGATTA, George Town, Great Exuma. Virtually every Bahamian work boat that can make it to Elizabeth Harbour does, either to join in the races for work sloops or so that its passengers can join the party on the harbor or in town.

MAY 26–AUGUST 25, PEOPLE-TO-PEOPLE TEA PARTIES, Nassau. At these parties, which bring visitors together with Bahamian People-To-People volunteers, the governor's wife serves as hostess. The parties are held in the ballroom of her home, Government House. The parties are given on the last Friday of each month.

For information: Bahamas Tourist Office, 150 E. 52nd St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 757-1611.

■ BARBADOS

JULY 15–AUGUST 7, CROP OVER FESTIVAL, throughout Barbados. Parades, food festivals, calypso competitions, open-air concerts, and general celebrating, in honor of the sugarcane harvest. The grand finale is a merry costume parade on Kadooment, a national holiday, August 7.

For information: Barbados Board of Tourism, 800 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 986-6516.

■ BERMUDA

MAY 1-31, BERMUDA HERITAGE MONTH, throughout Bermuda. An assortment of cultural and sports events. The highlight is Bermuda Day, a public holiday, on May 24, which will be celebrated with a parade, from Pembroke to Hamilton and back, and dinghy races, in St. George's Harbour.

AUGUST 3-4, CUP MATCH, Somerset. This cricket match, pitting the eastern end of the island against the western, is such an important sporting and social occasion that both days of it are public holidays.

For information: Bermuda Department of Tourism, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 397-7700.

■ BRAZIL

MAY 5-14, FESTIVAL OF THE DIVINE HOLY SPIRIT, Parati. The historic town of Parati has been designated a national monument for its beautifully preserved colonial architecture. The centerpiece of its celebrations is a ritual of singing, known as *Folia do Divino*; there are also performances of local music and dance, processions, and a fair.

JULY, WINTER FESTIVAL, Campos do Jordao. Brazilians think of this region, near Sao Paulo, as St. Moritz South. Campos do Jordao presents an annual music festival, with orchestras, soloists, and chamber groups, in an auditorium situated in a nature preserve.

OCTOBER 14–DECEMBER 10, BIENAL OF SAO PAULO. Brazil's largest contemporary-art exhibit. Twenty countries, including Germany, France, Italy, Portugal, and the U.S., will be represented.

For information: Brazilian Tourism Foundation, 551 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10176. (212) 286-9600.

■ BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

JULY 29-30, BVI BOARDSAILING CHAMPIONSHIP, Trellis Bay, Tortola. A Johnny Walker Hook In & Hold On regatta.

AUGUST 1-11, SUMMER FESTIVAL, Tortola. Steelband and calypso contests, boat races, and a big parade on August Monday, the 7th, which is the first of three public holidays in a row.



For information: British Virgin Islands Tourist Board, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 696-0400.

■ CAYMAN ISLANDS

OCTOBER 28–NOVEMBER 4, PIRATES WEEK, Grand Cayman and Cayman Brac. "Pour, oh pour the pirate sherry; fill, oh fill the pirate glass!" Pirate's Week is as silly as a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, but it's the Caymans' biggest celebration of the year.

For information: Cayman Islands Dept. of Tourism, 250 Catalonia Ave., Coral Gables, FL 33134. (305) 444-6551.

■ FRENCH WEST INDIES

MAY 28, ST. MARTIN FOOD FESTIVAL, throughout St. Martin. Cooking demonstra-

tions and tastings of the island's foods, starting with what the Arawak Indians ate (cassava bread, for example) and continuing leisurely on into contemporary recipes for everything from herbal drinks to conch, whelk, and lobster.

JULY 1-31, FESTIVAL OF FORT-DE-FRANCE, Martinique. Artists from five continents will give five performances a day, in this potpourri of music, dance, and theater.

JULY 14, BASTILLE DAY, throughout the French West Indies. Specially enthusiastic celebrations are planned in honor of the French Bicentennial.

AUGUST 12, FETE DES CUISINIERES, Pointe-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe. The local women cooks, including restaurant owners and chefs, start the day at mass in the cathedral and then parade over to a large schoolyard nearby. There they make a party out of preparing an elaborate banquet, in which visitors are welcome to join.

AUGUST 24, FESTIVAL OF ST. BARTHE-LEMY, Gustavia, St. Barts. For the feast day of the island's patron saint colorful booths are set up on the streets, yachts are raced, boats are blessed, church bells peal, and fireworks fly.

For information: French West Indies Tourist Board, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-1125.

■ JAMAICA

JULY 20–AUGUST 20, NATIONAL DANCE THEATRE OF JAMAICA SEASON, Kingston. This internationally renowned folkloric company presents rousing interpretations of traditional forms—everything from Jamaican plantation dances to *obeah* rites.

AUGUST 15-19, REGGAE SUNSPLASH, Montego Bay. Five all-night concerts in a row, starring dozens of leading reggae artists.

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MEXICO

JULY 24 AND 31, GUELAGUETZA DANCE FESTIVAL, Oaxaca. *Guelaguetza* is a Zapotec word, meaning "offering," but it's not only Zapotec people who take part in this compendium of pre-Columbian dances, presented twice a year. The performances start at 10 A.M. and continue for the best part of the day.

MID-OCTOBER-EARLY NOVEMBER, CERVANTINO FESTIVAL, Guanajuato. The 15th edition of this European-style arts festival featuring orchestras, vocalists, guitarists, jazz groups, ballet and modern-dance companies, folk groups, visual artists, and theatrical companies, from both Americas, the Caribbean, and Europe.

NOVEMBER 1-2, ALL SAINTS' AND ALL SOULS' DAYS, throughout Mexico. The first of these two legal holidays honors saints and folk saints (who have not been canonized). The second day honors the dead. Candlelight vigils are held, altars constructed, and processions made through cemeteries.

Expect celebrations [in Mexico] on the Feasts of All Saints and All Souls—November 1 and 2 (they are religious holidays; offices and shops are open). Incorporating the pre-Columbian feast of the dead, All Souls' Day (*Día de los muertos*) is an occasion for family picnics in cemeteries, decorating graves with marigolds to cheer the dead. People give one another cookies in the shape of skeletons or other symbols of death. Engaged couples give each other coffins made of sugar with the names of their loved ones on them. To enter the spirit of the occasion, give friends chocolate skulls with their names inscribed on them.

—from *The Travelers' Guide to Latin American Customs & Manners* by Elizabeth Devine and Nancy L. Braganti. St. Martin's, \$10.95.

For information: Mexican Government Tourist Office, 405 Park Ave., New York, NY 10017. (800) 331-1100.

PUERTO RICO

JUNE 3-18, FESTIVAL CASALS, San Juan and other cities. Among the guests again this year will be the National Symphony of Washington and the Juilliard String Quartet.

JULY 21-31, FESTIVAL OF LOIZA AL-DEA. Incongruously in honor of St. James the Apostle, Loiza, a town 15 miles east of San Juan, puts on a West African-style celebration, with much dancing, singing, and conga and bongo drumming.

For information: Puerto Rico Tourism Co., 1290 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10104. (212) 541-6630.

ST. LUCIA

MAY 13-15, AQUA ACTION, Rodney Bay. Competitions in yachting, canoe racing, Sunfish sailing, windsurfing, sport fishing, and waterskiing—and even a non-mariners' race, for the unskilled but game.

For information: St. Lucia Tourist Board, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 867-2950.

ST. VINCENT & THE GRENADINES

JUNE 25-JULY 4, VINCY MAS, St. Vincent. This small, scenic, and not very touristy island presents its own friendly and relatively laid-back version of carnival, whose main features are the costume and calypso competitions. The carnival has been held in summertime for 11 years now, and still Vincentian people refer to the final, climactic day as Mardi Gras.

For information: St. Vincent and the Grenadines Tourist Office, 801 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-4981.

TRINIDAD & TOBAGO

APRIL 27-30, "STRINGS AND STEEL", Port of Spain, Trinidad. Five concerts involving the Brooklyn Philharmonic. After the opening night, when the orchestra will appear with a local pianist, it will perform jointly with the Massy All Stars and possibly another local steelband as well; the programs will range from Bizet and Tchaikovsky to Eubie Blake and Scott Joplin. The final concert will be a gala in Trinidad Stadium.

Soft-shell crab, the meat and milk of the coconut, curry, hot peppers, and the ground green leaf of the tropical dasheen plant combine to make Calloloo, a soup that has become the national dish of Trinidad and Tobago. To the inhabitants of the Caribbean, it is a metaphor for the racial

diversity of their nations, containing "every little piece of difference." The more diverse the ingredients, the sweeter the soup; the more diverse its people's racial and cultural backgrounds, the stronger, the better the nation. The dasheen leaf, the primary ingredient of Calloloo, is heart-shaped; it proclaims the goodness or heartfulness of us all.

—from *Caribbean Festival Arts: Each and Every Bit of Difference* by John W. Nunley and Judith Bettelheim. St. Louis Art Museum—University of Washington, \$39.95.

OCTOBER 1-22, NATURAL HISTORY FESTIVAL, throughout Trinidad and Tobago. What a lovely idea! The festival consists of organized nature walks, hikes, and tours; and displays and lectures about the flora and fauna of the islands. It will be held October 1-15 on Trinidad and October 8-22 on Tobago.

OCTOBER 27-28, PAN JAZZ FESTIVAL, Port of Spain, Trinidad. The steelband event of the year.

For information: Trinidad & Tobago Tourist Board, 400 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 838-7750.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

APRIL 17-23, SPORTS FESTIVAL WEEK AND AMERICA'S PARADISE TRIATHLON, St. Croix and St. Thomas. Competitions in everything from sandcastle-building to basketball are held in the week preceding the triathlon, which will take place on St. Croix on April 23.

APRIL 22-29, CARNIVAL, throughout St. Thomas. When Africans first arrived on these islands, their dances, called *bamboulas*, were a form of ritual worship of the gods of Dahomey. In time Christianity took hold of the ritual, redirecting it into an Easter celebration. Now it's shaken free of that, too, and finally the celebrations—music and dance competitions, and, on the final day, a parade featuring costumed bands of as many as 200 revelers—exist for their own sake.

JULY 3-4, ST. JOHN CARNIVAL, Cruz Bay. Smaller than St. Thomas's carnival, no less festive. On July 4, besides concerts and fireworks, the entertainments include Mocko Jumbi stiltwalkers.

For information: U.S. Virgin Islands Dept. of Commerce, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 582-4520.



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HOME

IN THE WRIGHT TRADITION

E. Fay Jones, a student of the master, designs unusually livable houses

BY PHILIP LANGDON

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS, a town of 40,000 in the southwest corner of the Ozarks, seems an unlikely place to establish a career as one of America's finest residential architects. One of Fayetteville's notable native sons, the late architect Edward Durell Stone, called the town "a hotbed of tranquillity" and departed at twenty-one for more exciting opportunities in Boston and New York. The presence of the University of Arkansas in his home town wasn't enough to keep him in an out-of-the-way area where farming and forestry were the two biggest businesses.

Yet oddly enough, Fayetteville has been the base of operations since 1953 for one of the best designers Frank Lloyd Wright inspired—an award-winning, uncommonly modest architect named E. Fay Jones. (The "E." stands for Euine, a name that Jones has rarely used in his sixty-eight years, since most people have trouble figuring out how to pronounce it correctly: "Ü-wün.")

Jones, a casual, easygoing man, is five feet eight, with a neatly cropped gray beard and tortoise-shell bifocals; he usually wears a billed cap from his collection of ten or so to shield his balding head from the sun. In the past thirty-four years Jones has designed approximately two hundred houses. Many of the early ones are concentrated in the low hills of Fayetteville, but now his architectural stature brings him projects in such far-flung locations as Hilton Head, South Carolina; Evergreen, Colorado; Carlisle, Massachusetts; and Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he's currently refining the design for a huge house for Tom Monaghan, the founder of the Domino's Pizza chain and a leading collector of the works of Wright.

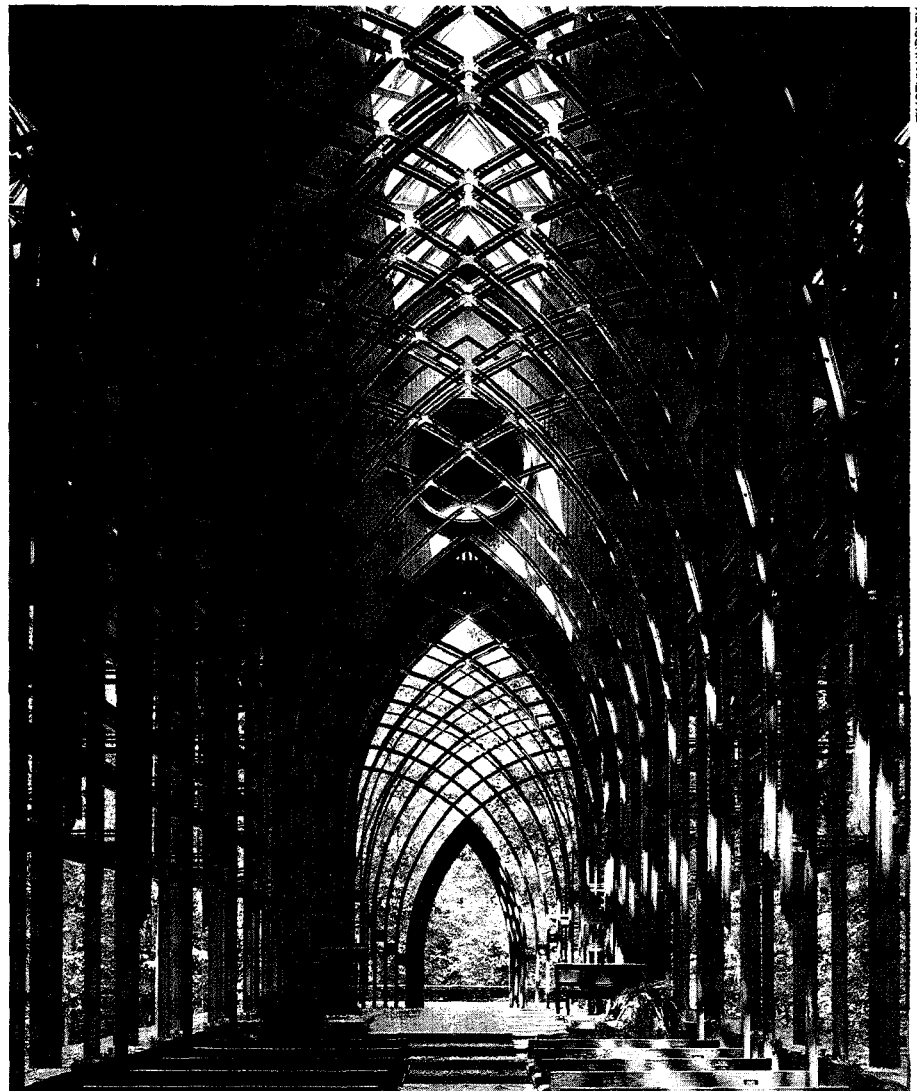
Like many followers of architecture, I first learned of Jones because of his most widely praised nonresidential project—the nondenominational Thorncrown Chapel, an elegant little meditation center of glass, wood, and stone set gently into the edge of a forest near the charm-

ing old resort of Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Thorncrown won a national Honor Award, the highest accolade of the American Institute of Architects, in 1981, and since then it has become such a popular attraction that Jones has been commissioned to design four more chapels, including one to help handle the overflow of wedding parties and tour groups from Thorncrown.

The heart of Jones's work, however, has continued to be single-family

houses—exceedingly well crafted open-plan dwellings that nestle into natural settings, capturing light and views from the outdoors. Jones's unhurried, solicitous way of dealing with people no doubt bolsters the demand for his services. "All his clients seem to become his friends," Monaghan says. "That's pretty unusual with architects."

While growing up in the southern Arkansas town of El Dorado, where his parents ran a restaurant, Jones built half a dozen increasingly elaborate tree-houses—the final one, in a giant oak, equipped with a brick fireplace that unexpectedly set his retreat ablaze. In 1938 Jones went to a Saturday movie matinee that included a short feature about Wright's nearly completed Johnson Wax building, in Racine, Wisconsin. Instantly he realized that he wanted to become an architect, and he knew which one he most wanted to meet. Jones attended architecture school at



Fay Jones's recently completed Cooper Chapel, in Bella Vista, Arkansas

TIMOTHY HURLEY



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*Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (1775)*

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the University of Arkansas and Rice University, but not until 1953, after he had already become an instructor of architecture, did he spend four months as an apprentice at Taliesin, Wright's combination home, studio, and educational institute in Spring Green, Wisconsin. In succeeding years he spent his vacations and academic breaks with Wright at Taliesin or his winter quarters, Taliesin West, in the Arizona desert.

Fay Jones's career has turned out to be more fruitful than those of most Wright devotees. Nearly seven hundred people apprenticed under Wright from Taliesin's founding, in 1932, until the master's death, in 1959, and the Taliesin organization continues to train students and design buildings. Yet hardly a word is heard about most architects who came under Wright's tutelage. While Wright himself is proclaimed a genius and celebrated with an endless series of books and museum exhibits, the apprentices are, as a group, held in low esteem in the profession. "We're despised by the academic industry," says Edgar Tafel, a New York architect who studied with Wright from 1932 to 1941 and contributed to some of Wright's most important projects, including Fallingwater, in western Pennsylvania.

There are many sources for this disdain—among them an uneasy sense that those who stayed too long in Wright's rural compounds became architectural cultists, venerating even the bad ideas of their caped, self-dramatizing hero. Certainly one of the principal problems with many Wright students is that they became imitators—mimicking the form and decoration of Wright's buildings and failing to establish identities of their own.

Jones turned out different. He absorbed the underlying principles of Wright's work and has used them to devise remarkably satisfying houses that are not clones of Wright's. In a typical Jones house careful attention is paid to elements that were fundamental to Wright's philosophy—the character of the materials employed, the affinity of the building with its site, and the relationship of each part to the whole. Geometry and ornamentation that Wright would have approved appear in Jones's work, but Jones makes a conscious effort not to borrow too literally from the greatest American architect of the twentieth century. "I get mad at myself sometimes for doing a lesser thing to avoid being called a copyist," Jones admits. "Maybe that happens less often now."

JONES'S HOUSES ARE primarily outward-oriented. The first one he designed, in 1955—a two-level house that he and his wife still occupy—has floor-to-ceiling glass placed in strategic corners to let the eye travel easily out to a terrace and from there into a little woods; the house consequently feels cradled in the landscape and much more expansive than its mere 2,300 square feet would suggest.

There was a problem with the preparations for the house's foundation. Excavators, in trying to carry out Jones's plan to build the house into the slope of a hill, ran into a large boulder. Instead of blasting it out, Jones incorporated the boulder into the wall of the entrance vestibule and piped in water to trickle down its surface and collect in a shallow pool that he created at its base. Then he added skylights to illuminate this domesticated piece of nature. The result is an entrance that sets a romantic tone, which the rest of the house lives up to.

Architects admire Jones because he has had the tenacity to continue exploring a small number of enduring ideas rather than accommodating himself to every shift of fashion from Bauhaus to Deconstructivism. From the beginning he has stayed with what he refers to as "roof-dominant" architecture, because he feels that a long, prominent sloping roof with deep overhangs evokes a reassuring sense of shelter and at the same time is immensely practical: it keeps the walls dry, deflects winter winds from the windows and doors, and prevents the interior from being overheated by the summer sun. Jones continues to make space flow in an open, sophisticated manner among the various portions of the house. He continues to make rooms that flow into one another, and he uses large expanses of uninterrupted glass along parts of the exterior rather than cut smaller individual window openings into walls that act as visual barriers.

Unlike some of Wright's early houses, which were miserably dark inside, Jones's designs generally feature skylights or clerestory windows that bring plenty of light into the core. When I visited a house that Jones recently completed for Jack and Mollie Grober, in Fort Smith, Arkansas, my eyes were first drawn to a strip of clerestory windows almost forty feet long, interrupted near the center by a handsome stone chimney. Careful positioning of such high windows, often under the protection of

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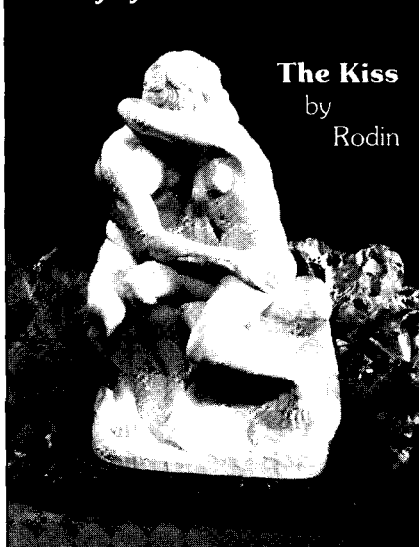
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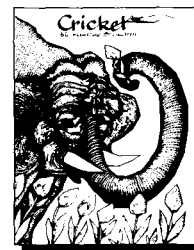
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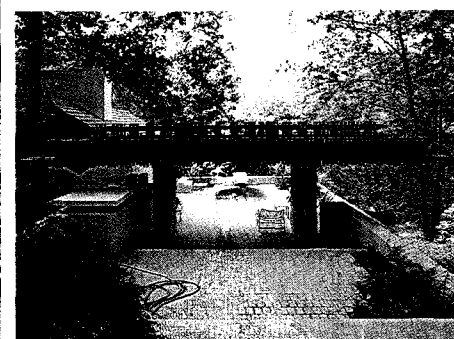
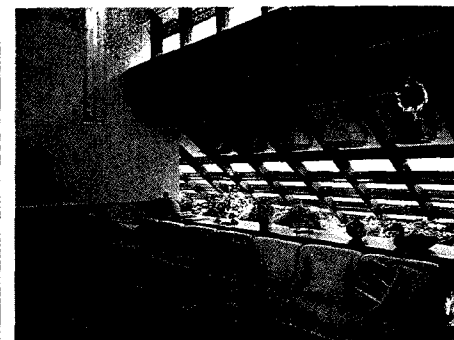
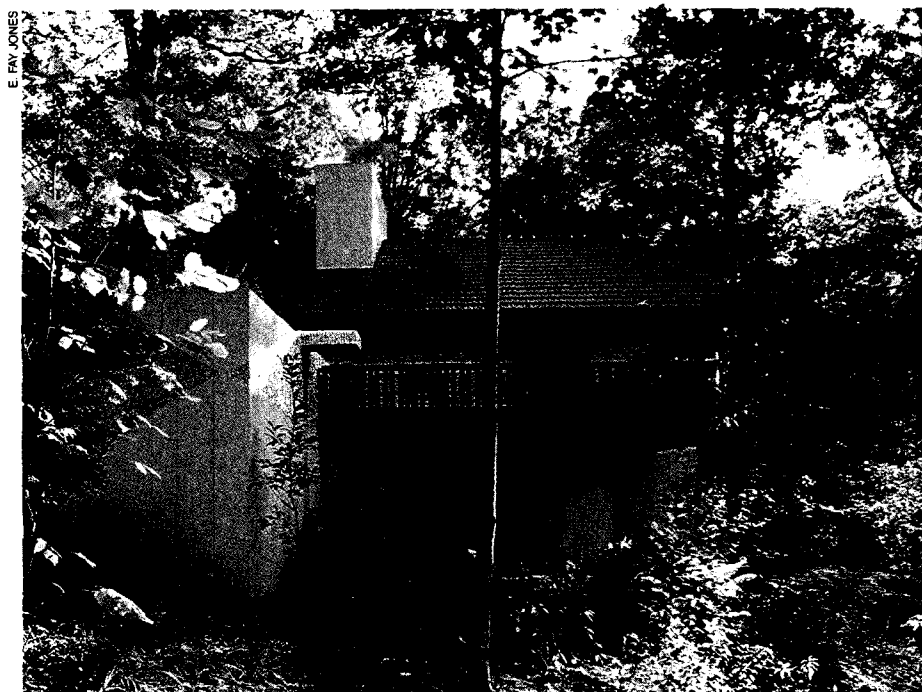
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The Edmondson home in Forrest City, Arkansas: "Clients marvel at the customizing that Jones engages in."

large overhangs, brings light inside without running up excessive heating and air-conditioning bills.

From the foyer of the Grober house there is a view in three phases—down into the living room, then out through generous sheets of glass to a stone terrace, and from there to the island-studded Arkansas River, in the distance below. The same kind of flagstone that paves the terrace is used as flooring around the perimeter of the room. The glass is set into the stone floor, into a stone end-wall, and into the sloping ceiling without any visible trim. The result is a seamless transition from indoors to out, as if the glass weren't there at all. Continuity is a Jones hallmark. "I use one kind of masonry and one kind of wood, or two at most, in a house, so the buildings become very monochromatic until very late in the game," Jones says. "Color comes in as you pick upholstery, carpeting, bed linens, pillows, plants, and the objects that you bring in."

Though Jones is fond of wood-shake roofs and massive hearths of native stone, his clients' tastes sometimes lead him in different directions. In Forrest City, Arkansas, about fifty miles from Memphis, I visited a Jones house with uncharacteristic smooth tile roofs and stuccoed exterior walls. The owners, Don and Ellen Edmondson, had asked for "a more tailored look," without rough natural textures, and Jones

obliged. Unlike many Jones houses, whose predominantly horizontal lines emphasize calmness, the Forrest City house has roofs that rise sharply above a steep, wooded hillside, giving the Edmondsons the sensation they yearned for—of being "in the trees, not under them."

Clients marvel at the customizing that Jones engages in. He designs chandeliers, sconces, tables, chairs, built-in seating, towel bars, even—as the Grobers told me in astonishment—toilet-paper holders. Every Jones-designed object in a particular house is a variation on a single, unifying theme, usually based on geometry. "Sometimes the geometric shape comes out of the overall structural system, and sometimes it appears and I don't know where it comes from," Jones says. "The more you work on a project, the more certain characteristics show up, and a theme develops; you try to relate the subsequent things to it." In the Edmondson house the angular roofs and the framing that would be needed in the large windows suggested to Jones the shape of a highly abstracted E, which can be detected as a very subtle presence in lamps, cabinetry, and dozens of other objects throughout the house.

The emphasis on geometry and the zeal to design much of the house's contents was characteristic of Wright himself, but Jones's geometry is less demanding than the master's. His floor

plans are looser, for example, and his furniture is relaxed and informal. In Wright's residences, geometry sometimes prevailed to the point of causing the occupants aches and pains. Jones seems more willing than Wright to provide the softness that human beings require.

"I design all these things so that they can be made by people who don't possess an exceptional degree of craftsmanship," Jones says of his fixtures and furnishings. "There can be an economy in that." Elaborate-looking light fixtures—the showpieces of most of his interiors—are made by running stock pieces of lumber against a saw from different directions, creating intricate patterns through which the light will glow. At the entrance to most Jones houses are metal sculptures expressing a geometric theme related to that of the house. "The sculptures are made from standard steel bars that have been cut or bent into different lengths in a rhythmic pattern," Jones explains. "The people who do this often aren't artists; they're welders who work most of the time at jobs like putting trailer hitches on cars."

Jones believes that ornamentation answers a deep human need, which architects have at times ignored. He theorizes that "people respond to closely spaced repetitive elements." This is one reason he incorporates a tremendous number of repetitions of patterns into his houses; he wants, as he puts it, to

generate an architecture that "rings the universal bell." By using similar patterns on everything from doorstops to façades, in ways that are agreeably understated, he achieves harmony in the building. "Wright used to say we've got to see more of the big thing in the little things; it reinforces the relationship of the part to the whole. That's one aspect of 'organic architecture.'" Jones is uncomfortable, however, with the idea of ornament that is strictly decoration, and so he feels compelled to have a functional rationale for virtually all of the prolific decoration. "The repetitive cut-outs in the wood of a cornice ventilate the roof," he explains. "The wood patterning on a screen door protects the wire mesh. I like to think that nothing is being done solely for architectural decoration."

Jones is not likely to be the harbinger of a major architectural trend. Doing things his way takes more time than most designers are willing to invest in a house. "One client told me he'd watched me and figured out I was making fifty cents an hour," Jones recalls. The figure may have been an underestimation, but the point of the comment was valid. Jones has been able to afford his time-consuming meticulousness partly because until his retirement from the University of Arkansas, last spring, he had an academic salary that in effect subsidized his art. Also, long ago he realized that he wanted to keep his architecture practice small in order to design the totality of the houses and their furnishings. In his firm are one partner, Maurice Jennings, and only four other staff architects. His wife, Mary Elizabeth (nicknamed "Gus," which adds to strangers' confusion about the Joneses' genders), handles the financial aspects of the firm.

Fay Jones exerts a powerful appeal, because he brings to the fore two deep-rooted American ideals. One is that of the individualist who develops a personal philosophy about his work and holds to it, even when others in his field are heading in an entirely different direction. The other is that of the lovingly designed and carefully crafted single-family house in a setting imbued with nature. Neither of these ideals is achieved nearly as often as it is proclaimed. That's why Jones stands out. "It's never been that I've wanted to measure my success by becoming a nationally known architect," he says. "I just try to do a good job of solving the problems I find." □

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Those "Moderate" Arab States Should the U.S. sell them advanced weaponry?

Should we sell sophisticated armaments to the so-called "moderate" Arab countries? Recently, Saudi Arabia, usually considered the leader of the "moderate" Arabs, turned to Britain for the biggest arms contract ever. Many are concerned that the U.S. Congress, being reluctant to allow unlimited arms sales to the Arabs, is depriving the U.S. of lucrative business.

What are the facts?

■ The Arab states boast today one of the largest, most deadly and most sophisticated concentration of armament the world has ever seen, surpassed only (and not by all that much) by the arsenals of the two super-powers. And the buildup of arms continues incessantly—making one wonder how these essentially backward countries can possibly absorb and utilize all this weaponry. Excepting the oil-rich Gulf countries, most of these Arab states can fairly be described as economic basket cases, with social and demographic problems that seem almost unsolvable. Still, they dedicate a large share of their meager resources to the acquisition of ever more deadly and offensive weaponry, instead of putting them into the service of building their countries and uplifting their populations.

■ Saudi Arabia, the kingpin of the "moderates," is an immensely wealthy but sparsely populated country. It fields an army of only 72,000 men, but has 190 military planes and 550 tanks—just about the largest ratio of military hardware to military manpower in the world. Until recently, the fiction was maintained that it needed this enormous arsenal in order to defend itself against the "threat of Iran." But now that Iran is prostrate, this can no longer be alleged, and even the most naive no longer believe it. As King Khaled put it quite bluntly: "When we build our military power, we have no designs on anybody, except those who took away our land and the holy places in Jerusalem, and we know who they are!"

■ "Moderate" Saudi Arabia has participated in every war against Israel, from the birth of the state in 1948. It has never made peace with Israel. It is the principal paymaster of

Syria, Israel's most fervent enemy, and of the PLO, which is sworn to the destruction of Israel. It is the main player in the worldwide Arab boycott of Israel, whose purpose is the destruction of Israel's economy. Yet, Saudi Arabia, already armed to the teeth and beyond, has just acquired batteries of super missiles from China. They can reach every point in Israel within minutes and can be armed with chemical and atomic warheads. And Saudi Arabia has squadrons of fighter planes at its air base in Tobuk, just one minute's flying time from Israel.

■ But Saudi Arabia's "defense" needs are insatiable. It has just concluded an arms deal with Great Britain amounting to \$27 billion, the largest ever negotiated by that country. It includes at least 40 Tornado fighter planes, 80 Westland helicopters, a minimum of six Sundown minesweepers, the construction of two major air bases, and much more. It is an enormous package and has only one purpose: to be part of the coordinated force that, it is hoped, will eventually destroy Israel. The remarkable thing is that Britain will not sell any arms to Israel, because it feels that it could "destabilize the region."

■ But those bare statistics refer only to some of the so-called "moderates." Including the self-proclaimed non-moderates, tiny Israel, the size of New Jersey, with 90% of its population concentrated in an area the size of metropolitan Indianapolis, faces one of the most daunting and fearsome military machines the world has ever seen. Counting only Syria, Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Libya and Egypt, Israel faces 17,265 tanks, 2789 combat aircraft and 3 million armed men. And that is before the huge sale of military material by Britain, missile deals with the Chinese, and other weaponry in the pipeline.

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BY BEN SANDMEL

NEW ORLEANS is well known for its major role in the emergence of jazz. But the renown of such pioneers as Louis Armstrong and Jellyroll Morton, which is actively exploited by the New Orleans tourism industry, tends to obscure the city's equally important contributions to rhythm and blues. This funky regional genre is great fun in itself and offers a glimpse into the city's esoteric street rituals and folk culture.

Rhythm and blues is the hybrid of traditional Afro-American blues and a variety of mainstream commercial styles. The traditional blues form is limited mainly to slow, sensual blues tunes and to upbeat shuffles, boogie-woogies, and stomps, all set within a twelve-bar A-A-B verse format. Purists deny authentic blues status to any other song structure, and although such arbitrary judgments are meaningless to working musicians, rhythm and blues can nevertheless be distinguished from blues by several prominent characteristics. These include the possibility of eight- and sixteen-bar verses; chord progressions that are more complex than the usual one-four-five blues pattern; comparatively sophisticated arrangements, especially ones that call for horn or string sections; and a broader, less ingenuous lyrical scope. The urbanity of R&B, though, is balanced by its roots in Afro-American folk music, as demonstrated by the prominent use of blue notes (flatted thirds, fifths, and sevenths); the assertive use of rhythm, with a heavy backbeat on the second and fourth beats of each measure; and the presence of such traditional vocal traits as slurred and bent notes, suspensefully elongated syllables, call and response, and dramatically contrasting bass and soprano lead voices. There is another key similarity: R&B, like blues, is soulful, liberating dance music.

Rhythm and blues evolved during the 1940s, as folk blues absorbed swing music and the a capella harmonies of black gospel quartets, which led directly to

the "doo-wop" R&B vocal style. A variety of other influences appeared later, including such an unlikely source as Spanish symphonic works. In New Orleans several local rhythms were also blended in, most notably the rhythms of Afro-Cuban rumba and mambo (underscoring southern Louisiana's status as the northernmost outpost of Caribbean culture) and the heavily syncopated parade beats of the black community's brass bands (the tradition from which Louis Armstrong made his stylistic leap). New Orleans R&B is further set apart by rowdy, raucous exuberance.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TERRY ALLEN

Such infectious high spirits, along with an exceptional pool of talented musicians, made New Orleans a national R&B recording center from the mid-fifties through the early sixties. The city's credentials were established in large measure by the pianist Fats Domino, a native New Orleanian who recorded locally, sang with a thick regional accent, and was successful in both the R&B and pop markets. Record companies in New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago began sending stars like Big Joe Turner and the flamboyant Little Richard to New Orleans to capitalize on hit-making studio bands. These artists' New Orleans sessions are widely regarded as both high points of their careers and R&B milestones. National interest led to the extensive recording of local R&B artists, resulting in varying degrees of commercial success and the building of an often brilliant body of work.

THIS VIBRANT LEGACY is well represented on a fine reissue set—*A History of New Orleans Rhythm & Blues, Volumes 1–3* (RN 70076-70078, available from Rhino Records, 2225 Colorado Boulevard, Santa Monica, California 90404). Legal restrictions and a competitive reissue market prevent the series from being comprehensive—neither Fats Domino nor the powerful singer Smiley Lewis are included, for instance—but it is reasonably thorough, presenting most of the genre's major figures. Volume 1 covers the seminal years 1950–1958, and its highlight is Clarence "Frogman" Henry's "Ain't Got No Home." Singing with mock urgency over a swirling rumba horn arrangement, Henry quickly establishes the song's absurdist premise:

*I got a voice, I love to sing
I sing like a girl, and I sing like a frog
I'm a lonely boy, I ain't got a home.*

This is followed by a refrain of nonsense syllables, after which Henry impersonates a girl by singing falsetto and then employs a raspy tone, in the next verse, to portray a frog. The plain silliness of "Ain't Got No Home" earned it brief national prominence in 1957, but in New Orleans—where frivolity stands on a pedestal—the song has shown staying power, perhaps because it affirms local sensibilities.

Some virtually wordless lyrics in New Orleans R&B transcend mere banter and in fact contain considerable folkloric significance. A case in point is "Jock-

A-Mo," with its driving mambo beat, by Sugar Boy Crawford and his Cane Cutters:

*I-ko, i-ko, iko iko an day,
Jock-a-mo filo an-da-day
Jock-a-mo fee-na nay
My spy boy met your spy boy,
Sittin' by the fire
My spy boy told your spy boy
I'm gonna set your flag on fire.*

These lyrics are derived from the street chants of New Orleans's Mardi Gras "Indians"—black working-class groups that are part secret and spiritual society and part neighborhood social club. Fifteen or so "tribes" parade on Mardi Gras Day, chanting, singing, and beating percussion instruments. They are costumed in elaborate handmade outfits that fancifully recall the dress of Native Americans, complete with feathers, ornate beadwork, and enormous headdresses. The "spy boys" mentioned in Crawford's song are scouts who check the route before a tribe advances; in decades past this was a serious assignment, because of the possibility of violent, armed confrontations.

The origins of this tradition—which has striking parallels in the Caribbean, especially in Trinidad—have yet to be conclusively documented. African, Creole, Indian, and Spanish roots have been suggested, and some synthesis of all these sources seems likely. This is also true of the meanings and etymologies of the chants themselves. The original words and context are difficult to trace, but today the gut-level function is assertive peer-group bonding. (One "tribe," the Golden Eagles, has recently been documented on the live album *Lightning and Thunder*, Rounder 2073, available from Rounder Records, at 1 Camp Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140.)

Folk roots aside, such catchy records sold well on their own merits. Several other fine performances on Volume 1 have a similar intrinsic charm, though their origins are less exotic. The comical "Bald Head," by Professor Longhair, presents one of New Orleans R&B's most influential figures, a blues and rumba pianist whose best work can be heard on *New Orleans Piano* (Atlantic SD 7245). "Bald Head" has a memorable call-and-response chorus. Longhair declares, "Looky there, she ain't got no hair," in his odd, warbling fashion, and the band replies by lustily singing out the song's title. "Walkin' With Mr. Lee"

spotlights the tenor saxophonist Lee Allen in a swinging instrumental romp that climaxes with tandem rhythmic accents by Allen and the drummer Charles "Hungry" Williams. As a session man with Little Richard, Allen enlivened such already frantic hits as "Long Tall Sally" and "Rip It Up" with his fiery solos. In contrast, he adds an appropriately steamy interlude to "Feel So Good," by Shirley and Lee, a vocal duo that was marketed as New Orleans R&B's cutest musical couple. The number is a pledge of mutual adoration sung over a sensual descending chord progression.

Volume 2 spans 1959–1962, R&B's peak years, before the stylistic upheaval that followed the appearance of the Beatles. The era's rapid improvements in recording technology are apparent on Frankie Ford's rollicking "Sea Cruise," which opens with ship's bells and harbor sounds and segues into a brassy, insistent blowout. Like all great music, it transports the listener from mundane surroundings—to, in this case, a baccha-

nalian ocean voyage. Also on the rise in the early sixties was the extraordinarily talented producer Allen Toussaint, who remains active today. His deceptively simple concept favored eloquently understated arrangements that enhanced vocals and solos instead of cluttering them. The stark, syncopated funk of Lee Dorsey's "Ya-Ya," and Ernie K-Doe's wry, witty "Mother-in-Law," show Toussaint's production at its subtle best. R&B's folk roots remained near the surface during these years, however, as is evidenced by Jessie Hill's wild, almost African-sounding call-and-response vocal on "Ooh Poo Pah Doo."

Volume 3 ends in 1970, and is illuminated by the presence of three brilliant singers. The best known is Aaron Neville, an ethereal falsetto crooner, whose ballad "Tell It Like It Is" made *Billboard*'s top ten in 1967. Owing to youthful naiveté and bad luck, Neville continued to work loading coffee sacks on the city's wharves while his song dominated national radio. Now singing with a family group, the diverse and brilliant Neville Brothers—whose fine new album *Yellow Moon* (A&M 5240) has just been released—he is revered as one of contemporary music's great voices. (Rhino has also issued a Neville Brothers retrospective anthology, *Treacherous*, on RN 71494.) An equally talented colleague, Johnny Adams, has yet to achieve comparable recognition. "Release Me" and "I Won't Cry" show off Adams's swooping dynamics, four-octave range, clear tone, and impeccable control. Adams is also an accomplished jazz-ballad and scat singer with masterly phrasing and an uncanny knack for mimicking the trumpet. Irma Thomas has less technical skill but compensates with a rich contralto and emotional immediacy on the wrenching "Wish Someone Would Care." Thomas reigns today as a local favorite, thanks to such perennial jukebox hits as "It's Raining" and "You Can Have My Husband, But Please Don't Mess With My Man." Thomas and Adams have each recorded several albums, including Thomas's *The Way I Feel* (Rounder 2058) and Adams's *Room With a View of the Blues* (Rounder 2059).

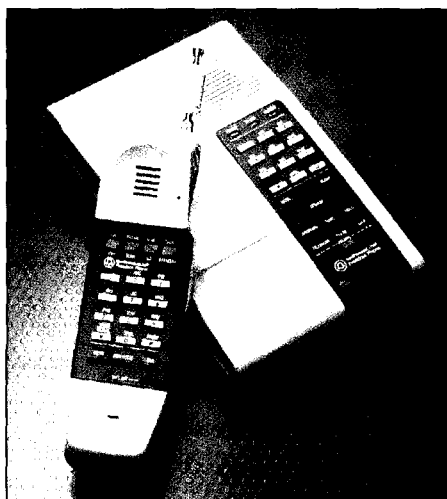
A HISTORY OF *New Orleans Rhythm & Blues* has its flaws. Some songs do not merit inclusion, such as the Showmen's vapid "It Will Stand," and the lack of musical personnel listings is an irritating omission. Still, the album provides broad and easy access to the genre.



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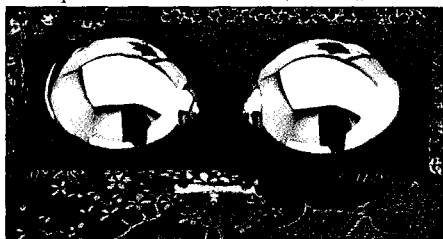
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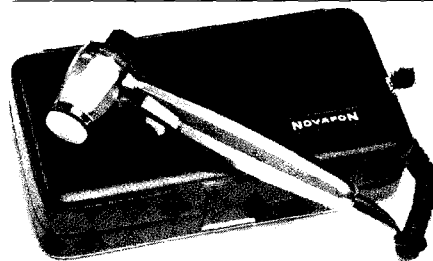


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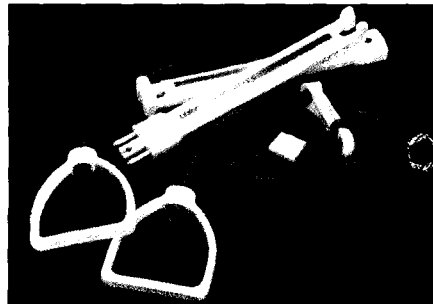
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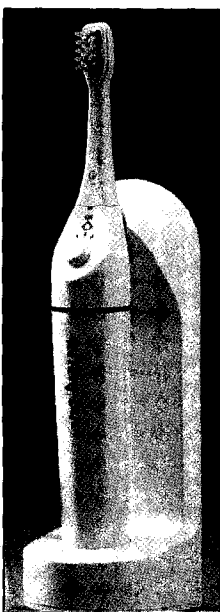
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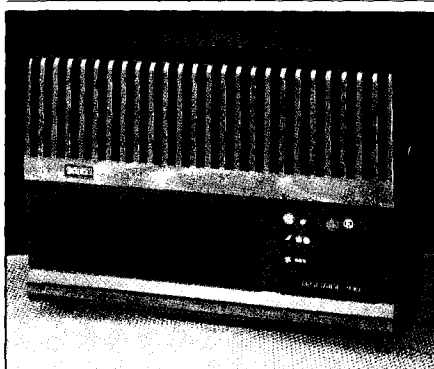
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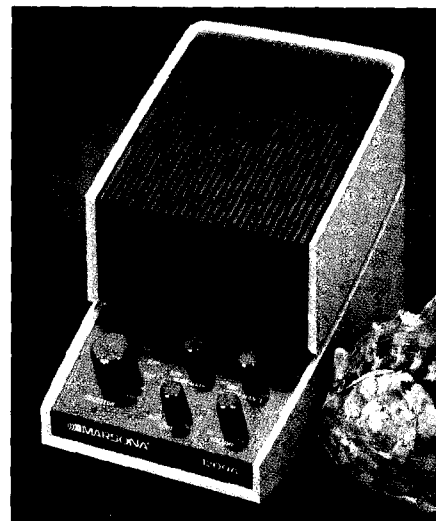
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12. S(TELL)A 13. F(I-NIT)E (*tin* 1 rev.)
14. BU(RR)S 16. S(LATER)S 18. LEG-IT 19. MEN-
AD 20. D(E)RIVE 25. S(t)AGES 27. UNARM (hid-
den) 28. (e)DEN 30. G-ENESIS (g + anag.)
33. SCA(L)DS 34. S(T)EAL 35. Z-IN-G 36. PENS
(double def.) 37. STEALTH (anag.) 38. S(all)Y-
STEMS 39. C-Y-ST **Down.** 1. TASKS 2. RUTH-
LESS (pun) 3. REGAN (anag.) 4. VAL(U)E-D
5. S-TARRED 6. RI(f)LE 7. I-C-IN-G 8. NUTS
(rev.) 9. GREATER (homoph.) 15. SERE-NE
17. TANG-S (rev.) 21. V-ARIA(NT)S 22. BB'S
23. C(EL)TS 24. N(ASTI-L)Y 26. ENC(A)ISE (A +
anag.) 27. UNDE-R (anag. + r) 29. ESTES
(hidden) 31. SIGH-T 32. ESP-Y

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—Barry Lopez, *Arctic Dreams*

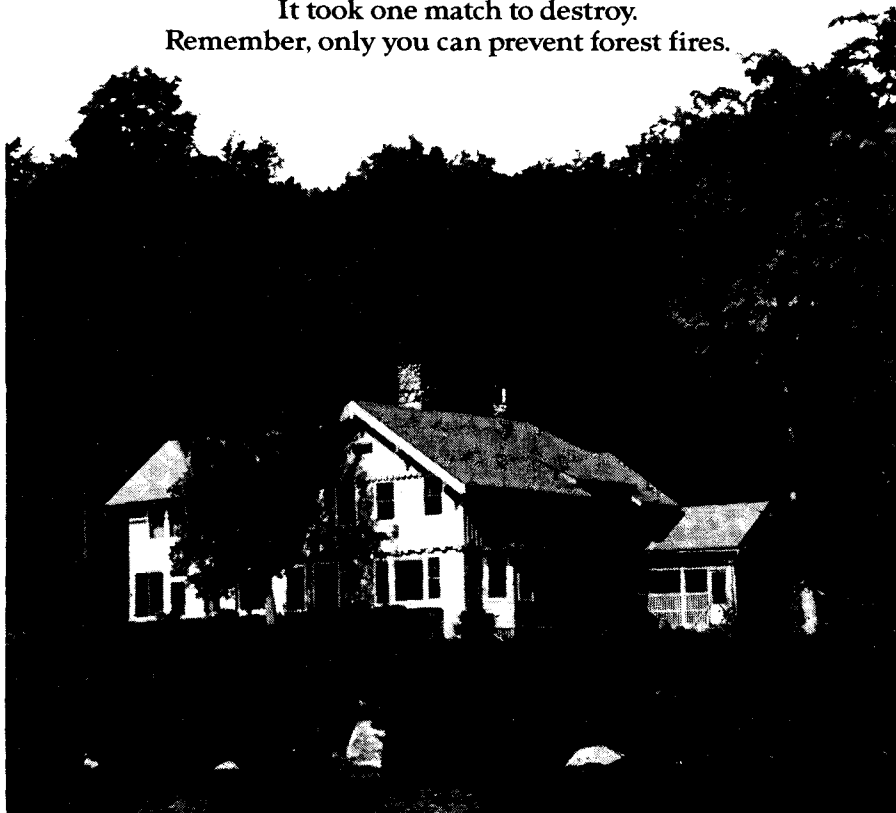


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In New Orleans R&B has never gone completely out of style, and is today in the midst of a resurgence. Virtually all the songs on the anthology can be heard regularly on two local radio stations (one of which, WYAT, takes its call letters from the New Orleans street-slang greeting "Where y'at?"). This R&B radio programming demonstrates a growing communal sense of pride in the indigenous music and culture of New Orleans and creates an environment in which simply driving around town with the radio on can offer a quick immersion course in local music history, reinforcing the sense of New Orleans as a city within a time warp. Both such general reverence for the past and the R&B resurgence have been paralleled by the steady growth of the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival. At this event—and year-round, in the city's clubs—many of the artists mentioned here can still be heard, for the most part in fine form. Burgeoning national interest in New Orleans R&B has generated increased recording activity, notably on Rounder Records' Modern New Orleans Masters series.

Heightened heritage-consciousness is reflected, too, in a new generation of innovators among the city's brass bands—groups such as the Dirty Dozen (who appear in the Rounder series and have recently released *Voodoo*, CBS 45042), the Rebirth Marching Jazz Band (a recent recording of whose will shortly be issued by Rounder), and Tuba Fats' Chosen Few. Working from within the black community, these groups are expanding the instrumentation, repertoire, and solo-playing of the brass-band genre. They also maintain the music's traditional social context by performing at jazz funerals and the street-parade gatherings known as "second lines."

There has long been plentiful interplay between brass-band "parade jazz" and New Orleans rhythm and blues, so today's simultaneous growth is a logical development. Both genres have in turn influenced Creole zydeco music in the neighboring countryside to the west—and zydeco, along with its white counterpart, Cajun music, is experiencing a similar revival. Such parallel blossoming of ethnic music shows the extent to which southern Louisiana continues to yawn at the dubious prospect of assimilation and to revel instead in its own glorious, quirky culture. □

The lyrics of "Ain't Got No Home" and "Jock-A-Mo," © Arc Music Corp., are used with permission.

BOOKS



GREEN REVISIONISM

BY THOMAS FLANAGAN

MODERN IRELAND 1600–1972

by R. F. Foster.

Allen Lane/Penguin, \$35.00.

AS THE IRISH historian Robert Fitzroy Foster remarks in his preface to this masterly, mildly sardonic history, “The tradition of writing the ‘story of Ireland’ as a morality tale, invented around the seventeenth century and retained (with the roles of hero and villain often reversed) until the twentieth, has been abandoned over the last generation. A vast number of special studies have appeared, revolutionizing long-held views in several key areas.”

We therefore begin with a melancholy paradox. A profound revolution in Irish scholarship has indeed overthrown the simple (and several of the more sophisticated) narratives of the Irish past. Chiefly, though, it has been a revolution within university lecture halls and journals, although its general assumptions have filtered into the urban middle classes, guided by “revisionist” and “de-mythologizing” writers of whom the exemplar is Conor Cruise O’Brien.

The traditional “story of Ireland,” or, rather, stories—one Catholic and one Protestant—are still vivid within the general population, and still bloody in the streets of Belfast and Derry. Real issues of justice and human rights are at stake in Northern Ireland, but a genuine conflict has been contorted into savage-

ry by these disparate stories, ancient yet lethal. Students of those galactic distances that now separate scholarly elites from their containing communities need look no further than Northern Ireland.

One of Foster’s chief concerns in *Modern Ireland* is to demonstrate that the central effect of contemporary scholarship has been a liberation “from the Anglocentric obsession that once led the study of Irish political and economic history so far astray.” The meanings of that adjective “Anglocentric” are multiple, but they may be subsumed within the general notion that the several conflicting stories of Ireland have all had Ireland’s relations with England at their core. And reasonably enough, it could be argued: for many centuries the history of Ireland was its history as a colony of the British Crown. But Foster, and other recent historians, argue forcefully that the consequence has been a digression into one ideology or another, the nationalist or the loyalist story, and away from a steady, unillusioned consideration of what was actually happening in, and to, Ireland.

Foster has chosen appropriate dates. In 1601 the Tudor reconquest of Ireland was consummated by the defeat on the Cork coast of the rebellious Hugh O’Neill, Earl of Tyrone. In 1972 the Republic of Ireland voted to join the European Economic Community; that same year Britain, its petulant fury masked as statesmanship, suspended its puppet government in Northern Ireland, having recognized, rather belatedly, that its Parliament existed entirely to serve the interests of Ulster’s Protestant majority. Britain chose instead to govern the province by direct rule from London. Within

a single year Ireland had entered modern Europe and had opened a new chapter in the history, at once dismal and bloodshot, of its relationship with its “sister” island.

IN THE NATIONALIST story of Ireland, Hugh O’Neill was the heroic champion of Gaelic, Catholic Ireland against Protestant England. So he was, from time to time, and as it suited him. He was in fact a wily territorial magnate defending his turf, a man by political education as much English as Irish, moving into rebellion against or alliance with various lords deputy in accordance with what he took to be his best interests. Nationalism itself, of course, did not exist in his century, although it was to supply the mold into which all Irish history was eventually poured.

Hugh O’Neill was, as Foster makes clear, a more intricate, elusive, and culturally complex figure than the lithographed hero popularized by later propagandists. And Foster is unsentimental in his quick sketches of more recent deities of Irish nationalism. Thus “bold Robert Emmet, the darling of Erin,” as the ballad has it, hanged after his abortive uprising in 1803, is to Foster not a “noble and sacrificial dreamer” but a Continental-style radical whose “ideas were those of elite separatism; neither social idealism nor religious equality appear to have figured.” Wolfe Tone, the chief contriver of the calamitous rebellion of 1798 and the founding father of the Irish republican tradition, is presented (quite accurately) as a charming, witty, and ruthless opportunist who regarded Catholicism as a “dying superstition” to be exploited for entirely secular purposes.

ALL THIS HAS long been known, save in such redoubts of unreconstructed piety as the bars of Queens and South Boston. When Foster speaks of a revolution in Irish scholarship, he refers not to such superficial emendations of patriotic folklore but rather to deeper research and more sweeping interpretations.

A crucial example is provided by his consideration of the horrific Great Famine of 1845–1849, which, as he says,

opened an abyss that swallowed up many hundreds of thousands of impoverished Irish people: the poverty-stricken conditions of rural life in the west and south-west, a set-piece for astounded travel books in the early nineteenth century, apparently climaxed in a Malthusian apocalypse.

It has traditionally been seen as a watershed in Irish history, cataclysmic in its effects upon the society, and having as a subordinate consequence the creation of “an institutionalized Anglophobia among the Irish at home and abroad.”

To put this latter point less gently, it has traditionally been held as having entered the folk consciousness of the Irish, and still more the folklore of the grandchildren of those forced into American exile, that the Famine was an act of genocide visited by England upon Ireland. That the causes were at once more complex and morally more terrifying we have known at least since the publication in 1962 of Cecil Woodham-Smith's magnificent *The Great Hunger*. It is indeed the case that, as Foster says, Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, the “final arbiter of famine-relief policy,” inclined toward the view “that the Famine was the design of a benign Malthusian God who sought to relieve overpopulation by natural disaster.” But this was a theory universally held among Whigs. The Famine was an abomination that flowed not from malignity but from an iron economic ideology, a historical point often lost on those who urge the unqualified beneficence of “free trade.” Trevelyan was no Eichmann; he is proof not of the banality of evil but of the evil of banality. As Foster puts matters, perhaps with too heavy a decorum, “Within both the government and the Treasury . . . there was also an attitude, often unconcealed, that Irish fecklessness and lack of economy were bringing a retribution that would work out for the best in the end.” Rhetoric falters into silence before such brutal complacency, beside which Voltaire's Dr. Pangloss seems gloomy and saturnine.

The effects of the Famine, however,

have been less thoroughly canvassed until recently. One of these, as Foster says, is that, the landless and the near-landless having been swept away by starvation, disease, and emigration, there remained a population of small-scale but solvent farmers which, in coming decades,

would underpin the mass movements that challenged landlordism. . . . The values, beliefs and influence of the farming class in post-Famine Ireland entered their own ascendancy, mediated through Church, social institutions and, eventually, politics.

In the post-Famine years, that is, modern Ireland took its present shape. The ruling Anglo-Irish social caste and the government alike found themselves confronted not by incoherent multitudes but by an adversarial social class, aware of its own interests and capable of fighting to secure them, through instruments like the Land League and political machines such as the one worked at the end of the century, with cold and enthralling brilliance, by Charles Stewart Parnell.

It was also a social class distinctly aware of its supposed cultural and intellectual inferiority to the “Ascendancy” Ireland of its Protestant Anglo-Irish rulers, and increasingly determined to meet its adversary upon cultural as well as political grounds. It sought to assert, that is to say, the superiority of its own culture—peasant, Gaelic, Catholic, newly arisen from bondage, and truculent. Such a celebrated instance as the riot that attended the opening at the Abbey of J. M. Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*, in 1907, speaks for itself.

It is along this thread that Foster assesses the “new” nationalism of the new century and the years of armed struggle, 1916–1923, out of which emerged the modern Irish state. For a very long time it had been more or less the case that to be Protestant was to be loyalist, to be Catholic was to be nationalist. Exceptions on both sides provided delectable footnotes. What was new about the new nationalism was its exclusivist nature: to be truly Irish was to be Gaelic (and, if possible, to speak that language) and, by implication, to be Catholic. The new nationalism was prepared to accept the Irishness of Protestants who could pass a kind of ethnic literacy test. And Protestant patriots of the past (beginning and almost ending with Tone, Emmet, and Parnell) were revered and ritualistically hauled out as totems of nonsectarianism. Indeed, Patrick Pearse, the rather odd leader of the 1916 rising, was given to

speaking of Tone in language that bordered on the idolatrous.

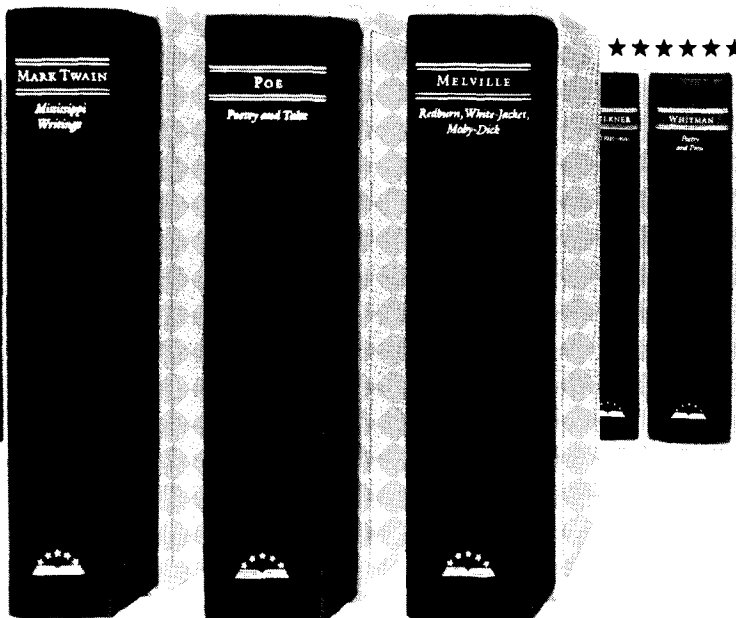
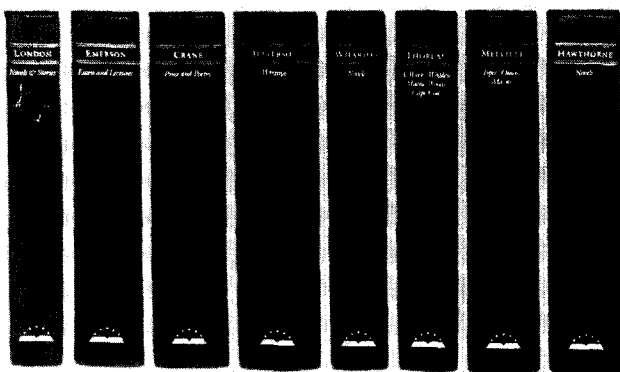
We are familiar, even in the United States, with the dreary Protestant bigotry of the Reverend Ian Paisley. Less so, perhaps, with the corresponding rant that in the not-too-distant past lay available as fuel for his paranoia. Thus, from the extremist *Catholic Bulletin* in 1924:

The Irish nation is the Gaelic nation; its language and literature is the Gaelic language; its history is the history of the Gael. All other elements have no place in Irish national life, literature and tradition, save as far as they are assimilated into the very substance of Gaelic speech, life and thought. The Irish nation is not a racial synthesis at all; synthesis is not a vital process, and only what is vital is admissible in analogies bearing on the nature of the living Irish nation, speech, literature and tradition. We are not a national conglomerate, nor a national patchwork specimen. . . .

THE CONTEMPORARY twenty-six-county Republic of Ireland has come a very long way since the publication of such sinister racial gibberish. But I do recall that when a scholarly book of mine was published in 1958, I was taken to task by a Catholic paper for having approvingly quoted the brilliant, large-minded Catholic writer T. M. Kettle to the effect that Ireland had once been “an unimaginable chaos of races, religions, ideas, appetites, and provincialisms; brayed in the mortar without emerging as a consolidated whole.” In chiding me, the newspaper charitably withheld its ace: Kettle was of Viking descent, the offspring of tenth-century carpetbaggers—as are hundreds of thousands of other Irishmen. In the debates over birth control and abortion in recent decades, though, the occasional odd phrase has popped out to remind us all—liberal Catholic, non-Catholic, and agnostic—that the old spirit is still lurking at the church gates. Cathleen ni Houlihan, the ballad reminds us, has four strong sons: no believer, she, in planned parenthood.

Foster fittingly points out that the *Catholic Bulletin* was a grotesque extreme. The state that came into being in 1922, and its successive governments, have always been solicitous of the rights of the (steadily declining) religious minorities. But it is also fitting that he reminds us that the Constitution presented to the Irish Free State by Eamon de Valera in 1937 granted the Catholic

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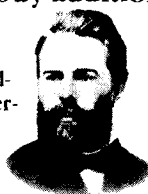


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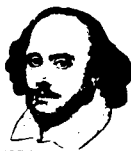
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Church "a special position . . . as the guardian of the faith professed by the great majority of the citizens." It is not difficult to deduce a cast of mind in which the non-great minority of Irishmen might find themselves somewhat ill at ease—or one that Ulster Protestants nobler in mind and being than Ian Paisley might not find especially seductive.

As Foster puts the matter, in a tone that contrives to be at once bland, angry, and amused,

If de Valera's constitution spoke for an overwhelmingly Catholic Ireland, to claim that it also spoke for a thirty-two-county Ireland including a million Ulster Protestants might seem like trying to have it both ways. But that is exactly what the 1937 constitution did.

Happily, 1972 was also the year in which the clause in the Constitution granting the Catholic Church its special position was abolished by referendum. But Foster, a writer not given to an unballasted optimism, reminds us that

Ireland's Catholic ethos would be defended by a majority of the population as well as a politically powerful Church leadership. And here again what must be emphasized is the low priority given to making reunion with the Republic attractive to Protestant Ulster.

In his closing paragraphs he remarks, rather moodily, upon how striking it is that "the *soi-disant* 'revisionist' school of Irish historians" has had so little effect on "the popular (and paradoxically Anglocentric) version of Irish history held by the public mind." He might also have remarked that it has had precious little effect on the version held in the public mind of Protestant Ulster.

"To have an opinion about Ireland," Thackeray wrote in his *Irish Sketch Book of 1842*, "one must begin by getting at the truth; and where is it to be had in the country? Or rather, there are two truths, the Catholic truth and the Protestant truth. . . . Belief is made a party business." That verdict remains largely true to this day. In *The Death of the Past*, J. H. Plumb argues that the academic study of history has one invaluable civic upshot: it is the solvent of what he calls "the past," that repository of myth, legend, and dogmatic (because unexamined) opinion, a realm in which belief is indeed a party business. Ireland badly needs history like this to save it from a past that continues to exact murderous tribute from the present. □

WHERE THE STARS WERE BORN

BY RICHARD SCHICKEL

THE GENIUS OF THE SYSTEM:
Hollywood Filmmaking in
the Studio Era
by Thomas Schatz.
Pantheon Books, \$24.95.

THOMAS SCHATZ TAKES his title and his book's epigraph from André Bazin, the French theorist and critic: "The American cinema is a classical art, but why not then admire in it what is most admirable, i.e. not only the talent of this or that filmmaker, but the genius of the system." There is shrewd irony in this choice, for Bazin and the young *Cahiers du Cinéma* critics he so profoundly influenced in the 1950s were the authors of the auteur theory, which Schatz feels a curious, belated compulsion to subvert.

In the sixties and seventies, when it had the force of the new, auteurism was the defining ideology in film criticism; you could not work in that field without declaring, at least by implication, whether you held with it or against it. It remains, rather quaintly, the basis for pseudo-knowledgeable film chat of a less formal kind. Its chief tenet, of course, is that despite the contributions of other figures (producer, writer, stars) or factors (generic convention or, more important to Schatz's argument, the corporate culture of the producing company), the director must be regarded as a film's prime creator, and his ability to assert his personality in the course of turning out what his employers intend to be an essentially impersonal industrial product as a crucial test of the film's value.

Early in its career, at a time when American movie reviewing was—improbable as it may seem—even less distinguished than it is today, the theory had its corrective uses. By insisting on the primacy of the director in the creation of a film's *mise en scène*, the auteurs helped to reorder critical priorities and audience perceptions, especially among the educable young. They had a particularly beneficial effect in shaping historical perspective on what people have lately taken to calling the classic era, generally defined as the first two decades of sound-film production. The official "great" movies of that time,

those earnest and overstuffed winners of Oscars and New York Film Critics prizes, which had dominated critical and historical attention (if not our affections), were ruthlessly re-examined, and popular genre works by such auteur favorites as Howard Hawks and Raoul Walsh, which had once been casually dismissed, were awarded their rightful place in the pantheon.

The theory, however, always had its limits, the most obvious of which is that a lot of good movies have been made by directors not valued by its proponents, and vice versa. *Casablanca* is the great counterexample with which everyone proves auteurism's strictures, but there are, of course, a hundred—a thousand—other treasured movies whose delight the theory is helpless to explain. As a result, it has declined to a sort of "yes, but—" status.

THOMAS SCHATZ, who supervises graduate studies in film at the University of Texas, has set out not only to belabor auteurism but also to elaborate an alternative theory to take its place. Schatz has closely examined the records of three studios (MGM, Warner Brothers, and Universal) and one significant independent producer (David O. Selznick), aspiring to calculate, with the aid of their antique paper work, the "whole equation of pictures" in the old Hollywood. F. Scott Fitzgerald, from whose *The Last Tycoon* that phrase is borrowed, believed that fewer than a half dozen men—all of them, we must surmise, studio executives—could carry this complex arithmetic around in their heads, and Schatz agrees with him. Indeed, he advances a still larger claim for those moguls, arguing that the production system they built was miraculously—perhaps mystically—gyroscopic in its functioning, maintaining that delicate balance of social, industrial, technological, economic, and aesthetic forces which produced the classic age.

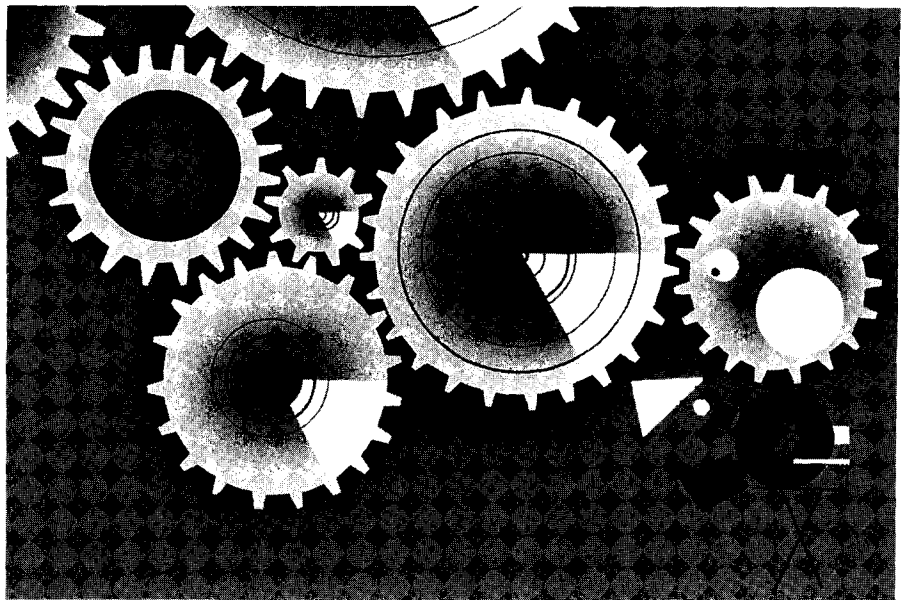
It is not a completely disagreeable thesis. In some ways it is a self-evident one. Each major studio of the thirties and forties did develop a house style—a compound of art direction, lighting, costuming, and so forth—which more or less automatically subsumed or at least screened the manner of all but the strongest directors it employed. Each studio had its thematic preoccupations, too, tending to work more effectively in some genres than in others. But Schatz is not really interested in presenting the

kind of close critical characterization that a useful discussion of these matters would require, and when he tries to provide one, he betrays a remarkably opaque sensibility.

Precisely because he cannot tell the difference between a historically resonant movie and a historically irrelevant one, he defeats his own purpose. For if, indeed, the "system" had a previously unidentified "genius," then it is in the theorist's interest to demonstrate its specific and shaping manifestations in movies that we still care about. Instead, we get quite the opposite impression of the system as Schatz works his way through its records. Time after time we see mediocrity shaping mediocrity, and we emerge with this impression: analysis of

least welcoming to highly individual talents, especially in their directorial ranks.

Under Irving Thalberg (Fitzgerald's model, of course, for *The Last Tycoon*) MGM did indeed develop an elaborate system of production control, much envied (if never successfully emulated) in other front offices. Directors were interchangeable and writers were platooned on and off pictures, which were subject to numerous retakes after they were tested on audiences in sneak previews. The auteurs here were unquestionably Thalberg and his supervisors (latterly producers). They were essentially middlebrows, stamping the studio's work with a smooth, impersonal luxe, which showcased its huge roster of stars admirably, sacrificing energy for calculation



the system explains all too well the prevalence of the ordinary film, but it is helpless to explain the extraordinary film.

It may be that Schatz's methodology is to blame for this impression. He implies that he had no choice but to limit his study to just four companies, sacrificing breadth in favor of depth in order to keep his book to a shapely length. The implication is that sampling must yield typicality because the system functioned more or less identically at every studio in the old Hollywood. But that is simply not true: the variations in management style from place to place and time to time were enormous. I suspect that his choice of studios for extended analysis was anything but random, was in fact dictated largely by his anti-auteur bias. For the companies he discusses at length are precisely those that were the

and permitting no wayward individuality, no giddiness, high or low, to live for long on the screen. Thalberg's MGM stressed high romantic sheen, and after his death Louis B. Mayer's MGM stressed homely virtue. Conviction of a sort may have moved both of them. But in processing their films the MGM system reduced even the bosses' strong feelings to genteel mannerism. These films wowed the folks in the Depression thirties, when a touch of glamour did wonders to offset the grayness of life, and MGM became the most profitable studio of the decade. But looking back now we see that the best of breed in all the most vital genres of the time—screwball comedies, crime dramas, *noir* romances, even costume adventures and "women's" pictures (both MGM specialties)—were made elsewhere. It was only in musicals that, starting in the ear-

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ly forties, the studio outstripped its competitors. But all its truly great musicals (*Meet Me in St. Louis* and *Singin' in the Rain*, among others) were produced by Arthur Freed's legendary unit, which functioned virtually as a studio within the studio—a fact that does not exactly strengthen Schatz's argument.

NEITHER DOES THE history of Warner Brothers, the other major studio he takes up (Universal being of minor importance). Warner's was famous for its gangster pictures (*The Public Enemy*, *Little Caesar*), but they were just the most evident examples of its preoccupation with lower-class lives and issues in an urbanizing nation. And in the early thirties the spirit that animated these tough, smart, fast-moving little melodramas touched almost everything on the lot—including Busby Berkeley's divine backstage musicals. Later, when Bette Davis's weepies, Errol Flynn's costume adventures, and contemporary *films noir* were added to the mix, the studio contrived to make good-looking, often darkly romantic films without breaking the bank—and without a loss of that energy and passion which were characteristic of its best work.

Obviously, some kind of unifying force was operating here, and Schatz would clearly like it to conform to his thesis. But it doesn't. Warner Brothers wasn't a system, it was a perpetual cat fight; its greatness was born not of systematization but of contentiousness. The boss, Jack Warner, was a study in conflicts. Politically he was a New Dealer, which is why, although his tolerance for strong-minded directors was low, he was a sucker for left-leaning writers, especially if they were smart Jewish kids who, like him, had hustled up out of the ghetto. But he was oafish in manner and almost comically tightfisted, which kept him at war with his contract talent, with his production chiefs (scrappy, gifted Darryl Zanuck, and smooth, gifted Hal Wallis, both of whom eventually quit in anger)—with anyone, in fact, who looked as if he were about to waste Warner's money. Schatz's treatment of this story is gingerly, even disapproving. He just cannot believe that rancor can lead to creativity, or that cheapness can be the mother of energetic invention. By his lights, this was no way to run a business. But it worked: Warner Brothers probably produced more of the great films of the classic era than any other studio.

Except possibly Paramount, which

Schatz scarcely mentions, perhaps because it is the largest inconvenience to his theory. As Ethan Mordden argues in a poorly attended book on this subject, *The Hollywood Studios* (published by Knopf last year), Paramount was the studio with the strongest commitment to directorial authorship. Its tastes were eclectic: It gave Cecil B. DeMille a unit of his own, and it gave Eisenstein his shot at Hollywood, an idea that worked out rather less well. But best of all it loved sophisticated, Europeanized stylists like Rouben Mamoulian (who got movies moving again after the coming of sound), Ernst Lubitsch (the wittiest of romanticists), and Josef von Sternberg (a creator of marvelously excessive images) in the early thirties. A little later it permitted Preston Sturges and Billy Wilder to move out of its writers' ranks to directorial glory. And it made stars out of such weirdos as Mae West, Marlene Dietrich, W. C. Fields, and the Marx Brothers, only the last of whom MGM ever showed any interest in, and then its concern was to tame them. Thanks to all these essentially unsupervisable individuals, Paramount was to sophisticated comedy and romance what Warner's was to socially passionate melodrama. And both made MGM's products, however glossy, look stodgy and middle-class. You have to wonder how Schatz can pretend to offer a comprehensive study of a system's genius while omitting lengthy mention of its most delightfully eccentric component.

For that matter, why did he pick marginal Universal for study over more aspiring operations? It provided B pictures to the small towns, creating a filmography that, aside from its horror films and a few isolated major releases—*All Quiet on the Western Front*, for instance—has almost no historical resonance. And why does Schatz devote so much space to Selznick's company, which was marginal in a different way, producing a handful of flashy pictures that have not worn well (no, I'm not forgetting *Gone With the Wind*). Indeed, as the lengthened shadow of a ravenous ego, it was perhaps the least systematic component of the system. And it was the one that most quickly deteriorated when its proprietor's mental health did. At the end Selznick was forbidding directors to make a shot until he came down onto the stage to approve the angle. By this time, too, he was more flesh peddler than producer, lending his contract talent to other companies for more than the

salaries he was obliged to pay them, and pocketing the difference. Schatz seems to think that Selznick was useful to his one-seat director, Alfred Hitchcock, but aside from *Notorious*, which Selznick packaged rather than produced, all of Hitchcock's best work was done either before or after his indentured servitude with the producer.

Columbia and RKO, which Schatz largely ignores, were, like Universal, fringe operations, but in its desperation Columbia turned not to Deanna Durbin, over whose collected works Schatz gushes for pages, or Abbott and Costello, but to an *auteur* named Frank Capra, while RKO, scrambling equally hard for survival, gave us *King Kong*, Astaire and Rogers, and the young Katharine Hepburn when no one else would touch her. Both studios were always willing to strike a deal with Hawks or Leo McCarey or George Stevens, all strong-minded stylists who did much of their best work (*Bringing Up Baby*, *The Awful Truth*, *Gunga Din*) on these lots. And, lest we forget, it was RKO, fresh out of systematic genius, that went out and recruited the momentarily genuine article, the Orson Welles who made *Citizen Kane*.

IT'S REALLY QUITE simple: the vast majority of the pictures that best characterize the classic age, and that we continue to watch today with delight, were made at the very studios that Schatz, unfortunately, either ignores or misunderstands. And what is true of films is also true not just of directors but of stars and writers too: the best ones, the ones who defined not just the spirit of the time but those cinematic stylizations of reality that have somehow defied time's passage, did not for the most part work at the most oppressively systematized studios, where corporate static distorted the exchange of messages between them and their audiences. It is of course a mistake to attribute successes in this vexing enterprise to a single author, for movies are obviously a collaborative (and highly accidental) art. But it is an equally large mistake to imagine that there can be, or ever was, an industrial complex capable of being fine-tuned enough to pick up and effectively respond to a nation's—a world's—brain waves. That is work for creative men and women free to make wild surmises. And free, as well, to act on them with a minimum of temporizing constraint. That is the awful truth about moviemaking. □

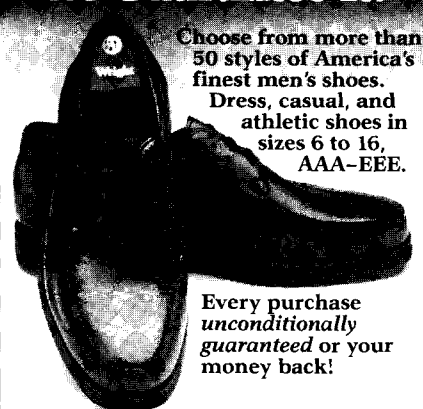
BRIEF REVIEWS



THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY by John Keegan. Viking, \$19.95. Mr. Keegan's study of "The Evolution of Naval Warfare" begins with a superb account of the Battle of Trafalgar and proceeds to those of Jutland, Midway, and the Atlantic. It proceeds, that is, from a description of the capabilities of wooden sailing ships to a discussion of those of heavily armored, engine-powered ships, aircraft carriers, and, finally, submarines. In each case the author provides a generous historical background, quotations from participants in the action, and fascinating analyses of the thinking—right or wrong—by which commanding officers determined fleet tactics and also of the luck that could invalidate the most sensible decisions. Trafalgar is the most interesting of the battles, possibly because it is the most distant, certainly because a wealth of detail has survived. Wooden ships were stripped of all dispensable timber before the fight ("The carpenter of the *Defiance* noted a sheep pen, eight wardroom berths, four hen coops and an arms chest heaved overboard") and captains made encouraging speeches to their crews, in one case with notable terseness. "My sons . . . in the name of the God of Battles I promise eternal happiness to all those who today fall doing their duty. On the other hand, if I see any man shirking I will have him shot on the spot." By 1914 ships had become so enormous and crews so divided by specialized duties that immediacy of that sort was rare. Mr. Keegan has nevertheless found an impressive quantity of it. He is a splendid historian, and his vision of the future of war at sea is grimly persuasive.

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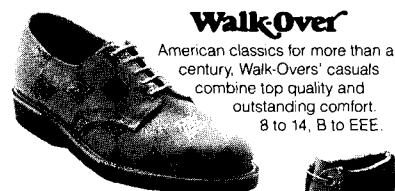


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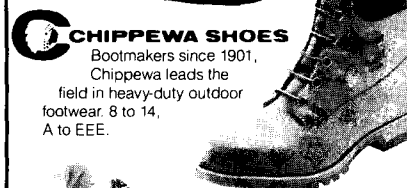
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HOW TO CONTAIN JAPAN by James Fallows

Japan is like someone with destructive compulsions, the author argues, and Japan is not going to change on its own. So what is a friend to do?



BIRTHS OF A NATION by R. J. Herrnstein

As American women, particularly those of high intelligence, are freed from cultural pressures forcing them toward motherhood or keeping them subservient to men, they also have fewer children. The consequences of this shift are not well understood, the author writes, and because the issue is so delicate, they are rarely examined.



ESTHER by Hanif Kureishi

"She was clearly well connected; her husband gave generously to the university, or something in that line. Dinner parties had to be involved—they always were. Privilege had not passed her by; surely she didn't require being liked by him as well?" A short story.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS by John Updike. Knopf, \$18.95. "Out of harm's way" is a phrase that recurs throughout Mr. Updike's memoirs. It implies timidity, but only a daring author would undertake to arouse reader interest in what used to be called an organ recital, and only an author of great stylistic skill and intriguingly idiosyncratic perceptions could sustain such interest. Mr. Updike succeeds in holding the reader enthralled through psoriasis, asthma, stuttering, fear of spiders, disastrous teeth, and an allergy to cats, because all these ailments serve as takeoff points for his reflections on society and his own place in it.

GOYA AND THE SPIRIT OF ENLIGHTENMENT by Alfonso E. Pérez Sánchez, Eleanor A. Sayre, and others. Little, Brown, \$65.00. The Goya works included in the fine exhibition that this book catalogues and admirably illustrates have to do with the painter's associations with liberal thinkers of his time (many of whom he painted) and with his own activities as satirist and social critic. The text is lengthy and scholarly and needs to be, for while the general drift of Goya's graphic work is obvious, the layers of meaning, the verbal and visual puns, the historical nuances of certain motifs, require knowledge ranging from contemporary Spanish slang to medieval symbolism. This enrichment of the viewer's understanding is brilliantly provided by Ms. Sayre, while her colleagues deal equally well with Goya's life and the world in which he struggled.

LAST CALL by Harry Mulisch. Viking, \$19.95. Mr. Mulisch's novel centers on an elderly, third-rate (or worse) theatrical performer who is dragged out of retirement to play the lead in a melodrama about an elderly actor playing Prospero while contending with the offstage machinations of the supporting cast. The producer and director of the affair are addled idealists, and the author has to be quite mad—how otherwise could he hope to get away, even in Dutch, with incorporating large chunks of Shakespeare into his own versifications? The situation, however, enables Mr. Mulisch to engage in elaborate meditations on the relation of art to life, of imagination to reality, of theatrical contrivance to spontaneous action. The writing is so good and the rehearsal scenes so convincing that the reader is led to expect far more than this ultimately disappointing novel delivers.

THE CRAFT OF GARDENS by Ji Cheng. Yale University Press, \$35.00. Ji Cheng lived during the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, and little is known of him beyond his treatise on his specialty, which was garden design. Chinese gardens, as the fine photographs by Zhong Ming which illustrate the book make clear, are quite unlike Western gardens in their use of space and in their concentration on trees, shrubs, rock, water, and pavilions for philosophical meditation or drinking parties. One gathers that to a Chinese gardener, grass is an abomination. Ji Cheng's advice, therefore, is more that of a landscape and building architect than of what a Western reader would consider a gardener. He wastes no space on soil types or fertilizers but provides sound advice on adapting the style of a garden to the topography of its site, on the folly of premature tree cutting, on the value of reflecting pools (even if the water must be collected from roof drainpipes), and on the desirability of a surrounding fence "woven of thorn bushes, with a little gap left in it for the dogs to go out and greet visitors." (Could that last item have been an ironic joke?) In all, this book offers a view into a strange and delightful world with characteristics worth emulating.

MASSACRE AT OURADOUR by Robin Mackness. Random House, \$17.95. The author believes, but does not insist, that he has discovered the real reason for a Nazi massacre of inoffensive French villagers shortly after the Normandy landings. Mr. Mackness's interest in that gruesome affair was aroused by his own, much later participation in a money-smuggling scheme that landed him in a French jail. He is vouched for, rather cautiously, by John Fowles, the well-known and ingenious novelist, a fact that may cause some readers to wonder in what genre this book really belongs.

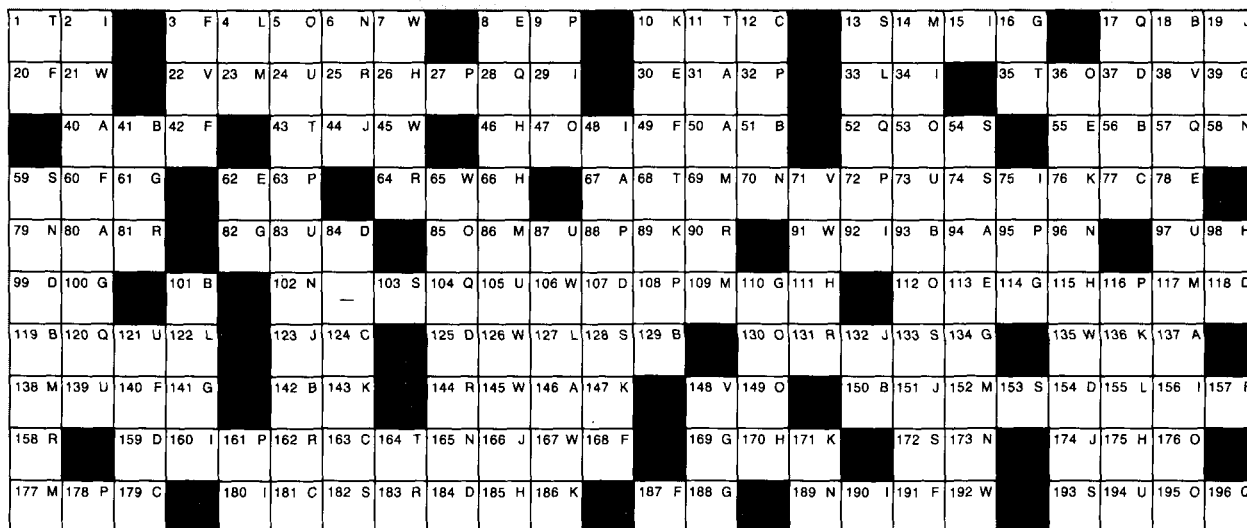
THE WHITE CUTTER by David Pownall. Viking, \$18.95. What seemingly begins as a picaresque novel about a thirteenth-century stonemason with a talent for encountering bizarre adventures soon develops into such a tangle of theology, heresy, secret dealings, and double identities that its culmination with Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest becomes simply absurd, although the tone of the book indicates that the author had serious meaning in mind.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

ACROSTIC No. 45

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 44 appears on page 92.

A. Eighteenth-century English dandy 40 31 146 67 50 137 80 94

B. Ethiopia's capital (2 wds.) 101 150 129 56 93 41 119 142 51 18

C. Author of *My Life on the Plains* 163 77 12 179 124 181

D. Vehicle for tots (2 wds.) 99 184 84 159 37 154 125 107 118

E. Arrive (2 wds.) 78 62 8 30 113 55

F. Director of *Alexander Nevsky* 140 191 168 60 42 3 20 49 187 157

G. Lexicographer and philologist: 1758-1843 (2 wds.) 188 110 114 82 134 39 169 141 16 100 61

H. Flower of the amaryllis family 111 175 115 26 98 185 46 170 66

I. Hormone secreted in response to stress 15 48 160 34 156 180 190 75 92 2 29

J. With K., give up (4 wds.) 19 123 132 166 174 151 44

K. See J. 171 10 147 143 76 136 186 89

L. Crony of Goodman, Wilson, and Hampton 122 155 127 4 33

M. Common analgesic 109 69 14 138 23 86 152 117 177

N. Wink the eye 96 70 58 189 165 102 79 6 173

O. Marine enemy of the sperm whale (2 wds.) 36 5 195 149 130 176 112 47 53 85

P. Autumn celebration 178 27 116 95 88 72 161 9 63 32 108

Q. Sort of crew cut 17 28 120 196 57 104 52

R. Scolded harshly (2 wds.) 183 131 90 64 162 81 144 25 158

S. Ready-made (hyph.) 133 153 103 74 59 54 13 172 182 128 193

T. Exotic cocktail (2 wds.) 68 35 1 164 43 11

U. Sword of legend 194 73 121 83 97 139 24 87 105

V. Surrealist giant 71 22 38 148

W. French actor who married Simone Signoret (2 wds.) 21 91 7 192 106 126 145 135 65 167 45

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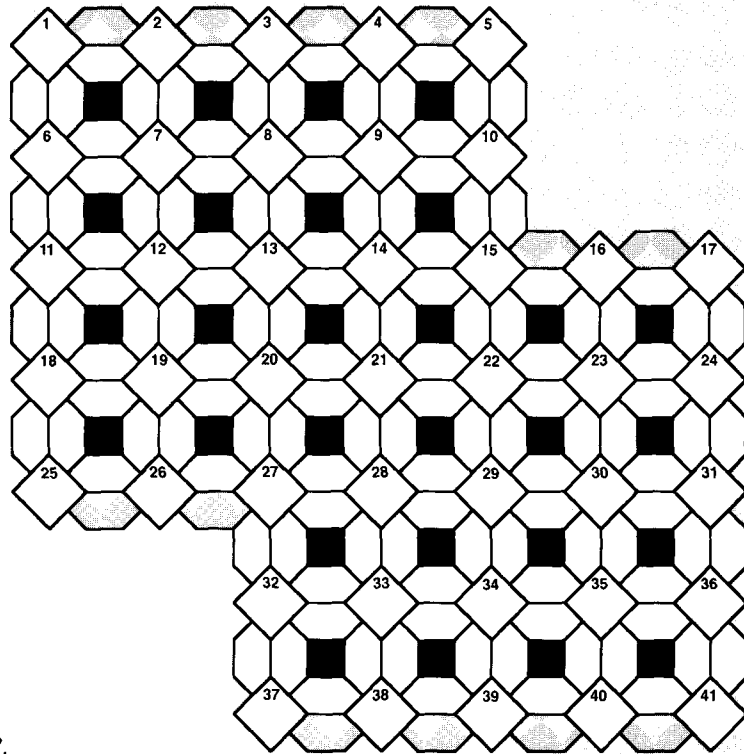
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THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

MOSAIC

The answer to each clue is to be entered sequentially, clockwise or counter-clockwise, around its correspondingly numbered diamond. In each case one letter is removed to the central diamond. Neighboring answers should help in determining which letter is removed and in which direction the answer runs. Five-letter and seven-letter entries begin and end their diamond-skirting sequences at the border—that is, they never jump from one edge space to another; nine-letter answers may begin in any space. When all answers have been properly entered, a quotation will be spelled out in the numbered diamonds from 1 to 41. The author of the quotation will appear in the shaded spaces, reading from left to right and top to bottom. Answers include somewhat uncommon words at 6, 9, 25, and 31, a British spelling, and four proper words.



The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 92.

CLUES

1. Capricorn takes astrologer's last four pennies (5)
2. Someone understanding German keeps file (7)
3. Person who comes from afar losing heart at stream (7)
4. Skilled worker trains a bum (7)
5. Identifies northern Iowa town (5)
6. What the postman brings, by fate: dance tights (7)
7. Mexican food makes baby sick while eating last of supper (9)
8. Orion VIPs changed contingency plan (9)
9. Uses too many spars in storm—vase smashed (9)
10. Look pleased about each portion of a cruise (7) (*two words*)
11. Supervised worker gained experience (7)
12. Paraphrasing others with a resonant sound (9)
13. Ape Tintin, cracking hospital case (9)
14. Restricting showering, motel announced (9) (*two words*)
15. Observe 550 Girl Scouts gathering in plants (9)
16. Model T careens around 180° turn into shed (7)
17. Suffering sound repulsed one biblical woman (5)
18. Discolored grave outside of New England (7)
19. Depth finders led aliens astray (9) (*two words*)
20. Rebel is an awful sort of tennis player (9)
21. One employed by California research facility hurried from southern Italy (9)
22. Scream if disturbed around quiet spots for scary stories (9)
23. Unorthodox IRA member finally accepting gun in return (9)
24. Fine limb in neat cast (7)
25. Alan chowed down, having wings (5)
26. Part of the brain makes me stupid before one (7)
27. Vouchers for new frames containing wood (9)
28. Everyone in our group put aside behind a barricade (9) (*two words*)
29. Breaking up fun—hell, that's useless (9)
30. Decided against turning Louvre red (9)
31. Book set in Southeast recalled devices on airplanes (7)
32. In rank, poet's even smaller (7)
33. I wondered about feathers (9)
34. Conservative state above reflected America, being large and empty (9)
35. Thinking man grades car, testing interior (9)
36. Adopts boy after Kate moves (7) (*two words*)
37. Decade covered by very fast writer (5)
38. Native American tribe—one I would like (7)
39. Left in wild, getting rescue (7)
40. Pistol carried by Confederate general's emissaries (7)
41. Accommodates article in collections (5)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD HISTORIES

Etymologies derived from the files of The Dictionary of American Regional English

BY CRAIG M. CARVER

bogey, jink

"Okay, *bogeys* have *jinked* back at me again for the fifth time." Those words were picked up last January by the cockpit recorder of an American pilot just before he shot down a Libyan MiG fighter over international waters in the Mediterranean. As Air Force jargon, both *bogey* (an enemy aircraft) and *jink* (to make a quick evasive turn) go back to the Second World War, but both words also enjoy long Scottish pedigrees. *Bogeys* (ghosts, goblins, specters) have been jinking around in Scotland since at least the sixteenth century, when they were more commonly known as *boggles* ("Auld folks wha liv'd in days o'



yore, / Could nightly tell us tales galore, / 'Bout warlocks, witches, brownies, *boggles*"—Alexander Scott, *Poems*, 1826). Before that they were called *bugs* or *bugges*. When *bug* came to refer to an insect, its ghostly meaning was exorcised. It haunts modern English only in

the word *bugbear*. The use of *bogeys* as a term for enemy aircraft—perhaps because of their spectral look when seen approaching from a distance—originated in the Royal Air Force and was adopted by American pilots. *Jink* has a less ethereal origin in Scottish Eng-

lish of the eighteenth century, when it was used pretty much the way the pilot used it, and meant "to move or dart with sudden turns" ("He came *jink*ing over Bowden moor with daughters and ponies and God knows what"—Sir Walter Scott, *Letters*, 1819). It is probably onomatopoeic in its genesis. Though in America the verb is primarily pilots' jargon, the noun is widely known in *high jinks*. In Scotland *high jinks* was the name of various drinking games ("The revel had lasted since four o'clock, and, at length . . . the frolicsome company had begun to practise the ancient and now forgotten pastime of *high jinks*" —Sir Walter Scott, *Guy Mannering*, 1815).

tabloid

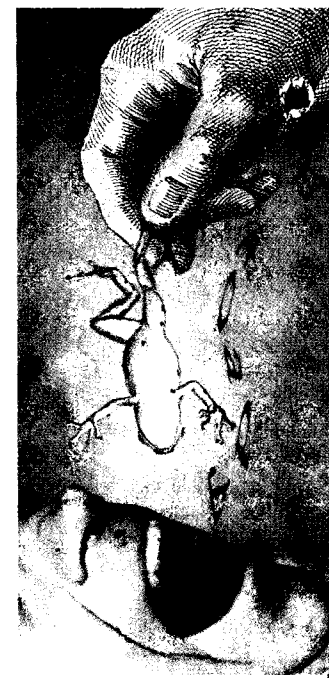
The term *tabloid television* is being heard and seen with increasing frequency these days, owing to the proliferation of network and syndicated "news" shows like *Geraldo*, *Inside Edition*, *Crimewatch Tonight*, and *The Reporters*. Although *tabloid television* may be hard to swallow, the word *tabloid* itself originally referred to a kind of



pill whose contents were compressed and concentrated and relatively easy to digest. *Tabloids* were first manufactured by Burroughs, Wellcome & Co; the company registered the term in 1884, apparently having coined it from *tabl*-, as in *tablet* (from the French *tablette*, the diminutive of *table*) and *-oid* (ultimately from the Greek *eidos*, meaning "form, shape, kind"). Like the trade names *Xerox* and *Kleenex*, *Tabloid* was almost immediately adopted into the spoken language despite legal efforts by the company to restrict its use. The 1894 edition of *Murray's Handbook for Travelers in India*, for example, recommended taking "plenty of quinine in 2 or 4 grain 'tabloids' . . ." One of the first people to use *tabloid* in a journalistic sense was Alfred Harmsworth, the first Viscount Northcliffe (1865–1922), who acquired and reorganized several well-known newspapers in England around the turn of the century. One of his innovations was to present the news in what he called *tabloid form*—that is, condensed for busy businessmen and in a smaller format. Harmsworth's *tabloid* newspapers, the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Mirror*, were half-penny morning papers.

toady

Last spring, when the investigation of the Iran-contra affair by a special prosecutor was in full swing, the Reagan Administration assembled a team of six high-ranking officials who were untainted by the scandal to make recommendations about the withholding of secret documents that might be requested by the prosecution in the trial of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North. Earlier this year two of the central charges against North were dropped because so many documents had been withheld. An administration official defended the work of the six-man committee, saying that its members had been carefully chosen "so people couldn't say it was a bunch of White House *toadies*, former friends of Ollie North" slinking around. A *toady*, one who is known for his fawning, sycophantic behavior, was originally called a *toad-eater* and ate toads for a living ("I inquired of him if William Utting the *toad-eater* . . . did not once keepe at Laxfield; he tould me yes, and said he had seene him eate a toade, nay two"—J. Rous, *Diary*, 1629). A *toad-eater* was typically in the employ of a charlatan who sold nostrums that were



said to be so powerful and universal that they could even act as antidotes to a dread poison allegedly found in toads. To prove the efficacy of his cure-all, the charlatan would compel his obsequious assistant to eat a toad (or to pretend to eat one). The *toad-eater* would then feign convulsions and death, whereupon his master would administer a swig of the elixir and restore the *toad-eater* to health.

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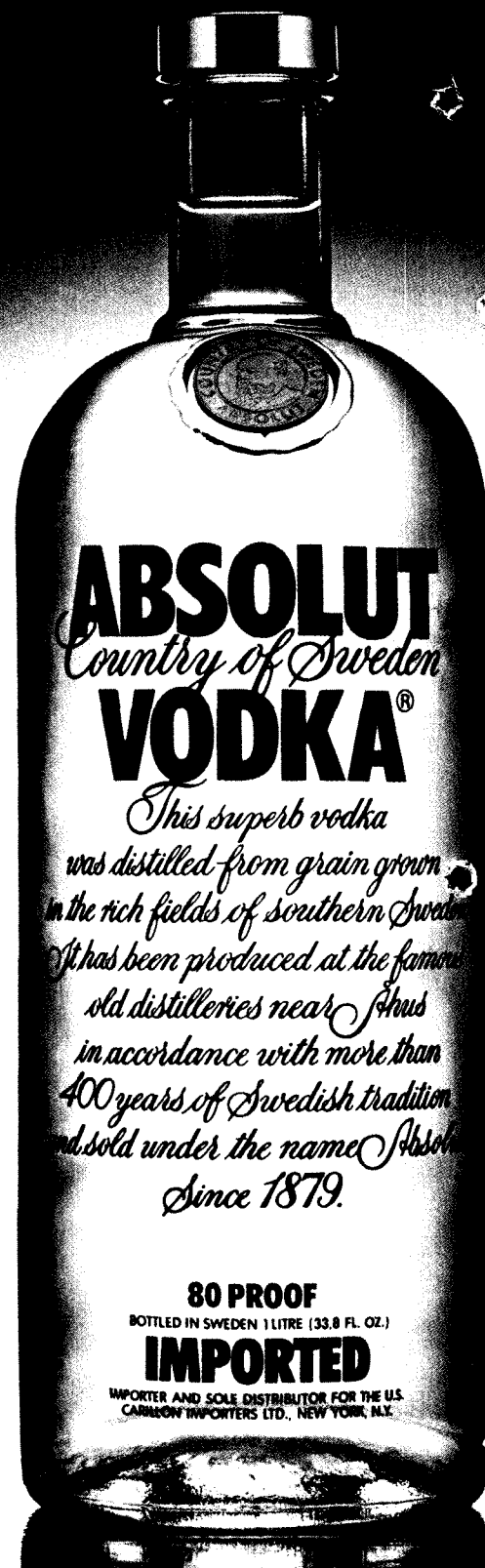
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